



London printed for R. Bentley in  
Covent Garden And R. Sare at Grays-  
Inn Gate in Holborn 1689

P. P. Bouche sculp.



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TWENTY TWO  
**Select Colloquies**  
OUT OF  
ERASMUS ROTERODAMUS;  
Pleasantly Representing  
Several Superstitious LEVITIES  
That were crept into the  
**Church of Rome**  
In His Days.

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The second Impression Corrected and Amended ; with the Addition of two Colloquies to the Former.

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By R.O.L'ESTRANGE, Kt.

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*Utile Dulci.*

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LONDON: Printed for R. Bentley in Ruffel Street in Covent-Garden, and R. Sare at Grays-Inn-Gate in Holborn. 1689.

TWENTY TWO

Collectanea

OF

ERASMUS ROTTERDAM

Historically Representing

and Supplementing LITERATURE

The whole made into the

Library of

in His Days

The second Edition Corrected and Amended;  
with the Addition of two Collections  
to the former.

BY ROBERT ANGER

With Notes

LONDON: Printed for J. Baskin in 1771  
Street in Cornhill and R. Smith  
Court-lane in 1789.

TO THE  
READER.



*YOU will find that at the Writing of These Colloquies the Church of Rome stood in great need of Reforming; even in the Judgment of Erasmus Himself, who was an Eminent Member of That Communion. You will find Reason also, from the Candour and Moderation of our Learned Author, to Distinguish even betwixt the Romish Doctors Themselves. You will perhaps find matter enough of Diversion besides, to mollifie the Evil Spirit, and to turn some Part of the Severity and Bitterness of the Age, into Pity and Laughter.*

*But when you shall have found all This in the Dialogues Themselves, you*

have no Obligation yet, for any Part of it to the Translator, who made Choice of this Piece, and of this Subject, for his Own Sake, and not for Yours. Some will have him to be a Papist in Mistake, for going so far; Others again will have him to be too much a Protestant, because he will go no further: So that he is crush'd betwixt the Two Extremes, as they hung up Erasmus himself, betwixt Heaven and Hell. Upon the Sense of This Hard Measure, he has now made English of These Colloquies; and in This last Edition added two more to the Number; partly as a Prudential Vindication, and partly as a Christian Revenge.

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# THE SHIPWRECK.

## COL. I.

*The Description of a Tempest. The Religious Humour of People in Distress. The Superstitious Practice of Worshipping Saints, Censur'd, and Condemn'd. Adoration belongs to God Alone.*

### ANTHONIUS, ADOLPHUS.

*An.*  Most dreadful Story! Well! If This be Sailing, I shall have the Grace, I hope, to keep my self upon dry Ground. *Ad.* Why all this is no more than Dancing, to what's to come. *An.* And yet I have e'n a Belly full on't already. It gives me such a Trembling, that me-thinks I'm in the Storm my self upon the very Hearing of it. *Ad.* But yet when the Danger's over, a man's well enough content to think on't. There was One Passage, I remember, that put the Pilate almost to his Wits end. *An.* What was that I pray? *Ad.* The night was not very Dark, and one of the Mariners was gotten into the Skuttle, (I think that's the name on't) at the Main-mast-Top, to see if he could Make any Land: there drew near him a certain Ball of Fire; which is the worst Sign in the World at Sea, if it be Single; but if Double, 'tis the contrary. These

B

two



two Fires, were called by the Antients, *Castor* and *Pollux*. *An.* What had they to do a Ship-board I wonder, when the one was a *Horseman*, and the other a *Wrestler*? *Ad.* That's as it pleas'd the Poets. But the *Steersman* calls out to him; *Mate*, says he, (the Sea-term) *don't you see what a Companion you have gotten beside you there? I do*, says he, *God send us good luck after't*. By and by, the Ball glides down the Ropes, and rowls over and over, close to the *Pilate*. *An.* And was he not frighted out of his Wits almost? *Ad.* Sailors are us'd to terrible Sights. It stopt a little there, and then pass'd on by the side of the Vessel, till at last it slipt through the Hatches, and so vanish'd. Toward Noon, the Tempest encreas'd. Did you ever see the *Alps*? *An.* Yes, I have. *Ad.* These Mountains are no more than Warts to the Billows of a Raging Sea. One while we were tost up, that a man might have toucht the Moon with his Finger; and, then down again, that it lookt as if the Earth had open'd to take us directly into Hell. *An.* What a madness is it for a man to expose himself to these hazards? *Ad.* When they saw that there was no contending with the Storm, In comes the *Pilate*, as Pale as Death. *An.* There was no Good towards then, I fear. *Ad.* Gentlemen, says he, I am no longer Master of my Ship, the Wind has got the better of me, and all we have now to do is to call upon God, and fit our selves for Death. *An.* Marry, a cold Comfort! *Ad.* But first, says he, we must lighten the Ship, for there's no struggling with Necessity; we had better try if we can save our selves with the loss of our Goods, than loose both together. The Proposition was found Reasonable, and a great deal of Rich Merchandize was cast over-board. *An.* This was casting away according to the Letter. *Ad.* There was in the Company



pany a certain *Italian*, that had been upon an Embassie to the King of *Gotland*, and had abundance of Plate, Rings, Diapers, and rich wearing Cloaths aboard. *An.* And he, I warrant you, was loth to come to a Composition with the Sea. *Ad.* No, not altogether so neither; but he declar'd that he would never part with his beloved Goods, and that they would either Sink or Swim together. *An.* And what said the Pilate to this? *Ad.* If you and your Trinkets were to Drown by your selves, says he, here's no body would hinder you; but never imagine that we'll endanger our lives for your Boxes; If you are resolv'd not to part, ye shall e'n over-board together. *An.* Spoken like a true *Terpawlin*. *Ad.* So the *Italian* submitted at length, but with many a bitter Curse, upward and downward, for committing his life to so boysterous an Element. *An.* I am no Stranger to the *Italian* humonr. *Ad.* The Winds were not one jot the better for the Presents we had made them, but soon after they tore our Cordage, threw down our Sails. *An.* Oh Lamentable! *Ad.* And then the Man comes to us again. *An.* With another Preachment, I hope. *Ad.* He gives us a Salute, and bids us fall to our Prayers, and prepare our selves for another World, for our time, says he, is at hand. One of the Passengers askt him how many hours he thought the Vessel might be kept above Water. His Answer was, that he could promise nothing at all, but that three hours was the utmost. *An.* This was yet a harder Chapter than the other. *Ad.* Upon these words he Baules out immediately, *Cut the Shrowds; down with the Mast by the board, and away with them Sails and all into the Sea.* *An.* But why so? *Ad.* Because now they were only a Cumber to the Ship, and of no use at all; for we had nothing to trust to but the Helm. *An.* What

became of the Passengers in the mean time? *Ad.* Never so wretched a face of things! The Seamen they were at their *Salve Regina*; Imploring the *Virgin-Mother*; calling her *the Star of the Sea*; *the Lady of the World*; *the Haven of Health*; with abundance of other fine Titles that we hear no News of in the Scripture. *An.* What has she to do with the Sea, that never was upon it? *Ad.* In times past, the *Pagans* gave *Venus*, that was born of the Sea, the Charge of Seafaring-men: and since she look'd no better after them, the *Christians* will have a *Virgin-President*, to succeed her that was None. *An.* You're Merry. *Ad.* Some were lying at their length upon the Boards, Adoring the Sea, throwing Oyl into it, and flattering it, as if it had been some Incensed Prince. *An.* Why what did they say? *Ad.* O most Merciful, Generous, Opulent, and most Beautiful Sea; *Save us*; be Gracious to us; and a deal of such stuff did they offer to the deaf Ocean. *An.* Most ridiculous Superstition! But what did the rest? *Ad.* Some were Spewing, Some were Praying; I remember there was an *English* man there, What Golden Mountains did he promise to our Lady of *Walsingham*, if ever he got safe ashore again! One made a Vow to a Relique of the *Cross* in one place; a second, to a Relique of it in another; and so they did to all the *Virgin Marias* up and down; and they think it goes for nothing if they do not name the *Place* too. *An.* Childish! as if the Saints did not all dwell in Heaven? *Ad.* And some promise to turn *Carthusians*. There was one among the rest that Vow'd a *Pilgrimage*, bare-foot and bare-head to *St. James of Compostella* in a *Coat of Male*, and begging his Bread all the way. *An.* Did no body think of *St. Christopher*? *Ad.* I could not but laugh at one Fellow there, that Vow'd to *St. Christopher* in the great Church at *Paris*, as loud as ever he could bellow, (that he

he might be sure to be heard) a *Wax Candle* as big as himself. (Now you must know that the *Paris-St. Christopher* is rather a Mountain than a *Statue*) He was so loud, and went over and over with it so often, that a Friend of his gave him a touch upon the Elbow. *Have a care what you Promise*, says he, *for if you should sell your self to your Shirt, you are not able to purchase such a Candle. Hold your tongue you fool*, (says to'ther, softly, for fear *St. Christopher* should hear him;) *These are but words of course; Let me set foot a Land once, and he has good luck if he get so much as a Tallow-Candle of me.* *An.* I fancy this Block-head was a *Hollander*. *Ad.* No, no, he was a *Zea-lander*. *An.* I wonder no body thought of *St. Paul*; for he has been at Sea you know, and suffer'd Shipwreck, and then leapt ashore; and he understood better then other people what it was to be in that Condition. *Ad.* He was not so much as nam'd. *An.* But did they Pray all this while? *Ad.* As if it had been for a Wager. One was at his *Hail Queen*; another at his *I Believe in God*; and some had their particular Prayers against Dangers, like Charms for Agues. *An.* How Religious does Affliction make a man! In Prosperity we think of neither God, nor Saint. But which of the Saints did you Pray to your self? *Ad.* None of 'em all, I assure you. *An.* Why so, I beseech ye? *Ad.* I don't like your way of Conditioning, and Contracting with the Saints. *Do this, and I'll do that: Here's one for t'other; Save me, and I'll give you a Taper, or go a Pilgrimage.* *An.* But did you call upon none of the Saints for Help? *Ad.* No, not so much as that neither. *An.* And why did you not? *Ad.* Because Heaven is large ye know: As put the Case, I should recommend my self to *St. Peter*; as he is likeliest to hear, because he stands at the Door. Before he can come to God Almighty,

and tell him my Condition, I may be fifty Fathom under Water. *An.* What did you do then? *Ad.* I e'en went the next way to God himself, and said my *Pater Noster*; the Saints neither Hear so readily, nor Give so willingly. *An.* But did not your Conscience check you? Were you not afraid to call him *Father*, whom you had so often offended? *Ad.* To deal freely with you, I was a little fearful at first; but upon recollection, I thought thus with my self. Let a *Father* be never so angry with a *Son*, yet if he sees him falling into a River, he will take him up, though't be by the hair of the Head, and lay him upon the Bank. The quietest Creature in the whole Company, was a Woman there, with a Child at her Breast. *An.* Why, what of her? *Ad.* She neither Clamour'd nor Cry'd, nor Promis'd, but hugging of the poor Infant, prayed softly to her self. By this time the Ship struck, and they were fain to bind her *fore and aft* with Cables, for fear she should fall to pieces. *An.* That was e'en a sad shift. *Ad.* Upon this, up starts an old Priest, of about *threescore* (his name was *Adam*) strips himself to his Shirt, throws away his Boots, and Shooes, and bids us provide to Swim; and so standing in the middle of the Ship, he Preached to us out of *Gerson*, upon the Five Truths of the Benefits of *Confession*, and so exhorts every man to prepare himself, either for Life, or Death. There was a *Dominican* there too; and they Confest, that had a mind to't. *An.* And what did you? *Ad.* I saw every thing was in a hurry, and so I confest my self privately to God, Condemning my own Iniquity, and Imploring his Mercy. *An.* And whither had you gone do you think if you had miscarry'd? *Ad.* I e'en left that to God; for he is to judge me, and not I my self: and yet I was not without comfortable hopes neither. While this pass, the *Steers-*

*man*  
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*man* comes to us again, all in Tears; prepare your selves good people, says he, for ye have not one quarter of an hour to live; the Ship leaks from one end to t'other. Presently after this, he tells us that he has Made a high Tower, and urges us by all means to call for help, to what Saint soever it was, that had the Protection of that Temple, and so they all fell down and worshipped that unknown Power. *An.* If you had known the Saints name, 'tis forty to one your Prayers would have been heard. *Ad.* But that we did not know. The Pilate however Steers his torn and leaky Vessel toward that place, as well as he could, and if the Ship had not been well Girt, she had without more ado, fallen directly one piece from another. *An.* A miserable Case! *Ad.* We were now come so near the Shore, that the Inhabitants took notice of our distress, and came down in throngs to the Sea-side, making Signs, by spreading their Cloaks, and holding up their Hats upon Poles, that they would have us put in there; giving us likewise to understand by casting their Arms into the Air, how much they pitted our Misfortune. *An.* I would fain know what follow'd. *Ad.* The Vessel was now come to that pass, that we had almost as good have been in the Sea, as in the Ship. *An.* You were hard put to't, I perceive. *Ad.* Wretchedly. They empty the Ship-Boat, and into the Sea with it: every body presses to get in, and the Mariners cry out they'll sink the Vessel, and that they had better every one shift for himself, and Swim for't. There was no time now for Consultation; one takes an Oar, another a Pole, a Plank, a Tub, or what was next hand, and so they committed themselves to the Billows. *An.* But what became now of the patient Woman? *Ad.* She was the first that got ashore. *An.* How could that be? *Ad.* We set her upon a

Rib of the Ship, and then ty'd her to't, so that she could hardly be wash'd off, with a Bord in her hand that served her for an Oar; we cleared her of the Vessel, which was the greatest danger, and so settting her afloat, we gave her our Blessing. She had her Child in her left hand, and Row'd with her Right. *An.* What a *Virago* was that? *Ad.* When there was nothing else left, one of the Company tore away a *Wooden-Image* of the *Mother-Virgin* (an old rat-eaten Piece) he took it in his Arms, and try'd to Swim upon't. *An.* But did the Boat get safe to Land? *Ad.* No, that was lost at first with thirty men in't. *An.* How came that about? *Ad.* The wallowing of the great Ship overturn'd it, before it could put off. *An.* What pity 'twas! and how then? *Ad.* Truly I took so much care for other people, that I was near drowning my self. *An.* How came that? *Ad.* Because I staid till I could find nothing to help my self withal. *An.* A good Provision of Cork would have been worth mony then. *Ad.* I had rather have had it, then a better thing. But looking about me, I bethought my self in good time of the Stump of the Mast; and because I could not get it off alone, I took a Partner to assist me; we both plac'd our selves upon it, and put to Sea, I held the right corner, and my Companion the left. While we lay tumbling and tossing, the *Sea-Priest* I told you off, squabs himself down directly upon our Shoulders; it was a fat heavy Fellow; and we both of us cry'd out what have we here, this third man will drown us all; but the *Priest* on the other side, very temperately bad us pluck up our hearts, for by the Grace of God we had room enough. *An.* How came he to be so late? *Ad.* Nay he was to have been in the Boat with the *Dominican*; for they all had a great respect for him: but though they had

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confest themselves in the Ship, yet leaving out I know not what Circumstances, they Confess over again, and one lays his hand upon the other; in which *interim*, the Boat is overturn'd; and this I had from *Adam* himself. *An.* Pray what became of the *Dominican*? *Ad.* *Adam* told me further of him, that having called upon his Saints, and stript himself naked, he leapt into the Water. *An.* What Saints did he call upon? *Ad.* *Dominicus*, *Thomas*, *Vincentius*, and one of the *Peters*, but I know not which: his great Confident was *Catharina Senensis*? *An.* Did he say nothing of *Christ*? *Ad.* Not a word as the *Priest* told me. *An.* He might have done better if he had not thrown off his *Goul*; for when that was gone, how should *St. Catherin* know him? But go forward with your own Story. *Ad.* While we were yet rowling, and beating near the Ship, and at the Mercy of the Waves, by great misfortune the Thigh of my *Left-hand-man* was broken with a Nail, that made him lose his Hold; the *Priest* gave him his *Benediction*, and came into his place, encouraging me to maintain my Post resolutely, and to keep my legs still going. In the mean while we had our Bellies full of Salt-water, for *Neptune* had provided us a *Potion*, as well as a *Bath*, though the *Priest* shew'd him a Trick for't. *An.* What was that I prithee? *Ad.* Why he turn'd his head upon every Billow, and stopt his Mouth. *An.* It was a brave old Fellow it seems. *Ad.* When we had been a while *adrift*, and made some advance, Chear up, says the *Priest*, (who was a very tall man) for I feel ground. No, no, said I, we are too far off yet from the Shoar, (and I durst not so much as hope for such a Blessing) I tell you again, says he, my feet are at the Ground, and I would needs perswade him that it was rather some part of the Wreck that was driven  
on



on by the Current. I tell you once again, says he, that I am just now scratching the bottom with my Toes. When we had floated a little longer, and that he felt ground again, Do you what you please, says he, but for my part, I'll leave you the whole Mast, and wade for't; and so he took his opportunity, still to follow the Wave, and as another Billow came on, he would catch hold of his knees, and set himself firm against it, one while up and another while down, like a *Didapper*. Finding that this succeeded so well with him, I follow'd his example. There stood upon the Shoar several men with long Pikes, which were handed from one to another, and kept them firm against the force of the Waves; they were strong body'd men, and us'd to the Sea; and he that was last, held out his Pike to the next comer; he lays hold of it; and so they retire and draw him ashoar; There were some preserv'd this way. *An.* How many? *Ad.* Seven; but two of them dy'd when they were brought to the Fire. *An.* How many were there of them in the Ship? *Ad.* Eight and fifty. *An.* Methinks the Tithe might have serv'd the Sea as well as it does the Priest. So few to scape out of so great a number! *Ad.* The People, however, we found to be of wonderful Humanity; for they supplied us with Lodging, Fire, Meat, Cloaths, Money, with exceeding chearfulness. *An.* What are the People? *Ad.* *Hollanders.* *An.* Oh they are much more humane and charitable than their Neighbours. But what do you think now of another Adventure at Sea? *Ad.* No more, I do assure you, so long as I keep in my right Wits. *An.* And truly I my self had rather *Hear* these Stories, than *Feel* them.

THE




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T H E  
RELIGIOUS PILGRIMAGE.  
C O L. II.

*The Vanity of Pretended Religious Pilgrimages. The Virgin-Mothers Epistle to Glaucoplutus, complaining of the Decay of Devotion toward the Saints. The History of the Canterbury Monastries; and the Inestimable Riches of the Church: With a Reproof of the Superstition, Magnificence, and Excesses of the Times. The Temple of Thomas Becket; his Monument, Reliques, and Miracles: With a pleasant Story of a Purchase of our Ladies Milk at Constantinople; notably setting forth the Practices and Corruptions of that Age.*

MENEDEMUS, OGYGIUS.

*Me.*  *What have we here? The Resurrection of a Body that has been six months in the Grave? 'Tis the very man. Welcome Ogygius. Og. And well met Menedemus.*

*Me.* From what quarter of the World art thou come? For we have all given thee for dead here, this many a day. *Og.* And God be thanked I have been

as

as well since I saw thee last, as ever I was in my life. *Me.* And may'st thou long live to confute such Stories. But what's the meaning of this Dress I prethee? these *Shells, Images, Straw-works, Snakes Eggs* for Bracelets. *Og.* O! you must know that I have been upon a Visit to *St. James of Compostella*; and after that, to the famous Lady t'other side the Water, in *England*, (which in truth was a Re-visit, for I had seen her three years before.) *Me.* For Curiosity, I suppose. *Og.* Nay upon the very score of Religion. *Me.* You're beholding to the Greeks I presume, for that Religion. *Og.* My Wives Mother, let me tell you, bound her self with a Vow, that if her Daughter should be delivered of a live Male Child, her Son in Law should go to *St. James* in Person, and thank him for't. *Me.* And did you salute the Saint, only in your own, and your Mother-in-Laws Name? *Og.* No, Pardon me, in the Name of the whole Family. *Me.* Truly I am perswaded, that your Family would have done every jot as well if you had sav'd your Complement. But pray tell me what Answer had you? *Og.* Not a syllable; but upon the Tending of my Present, he seem'd to smile, and gave me a gentle Nod; with this same Scallop-Shell. *Me.* But why that Shell rather than any thing else? *Og.* Because there's great Plenty of these Shells upon that Coast. *Me.* A most gracious Saint, in the way both of Midwifery and Hospitality! But this is a strange way of Vowing; for one that does nothing *himself*, to make a Vow that *another* man shall work. Put the Case, that you should tie up your self by a Vow to your Saint, that if you succeeded in such or such an Affair, I should Fast twice a week for so many Months. Would I pinch my Guts do ye think, to make good your Vow? *Og.* No. I do not believe you would:

No,

No, not if you had made the Vow in your own Name; for you would have found some Trick or other to have droll'd it off. But you must consider that there was a Mother-in-Law, and somewhat of Duty in the Case; and Women are Passionate you know; and I had an Interest at stake. *Me.* But what if you had not perform'd this Vow now? What Risque had you run? *Og.* There would have lyen no Action of the Case; but yet the Saint I must confess might have stopt his ears some other time, or brought some sly mischief into my Family; (as people in power, you know, are Revengeful.) *Me.* Prethee tell me, How is the good man in Health? honest *James*, What does he do? *Og.* Why truly, matters are come to an ill pass with him, to what they were formerly. *Me.* He's grown Old. *Og.* Leave your Fooling: as if you did not know that Saints never grow old. No, no, 'tis long of this new Opinion that is come to be so rife now in the World, that he is so little Visited; and those that do come, give him only a bare Salute, and little or nothing else; they can bestow their Money to better purpose (they say) upon those that want it. *Me.* An impious Opinion! *Og.* And this is the reason that this great Apostle, that was wont to be cover'd with Gold, and Jewels, is now brought to the very block he was made of; and hardly so much as a Tallow Candle to do him Honour. *Me.* If this be true, who knows but in time, people may run down the rest of the Saints too? *Og.* Nay, I can assure you, there goes a strange Letter about from the *Virgin-Mary* her self, that looks untowardly that way. *Me.* Which *Mary* do you mean? *Og.* She that is called *Maria d Lapide*. *Me.* Up toward *Basil*, if I be not mistaken. *Og.* The very same. *Me.* A very *Stony Saint*! But to whom did she write it? *Og.* The Letter tells you the Name too. *Me.* By whom was

was it sent? *Og.* By an *Angel* undoubtedly; and found in the Pulpit where he Preached to whom it was written. And to put the matter out of all Doubt, I could shew you the very Original. *Me.* But how do you know the Hand of the *Angel* that is the *Virgins Secretary*? *Og.* Well enough. *Me.* But how will you be able to prove it? *Og.* I have compar'd it with *Bede's Epitaph*, that was Engraven by the same *Angel*, and I find them to be perfectly one and the same Writing: And I have read the *Angels Discharge* to St. *Aegidius* for *Charles the*

\* The Story goes that *Charles the Great*, being in a Fit of Desparatlon, St. *Giles* obtained from an *Angel* a Pardon for him in these Words. *Aegidii merito Caroli Peccata remitto.*

*Great*; they agree to a Title \*. And is not this a sufficient Proof? *Me.* May a body see't a little? *Og.* You may, if you'll damn your self to the Pit of Hell that you'll never speak on't. *Me.* 'Tis as safe as if you discover'd it to a Stone. *Og.* But there are some Stones that

a body would not trust. *Me.* Speak it to a Mute then. *Og.* Upon that Condition I'll tell you; but prick up both your Ears. *Me.* Begin then.

MARY, the Mother of Jesus, to *Glauco-plutus*, Greeting. These are to give you to understand, that we take in good part your strenuous Endeavours (as a True Disciple of Luther) to Convince the World of the Vanity and Needlesness of Invocating Saints: For I was e'en wearied out of my Life with Importunities, Petitions, and Complaints: Every body comes to me; as if my Son were to be all ways a Child, because he is Painted so; And because they see him at my Breast still, they take for granted, that he dares deny me nothing that I ask him, for  
fear

feare that, when he has a mind to't, I should deny him the Bubby. Nay, and their requests are sometimes so extravagant, that I am asham'd to mention them; and that which a young Fellow (not wholly abandon'd to his Lusts) would hardly ask of a Bawd, they have the face to desire from a Virgin. The Merchant when he is to make a long Voyage, desires me to take Care of his Concubine. The Professed Nun, when she is to make her Escape, recommends to me the Care of her Reputation, when at the same time she's resolv'd to turn Prostitute. The Soldier marches to a Butchery, and Slaughter, with these Words in his mouth, Blessed Virgin, put into my hands a Fat Prisoner, or a Rich Plunder. The Gamester Prays to me for a good Hand at Dice, and Promises me a Snip with him in the Profit of the Cheat: and if he has but an Ill Run, how am I Curs'd, and Raill'd at? because I would not be a Confederate in his Wickedness. The Usurer Prays for Ten in the Hundred; and I am no longer the Mother of Mercy, if I deny it him. And there is another sort of People, whose Prayers are not so properly Wicked, as Foolish. The Maids, they Pray for Rich and Handsom Husbands; the Wives for Fair Children; the Big Belly'd, for Easie Labour; the Old Trot, for Good Lungs, and that I would keep her from Coughs and Catarrhes. He that is Mop'd and Decrepit, would be Young again. The Philosopher Prays for the Faculty of starting Difficulties never to be Resolv'd: The Priest for a Plump Benefice; the Bishop for the Preservation of his own Diocess; the Mariner for a Prosperous Voyage; the Magistrate, that I would shew him my Son before he dies; the Courtier, that he may make an Effectual Confession upon the Point of Death (as the last thing that he intends to do;) the Husbandman for Seasonable Weather; and his Wife for her Pigs and Poultry. If I deny them any thing, I  
am

*am presently hard-hearted. If I send 'em to my Son, their Answer is, if you'll but say the word, I'm sure he'll do't. How is it possible now for me, that am a lone Body, and a Virgin, to attend Sailors, Soldiers, Merchants, Gamesters, Princes, Plowmen, Marriages, Great Bellies? and all this is nothing yet, to what I suffer. And this trouble is almost over too, (make me thankful for't) if the Riddance were not accompany'd with a greater Inconvenience; for the Money and the Reputation that I have lost by't, is worth a great deal more then the leisure that I have gotten; for instead of the Queen of the Heavens, and the Lady of the World, not one of a thousand treats me now so much as with a single Ave Mary. Oh! the Presents of God, and Precious Stones, that were made me formerly; the rich Embroideries, and the Choice I had of Gowns and Petticoats! whereas, I am now fain to content my self with one half of a Vest, and that mouse-eaten too; and a years Revenue will hardly keep Life and Soul together of the poor Wretch that lights me Candles. And all this might be born yet, if you would stop here, which they say you will not, till you have stript the Altars, as well as the Saints. Let me advise you, over and over, to have a care what you do; for you will find the Saints better provided for a Revenge, then you are aware of. What will you get by throwing Peter out of the Church, when he comes to keep you out of Heaven? Paul has a Sword; Bartlemew has a Knife; the Monk William has a Privy Coat under his Habit, and a Lance to boot. What will you do when you come to encounter George on Horse-back in his Curiafle Arms, with his Spear and his Whinyard? and Anthony himself has his Holy Fire. Nor is there any of them all, that one way or other, cannot do mischief enough if he pleases. Nay, weak as I am, you'll have much ado to compass your ends, upon me. For I have my Son in my Arms, and I'm*  
*resolv'd*

resolv'd you shall have both or none. If you'll set up a Church without Christ, you may. This I give you to understand, and you shall do well to consider of an Answer, for I have laid the thing to heart.

From our Stone-house, the

Kalends of August,

1524.

*Men.* This is a terrible menacing Letter, and *Glaucoptus*, I suppose, will have a care what he does. *Og.* So he will, if he be wise. *Me.* I wonder why honest *James* wrote nothing to him about it. *Og.* 'Tis a great way off, and Letters are liable to be intercepted. *Me.* But what Providence carry'd you again into *England*? *Og.* Why truly I had the invitation of a fair Wind; and beside, I was half engaged, within two or three years after my last Visit, to give that beyond-Sea-Saint another. *Me.* Well? and what had you to beg of her? *Og.* Nothing but ordinary Matters; the Health of my Family, the Encrease of my Fortune, a long and happy Life in this World, and everlasting Felicity in the World to come. *Me.* But could not our *Virgin-Mother* have done as much for you there? She has a Church at *Antwerp*, much more glorious then that beyond the Seas. *Og.* It may be our Lady here might have don't; but she dispenses her Bounties, and her Graces, where, and in what manner she pleases; and accommodates her self to our Affections. *Me.* I have often heard of *James*, but give me some Accompt I prethee of the Reputation and Authority of that beyond-Sea-Lady. *Og.* You shall have it in as few words as possible. Her name is so famous all over *England*, that you shall hardly find any man there, that belives



he can prosper in the World, without making a yearly Present, more, or less, to this Lady. *Me.* Where does she keep her Residence? *Og.* Near the Coast, upon the furthest part, *Eastward*, of the Island, in a Town that supports it self chiefly upon the resort of Strangers. There is a Colledge of Canons, to which the Latins have added the name of *Regulars*: and they are betwixt *Monks* and *Canons*, which they call *Seculars*. *Me.* You make them *Amphibious*, as if they were *Beavers* or *Otters*. *Og.* Yes, and you may take in *Grocodiles* too: But trifling apart, you shall hear in three words what they are; in *Odious Cases* they are *Canons*; in *Favourable*, they are *Monks*. *Me.* I'm in the dark still. *Og.* Why then you shall have a Mathematical Illustration. If there should come a Thunderbolt from *Rome*, against all *Monks*, then they'll be all *Canons*. Or if his Holiness should allow all *Monks* to take Wives, then they'll be all *Monks*. *Me.* These are wonderful Favours; I would they would take mine for one. *Og.* But to the Point: This Colledge has little else to maintain it than the Liberality of the Virgin; for all Presents of Value are laid up; but for small Mony, and things of little Moment, it goes to the feeding of the Flock, and the Head of it, whom they call the *Prior*. *Me.* What are they? Men of good Lives? *Og.* Not much amiss, for their Piety is more worth than their Revenue. The Church is Neat, and Artificial; but the *Virgin* does not live in it her self; for upon the Point of Honour, she has given it to her Son; but she has her Place however upon his Right Hand. *Me.* Upon his Right Hand? which way looks her Son then? *Og.* That's well thought of. When he looks toward the *West*, he has his Mother on his *Right hand*; and when to the *East* on his *Left*; and she does not dwell here neither; for the Building is not finish'd; the



the Doors and Windows lie all open, and the Wind blows through it; and that's a bleak Wind you'll say, that comes from the Sea. *Me.* This is somewhat hard methinks; but where does she dwell then? *Og.* In that unfinish'd Church I told you of, there's a small boarded Chappel, with a little Door on each side to receive Visitors. There's scarce any light at all to't, more than what comes from the Tapers, but a most delicious Perfume. *Me.* These things cannot but conduce strangely to Religion. *Og.* You would say something, *Menedemus*, if you saw it within, how it glitters with Gold, Silver, Diamonds, Rubies, &c. *Me.* You have set me agog to go thither too. *Og.* Take my word for't, if you do, you shall never repent your Journey. *Me.* Is there no *Holy Oyl* there? *Og.* Well said, *Simpleton*: That *Oyl* is only the Sweat of Saints in their Sepulchres; as of *Andrew*, *Katherine*, &c. *Mary*, you know, was never bury'd. *Me.* That was my Mistake; but I pray go on with your Story. *Og.* For the better propagation of Religion, they shew some things at one place, and some at another. *Me.* And perhaps it turns to their Profit too, as we say, *Many a little, makes a Mickle*. *Og.* And you never fail of some body at hand to shew you what you have a mind to see. *Me.* One of the Canons it may be. *Og.* No, by no means; they are not made use of; for fear that under colour of Religion, they should prove Irreligious, and lose their own Virginity in the very service of the *Virgin*. In the Inward Chappel, there stands a *Regular* at the Altar. *Me.* And what's his business? *Og.* Only to receive and keep that which is given. *Me.* But may not a man chuse whether he will give any thing or no? *Og.* Yes, he may; but there is a certain Religious Modesty in some People; they will give bountifully if any body looks on; but

not one farthing perhaps without a Witness; or at least not so much as otherwise. *Me.* This is right flesh and blood, and I find it my self. *Og.* Nay, there are some so strangely devote to the *Holy Virgin*, that while they pretend to lay one Gift upon the Altar, by a marvellous flight of hand they'll steal away another. *Me.* But what if no body were by? Would not the *Virgin* call them to account? *Og.* Why should she take any more notice of them, than God himself does, when People break into his Temple, Rob his Altars, and Commit Sacrilege? *Me.* The impious Confidence of these Wretches, and the Patience of Almighty God, are both of them admirable. *Og.* Upon the *North side*, there is a certain Gate (I do not mean of the Church) but of the Wall that encloses the Church-yard; it has a very little Door, like the Wicket that you see in some great Gates of Noblemens Houses. A man must venture the breaking of his Shins, and stoop too, or there's no getting in. *Me.* An Enemy would be hard put to it to enter a Town at such a Passage. *Og.* So a man would think; and yet the *Verger* told me for certain, that a Knight a Horseback, with an Enemy at his heels, made his Escape through this Door, and sav'd himself. When he was at the last pinch, he bethought himself of a suddain, and recommended himself to the Blessed *Virgin*, there at hand, resolving to take Sanctuary at her Altar, if he could come at it: when all in an instant (a thing almost incredible) he and his Horse were convey'd safe into the Church-yard, and his Adversary stark mad on the other side for his disappointment. *Me.* And did you really believe what he told you? *Og.* Beyond all dispute. *Me.* One would hardly have expected it from a man of your Philosophy. *Og.* Nay, which is more, he shew'd me the very image of this Knight

in a Copper Plate that was nail'd to the Door, in the very Cloaths that were then in fashion, and are to be seen yet in several old English Pictures: which if they be right drawn, the Barbers and Clothiers in those days had but an ill time on't. *Me.* How so? *Og.* He had perfectly the Beard of a Goat, and not one Wrinkle in his Doublet and Hose; but they were made so strait, as if he had been rather sticht up in them, then they cut out for him. In another Plate there was an exact Description of the Chappel, the Figure and the Size of it. *Me.* So that now there was no further doubt to be made upon the matter. *Og.* Under this little Gate, there's an iron Grate, that was made only for one to pass a foot; for it would not have been decent that any Horse should afterward trample upon the Ground that the former Horseman had consecrated to the *Virgin*. *Me.* You have Reason. *Og.* Eastward from thence, there's another Chappel, full of Wonders, to the degree of Prodigies. Thither I went, and another Officer receiv'd me. When we had Pray'd a little, he shews the middle Joint of a Mans Finger. First I kist it, and then I askt to whom that Relique formerly belong'd? He told me to St. *Peter*. What, said I, the *Apostle*? he told me yes. Now the Joint was large enough to have answered the Bulk of a Giant; upon which Reflection, St. *Peter*, said I, was a very proper Fellow then. Which set some of the Company a laughing; truly to my trouble; for if they had kept their Countenance, we should have had the whole History of the Reliques. But however we dropt the man some small money, and piec'd up the matter as well as we could. Just before this Chappel, stood a little House, which the Officer told us, was convey'd thither thorough the Air, after a wonderful manner, in a terrible Winter, when there was nothing to be seen but Ice and

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Snow,

Snow. Within this House there were two Pits brim full, that sprang (as he told us) from a Fountain consecrated to the *Holy Virgin*. The Water is strangely cold, and the best remedy in the World for Pains in the Head or the Stomach. *Me.* Just as proper as Oyl would be to quench a Fire. *Og.* You must consider my Friend, this is a Miracle. Now it would be no Miracle for Water to quench Thirst. *Me.* That shift goes a great way in the Story. *Og.* It was positively affirm'd that this Spring burst out in an instant, at the command of the *Holy Virgin*. Upon a strict Observation of every thing I saw, I askt the Officer how many years it might be since that little House was brought thither. He told me that it had been there for some ages; and yet (said I) methinks the Walls do not seem to be of that Antiquity; and he did not much deny it. Nor these Pillars (said I.) No Sir, says he, they are but of late standing, (and the thing discover'd it self.) And then, said I, methinks that Straw, those Reeds, and the whole Thatch of it look as if they had not been so long laid. 'Tis very right, Sir, says he; and what do you think, said I, of those Cross Beams and Rafter? they cannot be near so old. He confest they were not. At last, when I had questioned him to every part of this poor Cottage; How do you know, said I, that this is the House that was brought so far in the Air so many Ages ago? *Me.* Prithce how did he come off there? *Og.* Without any more to do, he shew'd us an old *Bear-skin* that was tackt there to a piece of Timber, and almost laught at us to our very teeth, as people under an invincible Ignorance. Upon seeming better satisfy'd, and excusing our heaviness of apprehension, we came then to the *Virgins Milk*. *Me.* It is with the *Virgins Milk* as with her *Sons Bloud*; they have both of them left more behind them than ever they

they had in their Bodies. *Og.* And so they tell us of the *Cross*, which is shew'd up and down both in publick and in private, in so many Reliques, that if all the Fragments were laid together, they would load an *East-India-Ship*: and yet our Saviour carry'd the whole Cross upon his Shoulders. *Me.* And is not this a wonderful thing too? *Og.* It is extraordinary I must confess; but nothing is wonderful to an Almighty Power; that can encrease every thing according to his own pleasure. *Me.* 'Tis well done however to make the best on't: but I'm afraid that we have many a Trick put upon us, under the Masque of Piety, and Religion. *Og.* I cannot think that God himself would suffer such Mockeries to pass unpunisht. *Me.* And yet what's more common than for the Sacrilegious themselves (such is the Tenderness of God) to scape in this World without so much as the least Check for their Impieties? *Og.* This is all true, but hear me on: The Milk that I was speaking of, is kept upon the High Altar; *Christ* in the *Middle*, and his *Mother*, for respects sake, at his *Right hand*. The *Milk*, you must know, represents his *Mother*. *Me.* Can you see it then? *Og.* Yes, for 'tis preserv'd in a Chrystal Glas. *Me.* And is it liquid too? *Og.* What do you talk to me of Liquid; when 'twas drawn above Fifteen hundred year ago. It is now come to a Concretion, and looks just like pounded Chalk with the White of an Egg. *Me.* But will they not let a man see it open? *Og.* Not upon any terms. Men would be kissing of it, and profane it. *Me.* You say very well; for all Lips are not fit to approach it. *Og.* So soon as the Officer sees us, he runs presently, and puts on his Surplice, and a Stole about his Neck, falls down, and Worships; and by and by gives us the *Holy Milk* to kiss; and we prostrated our selves too, in the first place, bowing to

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Christ,

Christ, and then, applying to the *Virgin*, in the following prayer, which I had in readiness for this purpose.

**V**irgin-Mother! That hast deservedly given suck to the Lord of Heaven and Earth, thy Son Jesus at thy Virgins Breasts; We pray thee, that we, being purified by his Blood, may our selves arrive at the Happy Infant State of the Simplicity and Innocence of Doves; and that being Void of Malice, Fraud, and Deceit, we may daily thirst after the Milk of Evangelical Doctrine, until it grows up to be perfect Man, and to the Measure of the Fullness of Christ, whose blessed Society thou shalt enjoy for ever and ever, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, Amen.

*Me.* Truly a very devout Prayer: but what Return? *Og.* If my eyes did not deceive me, they were both pleased, for the *Holy Milk* seem'd to leap and sparkle; and the *Eucharist*, of a sudden lookt brighter than usual. In the mean while, the *Verger* came to us, and without a word speaking, held out such a kind of Table as they use in *Germany* upon their Bridges, when they take Toll. *Me.* I remember those Tables very well, and have curs'd them many a time in my Travels that way. *Og.* We laid down some pieces of Money, which he presented to the *Virgin*. After this, by our Interpreter, one *Robert Aldridge*, (as I remember) a well spoken young man, and a great Master of the *English* Tongue, I askt as civilly as I could, what assurance they had that this was the *Milk* of the *Virgin*: which I did, with a pious intention that I might stop the Mouths of all Scoffers and Gainsayers. The Officer, at first, contracted his Brow, without a word speaking; and thereupon I prest the Interpreter to put the same question

question to him again, but in the fairest manner imaginable; which he did in so obliging a fashion, that if the Address had been to the Mother her self, when she had been newly laid, it could not have been taken amiss. But the Officer, as if he had been inspir'd with some *Enthusiasm*, expressing in his Countenance the horror and detestation he had for so blasphemous a question; *What need is there, says he, of these Enquiries, when you have so Authentick a Record for the truth of the matter?* And we had undoubtedly been turn'd out for Heretiques, if we had not sweetn'd the angry Man with a few Pence. *Me.* But how did you behave your selves in the interim? *Og.* Just as if we had been stund with a Cudgel, or struck with Thunder. We did most humbly beg his Pardon (as in holy matters a man ought to do) and so went our way from thence to the little Chappel, which is the peculiar Receptacle of the *Holy Virgin*. In our way thither, comes one of the under Officers to us, staring us in the face as if he knew us; and after him a second, and a third, all gaping upon us after the same manner. *Me.* Who knows but they might have a mind to draw your Picture? *Og.* But my thoughts lookt quite another way. *Me.* Why, what did you imagine then? *Og.* That some body had robbed the Virgins Chappel, and that I had been suspected for the Sacrilege; and therefore I enter'd the Holy place with this Prayer to the *Virgin-Mother* in my Mouth.

**O**H! Thou alone, who among Women art a Mother, and a Virgin; the Happiest of Mothers, and the Purest of Virgins: We that are impure, do now present our selves before thee that art Pure; humbly saluting and paying reverence unto thee, with our small Offerings, such as they are. O that thy Son would enable us to imitate



*imitate thy most holy Life, and that we might deserve, by the Grace of the Holy Spirit, spiritually to conceive the Lord Jesus in our Souls, and having once received him, never to lose him. Amen.*

And so I kist the Altar, laid down my Offring, and departed? *Me.* What did the *Virgin* here? Did she give you no token that your Prayer was heard? *Og.* It was (as I told you) but an uncertain Light, and she stood in the dark upon the Right hand of the Altar: but in fine, my courage was so taken down by the *Cheque* the former Officer gave me, that I durst not so much as lift up my eyes again. *Me.* So that this Adventure, I perceive did not succeed so well. *Og.* Oh best of all. *Me.* You have put me in courage again, for, as your Author has it, my heart was e'en sunk into my Breeches. *Og.* After dinner we go to Church again. *Me.* How durst you do that, under a suspicion of Sacrilege? *Og.* It may be I was, but so long as I did not suspect myself, all was well: a good Conscience fears nothing: I had a great Mind to see the Record that the *Verger* referr'd us too; and after a long search, at last we found it: but the Table was hung so high, that a man must have good eyes to read it. Now mine are none of the best, nor yet the worst: but as *Aldridge* read, I went along with him: for I had not faith enough wholly to rely upon him in so important an Affair. *Me.* But were you satisfy'd in the point at last? *Og.* So fully, that I was ashamed that ever I had doubted of it: every thing was made so clear; the Name, the Place, the very Order of the Proceeding; and in one word, there was nothing more to be desired.

There was one *William* (born at *Paris*) a man of general



general Piety, but most particularly industrious in gathering together all the Reliques of Saints that were to be gotten over the whole World. This person, after he had travell'd several Countries, and taken a View of all Monasteries, and Temples, wherever he pass'd, came at last to *Constantinople*, where a Brother of his was at that time a Bishop; who gave him notice, when he was preparing for his Return, that there was a certain Nun that had a quantity of the *Mother Virgins Milk*; and that if any of it were to be gotten, either by Art, or for Love, or Money, it would make him the happiest Man in Nature; and that all the Reliques which he had hitherto collected, were nothing to't. This same *William* never rested till he had obtain'd the one half of this *Holy Milk*; which he valu'd above the Treasure of an Empire. *Me.* No question of it; and a thing so unexpected too. *Og.* He goes strait homeward, and falls sick upon the way. *Me.* As there's no trust to human Felicity, either that it shall be perfect or long liv'd! *Og.* Finding himself in danger, he calls a *Frenchman* to him; (his friend and fellow Traveller) makes him swear Secresie, and then delivers him this *Milk*, upon Condition that if he gets home safe, he should deposite that Treasure, upon the Altar of the *Holy Virgin* in the famous Church of *Paris*; that Church that has the *Seine* on each side of it; as if the River it self gave place, in reverence to the Divinity of the Saint. To be short, *William* is dead and bury'd, the other takes Post, and he dies too; but finding himself in extremity, he delivers the Milk to an *English Nobleman*, but under the strictest obligation imaginable, that the Count should so dispose of it as he himself would have done; the one dies, the other receives it, and puts it upon the Altar in the presence of the Canons of the place, who in those days were

were still called *Regulars* (as they are yet at *St. Genoveve*.) Upon his Request, these *Regulars* were prevail'd upon to divide the Milk with him, one Moyety whereof was carry'd into *England*; and by him afterward deposited upon the Altar I told you of, as moved thereunto by a divine Impulse. *Me.* Why this is a Story now that hangs handfomly together. *Og.* And to put all out of doubt, the very Bishops names are set down, that were authorized to grant Releases, and Indulgencies to those that should come to see it, according to the power to them given; but not without some obligation or other in token of their Veneration. *Me.* Very good; and how far did that power extend? *Og.* To *forty days*. *Me.* But are there days in *Purgatory*? *Og.* There is Time there. *Me.* But when the stock of *forty days* is gone, have they no more to bestow? *Og.* Oh you mistake the business! for 'tis not here, as in the Tub of the *Danaides*, which is always filling, and always empty; but here, take out as long as you will, there's never the less in the Vessel. *Me.* But what if they should now give a Remission for *forty days*, to 100000 *men*? has every one of them his proportion? *Og.* All alike. *Me.* And suppose a man should have *forty days* granted him in the *morn-ing*; have they wherewithal to give him *forty days* more at night? *Og.* Yes, yes, if it were ten times over every hour. *Me.* If I had but such a device at home, I should not ask much to set up withal. *Og.* You might e'n as well wish to be turn'd into a Golden Statue, and as soon have your asking. But to return to my History. There was one Argument added, which methought was of great Pity and Candor, which was, that tho' the *Virgins Milk* in many other places, might challenge due Veneration, yet this was to be the most esteem'd, because it was sav'd as it fell from

from the Virgins Breasts, without touching the ground; whereas the other was scrap'd off from Rocks and Stones. *Me.* But how does that appear? *Og.* From the very mouth of the Nun at *Constantinople*, that gave it. *Me.* And it may be she had it from *St. Bernard*. *Og.* I believe she had. *Me.* For he had the Happiness to taste the Milk of the same Breast that suck'd our Saviour: so that I wonder he was not rather called *Lactifluous* than *Mellifluous*. But how is that the *Virgins Milk* that did not flow from her Breasts? *Og.* It did flow from her Breasts; but dropping upon the Rock she sat upon, it was there concreted; and afterward, by Providence, multiply'd and encreas'd. *Me.* You say well, go forward now. *Og.* We were now upon the point of marching off; but still walking and looking about us to see if there were any thing else worth taking notice of; and there were the *Chappel Officers* again, learing at us, pointing, nodding, running up and down back and forward, as if they would fain have spoken to us, but had not the face to do't. *Me.* And did not your heart go pit-apat upon't? *Og.* No, not at all; but on the contrary I lookt them chearfully in the very eyes; as who should say, *speak and welcome*. At length one of them comes to me, and asks me my name. I tell it him. *Are not you the man*, says he, *that a matter of two years since, set up a Votive-Table here in Hebrew Letters?* I told him I was that person. *Me.* Do you write *Hebrew* then? *Og.* No, but let me tell you, they take every thing to be *Hebrew* they do not understand. By and by, comes, (upon calling I suppose) the *Πατριάρχης*, of the Colledge. *Me.* What Dignity is that? have they no *Abbot*? No. *Me.* Why so? *Og.* Because they don't understand *Hebrew*. *Me.* Have they no Bishop? *Og.* Neither. *Me.* What's the reason on't? *Og.* The *Virgin* is so poor, that she

she is not able to be at the charge of a *Staff* and *Mitres*; for you must know the Price is extremely rais'd. *Me.* But methinks at least they should have a *President*. *Og.* No, nor that neither. *Me.* What hinders it? *Og.* Because a *President* is a name of *Dignity*; not of *Holiness*. And therefore the Colledges of Canons will have no Abbots. *Me.* But this same *Πρωτος ὁσιος*, is a thing I never heard of before. *Og.* You are but an easie Grammarian, I perceive. *Me.* I have heard of it indeed in *Rhetorique*. *Og.* Observe me now. He that is next to the *Prior*, is the *Posterior Prior*. *Me.* Yes the *Sub-Prior*. *Og.* That man saluted me with great Courtesie, and then fell to tell me what pains had been taken to read those Verses; what wiping of Spectacles there had been to no purpose; how often such a Doctor of Law, and another Doctor of Divinity, had been brought thither to expound the Table. One would have the Character to be *Arabick*, another lookt upon't as a *Sham*, and to signifie nothing at all; but in conclusion, there was one found out that made a shift to read the Title, which was written in *Latin* and *Roman Capitals*. The *Greek* Verses, in *Greek Capitals*; which at first sight lookt like *Roman*. Upon their request, I turn'd them word for word into *Latin*, and they would have paid me for my pains; but I excus'd my self with a Protestation, that for the Holy Virgins sake, I would do any thing in the World; and that if she had any Letters to send, even to *Jerusalem*, I would not stick to go upon the Errant. *Me.* As if she could want Carriers, that has so many Angels perpetually waiting about her. *Og.* He took out of his Purse a little piece of Wood, that was cut off from the *Beam* the *Virgin Mother* stood upon, and made me a Present of it. I found by the wonderful fragrancy of it, that the thing was sacred, and could not do less than kiss it

twenty times over; and in the lowest posture of humility (bare-headed, and with the highest degree of Reverence) I put it up in my Pocket. *Me.* Mayn't a man see it? *Og.* I'm not against it; but if you have either eat or drunk to day, or had to do with your Wife last night, I would not advise you to look upon't. *Me.* Shew me't however, and I'll stand the venture. *Og.* Why there 'tis then. *Me.* How happy a man art thou now to have such a Present? *Og.* Such a one as it is, I would have you know, that I would not change it for the Wealth of the *Indies*. I'll set it in Gold, and put it in a Crystal Case. *Hysteroptos*, when he saw me so over-joy'd at the favour I had already receiv'd, began to think me worthy of greater; and askt me if I had seen the *Virgins secrets*? The expression startled me, and yet I durst not so much as desire him to expound himself, for a bodies Tongue may slip in Holy matters as well as in Profane. However, I told him that I had not as yet seen 'em, and that I much desir'd to see them. I am carry'd in now, as one in an Extasie; two Tapers presently lighted, and an Image produc'd; of no great value for the bigness, matter or Workmanship; but of wonderful Virtue. *Me.* It is not the bulk that does the Miracle; yonder's *Christopher* at *Paris*; there's a Wagon load of him, a very *Colossus*, nay, I might have said a *Mountain*, and yet I never heard of any Miracles that he wrought. *Og.* There's a Gemm at the feet of the Virgin, which the *Latins* and *Greeks* have not yet found a name for; the *French* call it a *Toadstoane*, from the resemblance of a Toad in it: beyond any thing that ever was done to the Life: and to make it the greater Miracle, it is but a little Stone neither; and the Image does not stand on't, but 'tis form'd in the very body of the Stone. *Me.* Perhaps people may phantasie the likeness of a Toad

Toad in the Stone, as they do that of an Eagle, in the stalk of a *Brake* or *Fern*; or as Boys do burning Mountains, Battles, and terrible Dragons in the Clouds. *Og.* Nay, for your satisfaction, one living Toad is not liker another. *Me.* Come, come, I have had enough of your Stories, you had best go with your Toad to some body else. *Og.* This humour of yours *Menedemus* does not at all surprize me; for if I my self had not seen it with these eyes, (mark me, with these very eyes) if the whole Tribe of Schoolmen had sworn it to me, I should never have believ'd 'em. But you are not curious enough, methinks, upon these Rarities of Nature. *Me.* And why not curious enough? because I cannot be perswaded that Asses fly? *Og.* But do you not see how Nature entertains her self in the colours and shapes of all things; and especially of precious Stones? what admirable Virtues she has emplant'd in them; and incredible too, if experience had not forc'd us to an acknowledgment of them? Tell me, would you ever have believ'd that Steel could have either been drawn by the Load-stone, or driven away, without touching it, if you had not seen it with your own eyes? *Me.* Truly I think I should not, though ten *Aristotles* had sworn the truth of it. *Og.* Do not pronounce all things to be fabulous then, that you have not found so by experiment. Do we not find the figure of the Bolt in the *Thunder-Stone*: Fire in the *Carbuncle*; the Figure of *Hail*, and the invincible coldness of it, (even as if it were cast into the Fire) in the *Hail-Stone*: The waves of the Sea in the *Emerald*; the Figure of a *Sea-Grab* in the *Garcintas*; of a *Viper* in the *Echites*; of a *Gilt-head* in the *Scarites*; of a *Hawk* in the *Hieraclites*; of a *Crane's Neck* in the *Geranites*? In one Stone, you have the eye of a *Goat*; in another, of a *Hog*; in another, three human eyes together: in the

*Licophthalmus* you will find the Eye of a *Wolf*, with four colours in't, fiery, bloody; and black in the middle, encompassed with white. One Stone has the figure of a *Beane* in the middle; another the Trunck of a *Tree*; and it burns like wood too; the Resemblance of *Ivy* in another. One shews you the Beams of *Lightning*, another looks as if there were a *Flame* in't; and in some Stones you shall find *Sparkles*; the colour of *Saffron*, of a *Rose*, *Brass*, the figure of an *Eagle*, a *Peacock*, an *Asp*, a *Pismire*, a *Bittle* or *Scorpion*. It would be endless to pursue this subject; for there is not any Element, living Creature or Plant, which Nature (as it were to sport her self) has not given us some resemblance of in Stones: Why should you wonder then at this Story I have told you, of the Toad? *Me.* I did not think Nature had had so much spare time, as to divert her self in drawing Pictures. *Og.* 'Tis rather to exercise our Curiosity, and keep us from Idleness, or worse Diversions, as running mad after Buffoons, Dice, Fortune-tellers, and Hocus's, &c. *Me.* All this is too true. *Og.* I have heard that if you put this Toad-stone into Vinegar, it shall move the Legs and Swim. *Me.* But why is it dedicated to the *Virgin*? *Og.* 'Tis laid at her feet, to shew that she has overcome, trampled upon, and extinguished all Uncleanneſs, Malice, Pride, Avarice, and Earthly Desires. *Me.* Wo be to us then that have so much of the Toad still in our hearts. *Og.* But if we worship the *Virgin*, as we ought, we shall be pure. *Me.* How would she have us Worship her? *Og.* By the Imitation of her. *Me.* That's soon said, but not so easily perform'd. *Og.* 'Tis hard, I confess, but well worth the pains. *Me.* Proceed now, and finish what you have begun. *Og.* The man shew'd us next, certain Gold, and Silver Statues. This (says he) is solid Gold, this only silver gilt,  
D and



and he tells us the Weight, the Price, and the Presenter of every piece. The Man then taking notice of the satisfaction I found to see the *Virgin* endow'd with so rich a Treasure, you are so good a man, says he, that I cannot honestly conceal any thing from you, and will shew you now the greatest Privacies the *Virgin* has; and at that word, he takes out of a Drawer from under the Altar, a World of things of great value; it would be a days work to tell you the particulars; so that thus far my Journey succeeded to my wish; I satisfied my Curiosity abundantly, and brought away this Inestimable Present with me, as a Token of the Virgins love. *Me.* Did you ever make any Tryal of the Virtues of this Token? *Og.* Yes, I have; I was three or four days ago in a Treating-house, and there was a Fellow so stark staring mad, that they were just about to lay him in Chains; I only laid this piece of wood under his Pillow (without his Privy) he fell into a sound sleep; and in the morning, rose as sober as ever he was in his life. *Me.* But art sure he was not drunk? for sleep is the best remedy in the World for that disease. *Og.* This is not a subject *Menedemus* for Raille-ry. 'Tis neither honest, nor safe to make sport with the Saints: Nay, the Man himself told me, that there was a Woman appear'd to him in his Sleep, of an incomparable Beauty, that brought him a Cup to drink. *Me.* Of *Hellebore* it may be. *Og.* That's uncertain, but of a certainty, this man is in his Wits again. *Me.* Did you take no notice of *Thomas* the Archbishop of *Canterbury*? *Og.* Yes sure I hope I did. 'Tis one of the famousest Pilgrimages in the World. *Me.* If it were not a trouble to you, I would fain hear something of it. *Og.* Nay, 'tis so far from that, that you'll oblige me in the hearing of it.

That

THAT part of *England* that looks toward *France* and *Flanders*, is called *Kent*; there are two Monasteries in't, that are almost contiguous, and they are both *Benedictins*. That which bears the name of *St. Augustine* seems to me to be the Ancienter, and that of *St. Thomas* I judge to have been the Seat of the Archbishop, where he past his time with a few Monks that he made choice of for his Companions. As the Prelates at this day have their Palaces near the Church, tho' apart from the Houses of other Canons: for in times past, both Bishops, and Canons were commonly Monks, as appears upon the Record. But *St. Thomas's* Church is so eminent, that it puts Religion into a mans thoughts as far as he can see it: and indeed it over-shadows the Neighborhood, and keeps the light from other Religious Places. It has two famous Turrets, that seem in a manner to bid Visitants welcome from afar off; and a Ring of Bells that are admir'd far and near. In the *South Porch* stand the Statues of three Armed Men that murther'd the Holy man, with their Names and Families. *Me.* Why had the Wretches so much honour done them? *Og.* It is the same honour that is done to *Judas*, *Pilate*, and *Gaiaphas*, and the band of wicked Soldiers, whose Images and Pictures, are commonly seen upon the most magnificent Altars. Their names, I suppose, are there express'd, for fear some body else hereafter should have the glory of the Fact that had no title to't; and besides they stand there for a warning to Courtiers that they meddle no more with Bishops or Possessions of the Church; for those three Ruffians ran mad upon the horror of the Act, and had never come to themselves again, if *St. Thomas* had not been mov'd on their behalf. *Me.* Oh! the infinite Clemency of Martyrs! *Og.* The first prof-

spect upon entring the Church, is only the largeness, and the Majesty of the Body of it; which is free to every one. *Me.* Is there nothing there to be seen then? *Og.* Only the Bulk of the Structure, and the Gospel of *Nicodemus*; with some other Books that are hung up to the Pillars; and here and there a Monument. *Me.* And what more? *Og.* The Quire is shut up with iron Gates, so that there's no entrance; but the View is still open from one end of the Church to the other. There's an Ascent to the Quire, of many steps, under which, there is a certain Vault, that opens a Passage, to the *North-side*; where we saw a wooden Altar that's dedicated to the *Holy Virgin*; a very little one, and only remarkable as a Monument of Antiquity, that still reproaches the Luxury of following Ages. There it was that the good man upon the point of death is said to have taken his last leave of the *Virgin*. Upon the Altar, there's a piece of the Blade with which that Reverend Prelate was kill'd; and part of his Brains, which the Assassins dash'd together, and confounded, to make sure work on't. We did with a most Religious solemnity kiss the sacred Rust of this Weapon, for the Martyrs sake. From hence, we past down into a Vault under ground, which had its Officers too. They shew'd us first the Martyrs Skull, as it was bor'd through; the Top of it we could come at with our Lips, but the rest was cover'd with Silver. They shew'd us also a Leaden Plate inscribed, *Thomas Acrensis*, and there are hung up in the dark, Shirts, Girdles, and Breeches of Haircloth, which he us'd for Mortification; it would make a man shrug to look upon 'em: nor would the Effeminacy of this age endure them. *Me.* No, nor the Monks neither perhaps. *Og.* I can say little to that point, nor does it concern me.  
*Me.*

*Me.* But this is all Truth however. *Og.* From hence we return'd to the Quire; upon the *Northside* they unlock a private place; it is incredible what a world of Bones they brought us out of it, Skulls, Shins, Teeth, Hands, Fingers, whole Arms, which with great Adoration we beheld and kiss'd; and there would have been no end, if it had not been for one of our Fellow-travellers, who indiscreetly enough, interrupted the Officer in his business. *Me.* What was he? *Og.* An *English* man, one *Gratian Pull*: (as I remember) a Learned and a Religious man, but not so well affected this way as I could have wish'd him. *Me.* Some *Wickliffist*, perhaps. *Og.* No, I think not, but I found by him that he had read his Books; how he came by 'em I know not. *Me.* And did not your Officer take Offence at him? *Og.* He brought us out an Arm with the flesh upon't, that was still bloody; and he was so squeamish forsooth, that he made a mouth at it when he should have kiss'd it. Whereupon the Officer shut up all again. From hence we went to see the Table, and the Ornaments of the Altar; and after that, the Treasure that was hidden under it. If you had seen the Gold, and Silver that we saw, you would have lookt upon *Midas* and *Græsus* as little better than Baggars. *Me.* And was there no kissing here? *Og.* No; but methought I began to change my Prayer. *Me.* Why what was the matter? *Og.* I was e'n upon wishing that I had but such Reliques as I saw there, at home in my own Coffers. *Me.* A most Sacrilegious wish! *Og.* I do confess it; and I do assure you I askt the Saint forgiveness for't before I went out of the Church. Our next Remove was into the *Vestry*. Good God! What a Pomp of rich Vestments? What a Proviſsion of golden Candlesticks did we see there? and there was *St. Thomas Crook*; it lookt just

like a Reed cover'd over with a Silver Plate ; it had neither Weight nor Art, and about some three foot and half high. *Me.* Was there never a *Cross* ? *Og.* Not that I saw. There was a silk Gown, but it was course and plain, without either Pearl, or Embroidery ; and there was a Handkerchief of the Saints, which was still sweaty and bloody. These Monuments of antient Thrift we kiss'd most willingly. *Me.* But do they shew these Rarities to every body ? *Og.* Oh bless me ! no such matter I warrant ye. *Me.* How came you then to have such credit with them ? *Og.* I had some acquaintance, let me tell ye, with *Archbishop Warren* ; and pass'd under his recommendation. *Me.* A man of great Humanity, they say. *Og.* You would take him for Humanity it self, if you knew him. A Person of that exquisite Learning, that Candour of Manners, and Piety of Life, that there is nothing wanting in him to make him a most accomplisht Prelate. From hence, we are carry'd yet farther ; for beyond the High Altar, there is still another Ascent, as if it were into a new Church. We were shewn in a certain Chappel there, the whole face of the Good man, all gilt, and set out with Jewels ; where, by an unexpected mischance, we had like to have spoil'd the whole business. *Me.* And how was that as you love me ? *Og.* My friend *Gratian* lost himself here extreemly. After a short Prayer, Good Father, (says he to the Assistant of him that shew'd us the Reliques) I have heard that *Thomas*, while he liv'd, was very Charitable to the Poor ; is it true or not ? For certain, says he, so he was ; and began to instance in several Charitable Works that he had done. And he has undoubtedly the same good Inclination still (says *Gratian*) unless Perhaps they may be alter'd for the better. The other agreed to't. Now (says he again) if this  
Holy

Holy man was so charitable when he was Poor, and wanted for his own Necessities himself; I cannot but think now he is Rich, and wants nothing, that he would take it well if some poor Women, with Children ready to Starve, or in danger to prostitute themselves for Bread; or with a Husband, Agonizing, and void of all Comfort; if such a miserable Woman, I say, should ask him leave to make bold with some small proportion of his vast Treasure, for the Relief of her wretched Family. The Assistant of the Golden head making no Reply; I am fully persuaded says *Gratian* (as he is lodain) that the Good man would be glad at's heart (tho' in the other World) that the Poor in this should be still the better for him. The Officer, upon this, fell to frowning, powting, and looking at us as if he would have eaten us: and I am confident, if it had not been for the Archbishops Recommendation, we had been rail'd at, spit upon, and thrown out of the Church: but I did however what I could, to pacifie the man; we told him *Gratian* was a Droll, and all this was but his way of fooling. So that with good words, and a little Silver, I made up the quarrel. *Me.* I cannot but exceedingly approve of your Piety, and yet when I consider the infinite Expence upon Building, Beautifying, and Enriching of Churches, I cannot in cold thoughts but condemn the unmeasurable excess. Not but that I would have magnificent Temples; and such Vestments, and Vessels, as may support the Dignity of a solemn Worship; but to have so many Golden Fonts, Candlesticks, and Statues; such a Profusion upon Organs, and Church Musique, while our Brethren, and the Living Temples of Christ, are ready to perish for want of Meat and Lodging; this is a thing I cannot allow of by any means. *Og.* There is no man either of Brain, or Piety, but is pleas'd

with a Moderation in these Cases ; but an excess of Piety is an Errour on the Right hand, and deserves favour : especially considering the Cross humour of those people that Rob Churches instead of building them : and beside the large Donatives come from Princes, and great Persons, and the Mony would be worse employed either upon Gaming or War. And moreover, to take any thing away from the Church, is accounted Sacrilege. It is a discouragement to the Charity of those that are inclin'd to give ; and after all, it is a Temptation to Rapine. Now the Church-men are rather Guardians of these Treasures, than Masters ; and it is much a better sight, a Church that is gloriously Endow'd and Beautify'd, than a Church that is sordid, beggarly, naked, and liker to a Stable, than a Temple. *Me.* And yet we read of Bishops of old, that were commended for selling their Plate, to relieve the Poor. *Og.* And so they are commended at this day ; but the commendation is all, for I suppose they have neither the Power, nor the Will, to follow the President. *Me.* But I hinder your Relation ; and I am now expecting the Catastrophe of your Story. *Og.* And you shall have it in a few words. Upon this, out comes the head of the Colledge. *Me.* Whom do you mean, the *Abbot* of the Place ? *Og.* He wears a *Mitre*, and has the Revenue of an *Abbot*, only he wants the *Name*, and they call him the *Prior*, the *Archbishop* himself supplying the Place of the *Abbot* : for of old, every *Archbishop* there was a *Monk*. *Me.* If I had the Revenue of an *Abbot*, I would not care 'tho they call'd me a *Camel*. *Og.* He seem'd to me to be a godly and a prudent man ; and to be in some measure a *Scotist*. He open'd us the Box, in which the remainder of the Holy mans Body is said to be deposited. *Me.* Did you see it ? *Og.* That's

not



not permitted; nor was it to be done without a Ladder. There stood a wooden Box upon a golden one; and upon the Craning up of that with Ropes, blefs me, what a Treasure was there discover'd! *Me.* What is't you say? *Og.* The basest part of it was Gold; every thing sparkled, and flam'd, with vast and inestimable Gems; some of them as big, or bigger than a Goose Egg; There stood about with great Veneration, some of the Monks: upon the taking off the Cover, we all worshipt; the *Prior*, with a white Wand, toucht every Stone, one by one, telling us the name of it, the Price, and the Benefactor. The richest of them were given by Princes. *Me.* He had need have a good memory methinks. *Og.* You're in the right; and yet Practice goes a great way, and this is a Lesson that he says often over. From hence, we were carry'd back into a Vault. It is somewhat dark, and there it is that the *Virgin-Mother* has her Residence. It is double rail'd in, and encompassed with iron Bars. *Me.* Why what does she fear? *Og.* Nothing I suppose but Thieves, and in my life I never saw a fairer Temptation or Booty. *Me.* What do you tell me of Riches in the dark? *Og.* But we had light enough brought us to see the Wealth of the richest Empire. *Me.* Is it beyond that of the *Parathalassian Virgin*? *Og.* Very much in appearance, but for what's conceall'd, she her self knows best. And take this along with ye, that these precious things are only shew'd to persons of eminent quality, and to particular friends. In the end, we were conducted back to the Vestry, where was a Box with a black Leather Cover upon it. This Box was set upon a Table, and upon the opening of it they all fell down upon their knees, and worshipt. *Me.* What was in't? *Og.* Rags of old Handkerchers in abundance, that carry'd still about

about them the marques of the use they had been put to. These, as they told us, were some Reliques of the Linnen the good Man had made use of about his nose, his Body, and other homely purposes. Upon this, my friend *Gratian* forfeited his credit once more; for the gentle *Prior* offering him one of these Rags for a Present, as the highest obligation he could lay upon him, he only took it squeamishly betwixt his Finger and his Thumb, and with a wry Mouth laid it down again, (a trick that he had got, when he would express his contempt of any thing.) This rudeness made me both ashamed and afraid; but yet the *Prior* was so good, (tho sensible enough of the Affront) as to put it off very dexterously; and after the Civility of a glass of Wine, we were fairly dismiss'd, and returned to *London*. *Me*. What needed that when you were nearer your own shoar before? *Og*. 'Tis true, but it is a Coast so infamous for Cheats, and Piracies, that I had rather run the hazard of the worst of Rocks, or Flats, than of that people. I'll tell you what I saw in my last passage that way; There was a great many people at *Calis* that took a *Ghaloup* to put them aboard a great Ship, and among the rest, a poor, beggerly *French man*, and they would have two Sols for his passage; (for that they'll have if they carry one but a Boats length) the fellow pleads poverty; and they in a frolick would needs search him. Upon the examining of his Shooes, they find ten or twelve pieces of Silver that were there concealed; they made no more ado, but kept the Mony, and laught and rail'd at the *Frenchman* for his pains. *Me*. What did the young man? *Og*. What should he do, but lament his misfortune? *Me*. Had they any Authority for what they did? *Og*. The same Commission that an Innkeeper has to rob his Guest, or

a Highwayman to take a Purse. *Me.* 'Tis a strange Confidence to do such a Villany before so many Witnesses. *Og.* They are so us'd to't, that they think they do well in't; There were divers in the great Ship that lookt on, and several *English* Merchants in the Boat that grumbled at it, but to no purpose; they take a pride in't, as if it were the outwitting of a Man, and made their boasts that they had catch'd the *French man* in his Roguery. *Me.* I would, without any more to do, hang up these Coast-thieves, and make sport with them at the very Gallows. *Og.* Nay they are both Shores alike; and hence we may gather, if the little Thieves be thus bold, what will not the great ones do? and it holds betwixt Masters and Servants. So that I am resolv'd for the future rather to go five hundred Leagues about than to take the advantage of this accursed *Compendium*. Nay, in some respects this passage is worse than that to Hell it self; for there the descent is easie, tho' there is no getting out again; but here 'tis bad at one end, and yet worse at to'ther. There were at that time some *Antwerp* Merchants at *London*, and so I propounded to take my passage with them. *Me.* Are the Skippers of that Country then any better than their fellows? *Og.* *An Ape will be always an Ape*, and a Skipper a Skipper; but yet compar'd to those that live upon the Catch, these men are Angels. *Me.* I shall remember this if ever it comes in my head to go for *England*; but I have led you out of your way. *Og.* Very good. In our Journey to *London*, not far from *Canterbury*, there's a narrow hollow, steep way, and a great bank on each side, so that there's no scaping or avoiding; upon the left hand of that way, there stands a little Cottage or Receptacle for *Mendicants*. Upon the noise of any Horsemen, comes an old man out into the way. He first sprinkles  
you

you with Holy Water, and then offers you the upper Leather of a Shooe with a Brass Ring to't; and in it, a Glass, as if it were some Gem: this you are to kiss, and give the poor fellow some small piece of Mony. *Me.* I had rather meet a company of old Beggars in such a way, than a Troop of lusty Rogues upon the Pad. *Og.* *Gratian* rode upon my left hand, next to this Cottage, where he had his share of Holy Water, and bore it well enough; but upon presenting him the Shooe, he askt the manner of it. This, says the poor man, is the Shooe of *St. Thomas.* *Gratian* was in choler upon't, and turning to me, *What a Devil,* said he, *would these Brutes have? If we submit to kiss their Shooes, by the same reason we may be brought in time to kiss their Arses too.* I pitied the poor Wretch, and gave him a small Charity to comfort him. *Me.* In my opinion *Gratian* was not angry without a cause; I should not dislike the preserving old Shooes, and Garments, as an instance of the Moderation of our Fore-fathers, but I am absolutely against the forcing of people to kiss 'em. He that is so zealous as to do it upon that account may be left to his liberty. *Og.* Not to dissemble the matter I think it were better let alone, than done; but in case of what cannot be mended on a sodain, it is my custom to make the best on't. How much have I been pleas'd with this Contemplation, that a good man is like a sheep, and a wicked like a harmful Creature! The Viper, tho' it cannot bite when 'tis dead, yet the very corruption, and the smell of it is mischievous; whereas a Sheep, while it lives, feeds us with its Milk; cloaths us with its Wooll; and fattens our ground with its very Ordure, and when 'tis dead, it serves us still with Mutton and with Leather. In like manner, men that are furious, and given to their Lusts, while they live, they are troublesome

to all, and when they are dead, what with the noise of Bells, and the pomp of their Funerals, they are still a Vexation to the Living, and sometimes to their Successors, by causing new Exactions; but the good man makes himself Profitable in all respects to the whole World. As this Saint by his President, his Learning, and his good Counsel, invited all men to Piety; he comforted the friendless; assisted the needy, and if it were possible, he does more good now he is dead, than he did living: He built this magnificent Church, and advanc'd the Authority of the Priesthood all over *England*; nay, and with this very fragment of his Shooe he maintains a Conventicle of poor men. *Me.* This is certainly a pious Contemplation; but seeing you are of this mind, I wonder you should never go to see *St. Patrick's Den*, of which the World tells so many wonders, which I must confess are no Articles of my Faith. *Og.* Take my word for't, friend, all the Prodigious things that ever you heard of it, fall short of the Truth. *Me.* Why, were you ever in't then? *Og.* Yes, and I had as good have past the *Stygian Lake*, or descended into the Jaws of *Avernus*. I was where I could see all that's done in Hell. *Me.* Do but bless me with the Story of it. *Og.* We have made this Dialogue long enough already; let that rather serve for the beginning of another. 'Tis time for me to go home and bespeak Supper, for I have not din'd to day. *Me.* You do not fast out of Conscience, I hope. *Og.* No, but out of spite. *Me.* What to your Belly? *Og.* No, no; but to the unconscionable Victuallers; that set high Rates upon ill Meat; and this is my way of revenge. When I am in hope of a good Supper, my Stomach wambles at dinner; and when I find a dinner to my mind, my Stomach is  
out

out of order toward Supper. *Me.* And are not you ashamed to shew your self so narrow and penurious? *Og.* Believe me, *Menedemus*, in such a case as this, shame is very ill employ'd, and I have learn'd to keep mine for better uses. *Me.* I do e'en long for the remainder of your Story, wherefore expect me at Supper, and let me hear it out. *Og.* In troth I am beholden to you for offering your self uninvited, when others, though never so earnestly invited will not come. But if you will have me thank you over and over, let me perswade you to Sup at home to night: for I have time little enough for the business of my Family: and yet, now I think on't, I'll tell you what will be better for us both; you shall invite me and my Wife to dinner to morrow; and then if you please we'll talk it out till Supper; or rather then fail, we will not part then neither, till you confess you have your Belly full. Never scratch your head for the matter; do but you provide and depend upon't, we'll keep touch with ye. *Me.* If I can't have your company cheaper, so let it be; I'll find Meat, and do you find Sauce, for your Discourse must be the best part of your Dinner. *Og.* But do you hear? have not I set you agog now upon Travelling? *Me.* I do not know what you may do by that time you have finish'd your Relation; but at present I find work enough to do to maintain my Post. *Og.* What's your meaning for that? *Me.* I walk about my house, go to my Study, take care of my Girls and then again into my Shop; I look after my Servants, and so into my Kitchen, to see if any thing be amiss there, and then up and down, observing how my Wife, and how my Children behave themselves, for I am very solicitous to have every thing as it should be;  
this

this is my Post. Og. Prithee ease thy self, and leave that to St. James. *Me. I have Divine Authority for looking after my Family my self, but I do not find any Text for leaving it to the Saints.*

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OF

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O F  
R A S H V O W S.

C O L. III.

*The Vanity and Misery of Rambling Voyages.  
The Folly of Inconsiderate Vows : With some  
Pleasant Reflexions upon pretended Indulgen-  
cies, or Pardons.*

ARNOLDUS, CORNELIUS.

*Ar.*  *ELL* met once again, my dear *Cornelius*. 'Tis a thousand year methinks since I saw thee. *Cor.* What ? my old Acquaintance, *Arnoldus* ? the man of the whole World I long'd to see. *Ar.* We all gave thee for lost. But prithee where hast been Rambling all this while ? *Cor.* In the other World. *Ar.* Why truly, by thy slovingly Dress, and this lean gastly Carcass, a body would e'n judge as much. *Cor.* Well ! but I ha'n't been with *Old Nick* yet, for all that. I am come from *Jerusalem*. *Ar.* And what Wind blew thee thither. *Cor.*  
The

The very same Wind that blows other people to the same place. *Ar.* Some whimsy, I suppose. *Cor.* There are more Fools than one however. *Ar.* What did ye hunt for there? *Co. Misery.* *Ar.* Methinks you might have found that nearer home. But did you meet with any thing there worth seeing? *Cor.* Why truly little or nothing. They shew'd us certain Monuments of Antiquity, which I look upon to be mostly Counterfeit; and meer Contrivances to gull the Credulous, and simple People. Nay, I am not yet satisfied that they can so much as tell ye the precise place where *Jerusalem* stood. *Ar.* What did ye see then? *Cor.* Only Barbarity, and Desolation. *Ar.* But the *Holy Land* (I hope) has made ye a *Holy Man.* *Cor.* No, nothing like it; for I am come back ten times worse than I went out. *Ar.* You have filled your Pockets perhaps. *Cor.* So far from it, that a Snake that has cast her Skin is not so bare as I am. *Ar.* Do you not repent ye then of so long a Journy, to so little purpose? *Cor.* As if that repentance would not be to as little purpose as the Journey. Nay, I cannot so much as be asham'd on't, there are so many other Fools to keep me in Countenance. *Ar.* What's the fruit then of this dangerous Voyage? *Cor.* Oh! very much. *Ar.* Let's know it then? I shall live the more at my ease hereafter for't. *Ar.* You'll have the pleasure of telling old Stories when the dangers over. *Cor.* That's something; but not all. *Ar.* Is there any advantage in it else then? *Cor.* Yes, there is. *Ar.* Pray'e what may that be? *Cor.* It furnishes a man with Table-talk, and discourse upon all occasions; the History of such an Adventure. 'Tis a strange delight that one Coxcomb takes in telling of Lies; and another in the Hearing of them. *Ar.* Truly that goes a great way. *Cor.* Nay I am well enough pleased my self to  
E hear

hear other Travellers amplify upon matters that they never saw nor heard; and they do it with so much Confidence too, that in things, even the most ridiculous, and impossible, they believe themselves.

*Ar.* A perverse kind of satisfaction! But there's something however for your Mony. *Cor.* This is a more tolerable Course yet, than that of a Mercenary Sol-

dier. An Army is the very Nursery of all Wickedness. *Ar.* But Lying is a mean and ungentleman-like humour. *Cor.* And yet a Lye is more Pardonable

than a *Calumny*, or than either doing the Office of a Pick-thank, or Encouraging it; or lavishing away a mans Time, and fortune, in Gaming. *Ar.* I'm of your opinion. *Cor.* But then there's another Benefit I reap by my Travels. *Ar.* What's that? *Cor.* If

I should find any friend of mine tainted with this Phrensie, I should advise him to stay at home: as a Mariner that has been Wreckt himself, bids another have a care of the place where he miscarry'd. *Ar.* This Caution would have done well if it had come in time. *Cor.* Why? Are you sick of the same disease too?

*Ar.* Yes. I have been at *Rome* my self, and at *Compostella*. *Cor.* Bless me! How proud I am to play the fool in such Company? But what Angel put this into thy Head?

*Ar.* What Devil rather? especially to leave a handsom young Wife, several Children, and a Family at home, and nothing in the World to maintain them but my daily industry. *Cor.* It must be

some mighty matter sure, that could carry ye away from all these Obligations: What was't I prithee?

*Ar.* I'm asham'd on't. *Cor.* What, to Me? thy friend and thy fellow-sufferer. *Ar.* There was a knot of neighbourly good-fellows of us drinking together; and when we were high Flown, one was for making a

Visit to *St. James*; another, to *St. Peter*: If you'll go, I'll go, says one; and I'll go, if you'll go, says another;

till

till at last, we concluded upon it to go altogether. I was willing, I confess, to keep up the Reputation of a fair Drinker; and rather than break Company, I e'en past my Promise: The next question was, whether we should march for *Rome*, or *Compostella*; and upon the debate, it was determined that (God willing) we should begin our Journey the very next morning, and visit *Both*. *Cor*. A Learned Sentence, and fitter to be Recorded in Wine, than upon Copper. *Ar*. After this, a swinging Glass was put about, to the *Bon Voyage*; and when every man in his Course had *done reason* to't, the Vow was sealed, and became inviolable. *Cor*. A new Religion! But did ye all come safe back again? *Ar*. All but *Three*. One dy'd upon the way; but gave us in charge to remember his humble service to *Peter* and *James*; another, at *Rome*; who bad us commend him (when we return'd) to his Wife and Children; the *third* we left desperately sick at *Florence*; and I believe he is in Heaven, long e're this. *Cor*. Was he a very good man? *Ar*. The best Droll in Nature. *Ar*. Why should ye think he's in Heaven then? *Ar*. Because he had a whole Satchel full of large *Indulgences*. *Cor*. I hear ye. But 'tis a huge way to Heaven, and a dangerous one, as I am told: There are such a World of Thieves in the middle Region of the Air. *Ar*. That's true; but he was so fortified with *Bulls*. *Cor*. In what Language? *Ar*. In *Latin*. *Cor*. Well! and does that secure him? *Ar*. Yes, unless he should fall upon some Spirit that does not understand *Latin*: and in that case, he must back to *Rome*, and get a new Instrument. *Cor*. Do they sell any *Bulls* there to the *Dead*? *Ar*. Yes, yes, as thick as Hops. *Cor*. Have a care what ye say, for there are Spies abroad. *Ar*. I don't speak against *Indulgences*; though I cannot but laugh at the freak of my

fuddling Companion. He was otherwise the vainest trifler that ever was born ; and yet chose rather to venture his Salvation upon a Skin of Parchment, than upon the Amendment of his Life. But when shall we have the Tryal of Skill ye told us of ? *Cor.* We'll set a time for a little *Drinking Bout* ; give notice of it to our *Gamerades*, and then meet and tell Lies in our turns Helter-skelter. *Ar.* So let it be then.

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THE

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T H E

SOLDIERS CONFESSION.

C O L. IV.

*The Hardship and Iniquity of a Military Life;  
With the Mockery of a Formal Confession.*

HANNO, THRASYMACHUS.

*Han.*  Hy how now Souldier? what's the matter? A *Mercury* turn'd into a *Vulcan*? *Th.* What do you talk to Me of your *Mercuries* and *Vulcans*? *Ha.* Why you went out upon the *Wing*, and are come back *Limping*. *Th.* I'm come back like a Soldier then. *Han.* A Soldier, say'st? In my Conscience, thoud'st outrun a Deer, if thou had'st but an enemy at thy heels. *Th.* The hope of Booty makes many a man Valiant. *Han.* Then 'tis to be hop'd you have made your Fortune; What Spoils have ye brought off? *Th.* Empty Pockets. *Han.* That's light Carriage however. *Th.* But then I have a huge burthen of

Sins. *Han.* Sin is a terrible weight indeed. The Prophet calls it *Lead*. *Th.* In my whole life I never saw so much Villany: and I had my part in't too. *Han.* How do ye like a Military Life then? *Th.* It is undoubtedly, of all Courses, the most wicked, and the most miserable. *Han.* And yet some people ye see, whether for Money, or for Curiosity, make as much haste to a Battle, as to a *Banquet*: What do they ail I wonder? *Th.* I look upon 'em to be absolutely possess'd; for if the Devil were not in them, they would never anticipate their Fate. *Han.* So one would think; for put them upon honest Business they'll scarce stir a foot in't for any money. But how went the Battle? who got the better on't? *Th.* What with the noise and clamour of Drums and Trumpets, Horses, and Arms, I was so far from knowing what became of others, that I could hardly tell where I was myself. *Han.* But I have seen those, that after a fought Field, would paint ye every Circumstance so to the life, as if they had only look'd on. Such an Officer Said this, and t'other Did that; and every Word, and Action to a tittle. *Th.* I am of opinion that these men ly'd most confoundedly. In short; if you would know what was done in my *Tent*, I can tell ye; but for the History of the *Battle*, I can say nothing to't. *Han.* What not so much as how ye came lame? *Th.* Scarce that upon my Honour. But I suppose it might be some Stone, the Heel of a Horse, or so. *Han.* Well, but shall I tell you now how it came? *Th.* Why, who should tell you? *Han.* No body, but I phantasie it. *Th.* Guess then. *Han.* You were e'en running away, and got a strain with a stumble. *Th.* Let me die if you have not hit the nail on the head. *Han.* Go get ye home; and tell your Wife of your Exploits. *Th.* I shall be rattled to some tune, when she sees what a



trim I am come back in. *Han.* I do not doubt but you have robb'd, and stol'n sufficiently; What *Restitution* now? *Th.* 'Tis made already. *Han.* To whom? *Th.* To *Wenches, Sutlers, Gamesters.* *Han.* Done like a Man of War; it is but reasonable that what's *Ill got* should be *Worse spent.* But have you kept your fingers all this while from *Sacrilege*? *Th.* We have made bold indeed with Churches, as well as private Houses; but in Hostility ye know, there's nothing Sacred. *Han.* But what satisfaction? *Th.* In a state of War there needs none; for all things are then lawful. *Han.* By the Law of Arms ye mean. *Th.* Right. *Han.* But that Law is the highest degree of Iniquity; nor was it Piety, but the hope of a Booty made you a Soldier. *Th.* 'Tis true; I took up Arms upon the common Principle of other *Swordmen.* *Han.* 'Tis some excuse yet to be mad with the major part. *Th.* I have heard a Parson in the Pulpit say, that War was *Lawful.* *Han.* Pulpits are commonly the Oracles of Truth: But War may be *Lawful* in a *Prince*, and yet not so with *You.* *Th.* The *Rabby's* hold that every man may live by his Calling. *Han.* Burning of Houses, spoiling of Temples, ravishing of Nuns; robbing the miserable, and killing the Innocent. An admirable Calling! *Th.* Why may not we as well be hir'd to kill Men, as Butchers are to kill Beasts? *Han.* But did you never think what would become of your Soul if ye should be knockt on the head? *Th.* Truly not much; but I had a lively Faith; for I commended my self once for all to St. *Barbara.* *Han.* And did she take ye into her protection? *Th.* I fancy'd so; for methought she gave me a little Nod. *Han.* At what time was't? in the morning? *Th.* No, no, 'twas after Supper. *Han.* And by that time I suppose the *Trees walkt*, as well as the *Saint nodded.* *Th.* This mans a Witch. But *Christopher* was the

Saint I most depended upon; for I had his Picture always in my eye. *Han.* What, in your Tent? How should a Saint come there? *Th.* We had it drawn with a Coal upon the Canvas. *Han.* So that you pray'd to *Christopher the Collier*: a sure Chard to trust to, no doubt! But without fooling, you can never expect to be forgiven all this, unless you go to *Rome*. *Th.* Yes, yes, I know a shorter way. *Han.* How's that? *Th.* I'll away to the *Dominicans*, and I can do my business there with the Commissaries for a Trifle. *Han.* What for *Sacrilege*? *Th.* Why, if I had robb'd *Christ* himself, and cut off his Head over and above; they have Pardons would reach it, and Commissions large enough to Compound for't. *Han.* That's well. But what if God himself should not pass the Composition? *Th.* Oh! he's merciful. I'm more afraid of the Devil's not letting go his hold. *Han.* What Confessor do you intend to make use of? *Th.* Some Priest that has neither shame in him nor Conscience. *Han.* Like to like; And when that's over, you'll go straight away, like a good Christian to the Communion. *Th.* Why not? for when I have once discharged my Iniquities into his Cow!, and cast off my Burthen, let him that absolves me, look to the rest. *Han.* But hark ye. How can you be sure that he *does* absolve ye, when you *think* he does? *Th.* Oh, very well. *Han.* But ye do not tell me *how* yet. *Th.* He lays his hand upon my head, and then mumbles something to himself; I don't know what it is. *Han.* What if he should give you all your Sins again, when he lays his hand upon your Head; and that these following, should be the words he mumbles to himself? *I absolve thee from all the good that is in thee, which I find to be little or none at all: I restore thee to thy self, and I leave thee just as I found thee.* *Th.* Let him take a care what he says: 'tis enough for me that

I be-

I *believe* I am absolv'd. *Han.* But that Belief may be dangerous : and what now if he should not absolve ye at all ? *Han.* 'Tis an unlucky thing to meet a troublesome man that will be waking a bodies Conscience when 'tis fast asleep. *Han.* But a blessed encounter, to meet a friend that gives good advice, when a body needs it. *Th.* How good I know not ; but I'm sure 'tis not very *Pleasant*.

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THE

# THE INNS.

COL. V.

*The Civility of the People at Lions, to Strangers  
and Travellers ; and the sweetness of the Place.  
The Churlishness of a German Host, with  
a lively description of their Entertainment in  
their Stoves.*

BERTULPHUS, GULIELMUS.

*Be.*  Hat's the reason, I wonder, that people will never be gotten out of *Lions* under two or three days stay there? for when I am once upon the way my self, I can never be quiet till I come to my journeys end. *Gu.* Now do I rather wonder that people can be gotten from thence at all. *Be.* Why so? *Gu.* Because 'tis the very place where the *Sirens* charm'd *Ulysses* and his *Mates*; or 'tis at least the *Moral* of that *Fable*. When a man is there at his Inn, he's as well as if he were at his own house. *Be.* Why what's the way on't then? *Gu.* The women are very handsom there, and the Table never without one of 'em to season the Entertainment; and with ingenious, and innocent Rail-  
lery

lery to keep the Guests in good humor. First came the Mistress of the House, and bad us welcome; and then her Daughter, a very fine woman, and of so pretty a Kind of Wit and Fashion, that it was impossible to be sad while she was in the Company: And you are not received there like strangers neither; but as if you were familiar Friends and old acquaintances the first minute you see one another. *Be.* Oh I know the *French* way of Civility very well. *Gu.* Now because they could not be always with us, (what with business, and what out of respect to their other Lodgers) when the Daughter left us, we had to supply her place till she could return, a Lass that was so well instructed in the Knack of *Repartees*, she had a word for every body, and no Conceit came amiss to her, (the Mother you must know was somewhat in years.) *Be.* Well but how were you Treated all this while; for Stories fill no Bellies? *Gu.* Truly so splendidly, and so cheap that I was amaz'd at it. And then after Dinner, we chatted away the time so merrily, that I was still at home methought. *Be.* And how went matters in your Chambers? *Gu.* Why there we had the Girls about us again, gigling and toying, with a thousand Ape-tricks; and their main business was to know what Linnen we had to wash: In one word, they were all Females that we saw there, save only in the Stable; and we had 'em there too some times. Upon our coming away, they could not have shew'd more Affection and Tenderneſs at parting if we had been their own Brothers. *Be.* This Mode may do well enough in *France*; but the manly way of the *Germans* methinks pleases me better. *Gu.* I never was in *Germany*, wherefore pray let's know how 'tis there. *Be.* I can tell you for as much on't as I saw; but how 'tis in other parts of *Germany*, I can say little. Mine Host never salutes his Guest,

Guest, for fear he should be thought to have some Design upon him, which is lookt upon as below the Dignity and Gravity of a *German*. When ye have call'd a good while at the gate, the Master of the Inn puts his head out of the Stove-window, like a Tortoise from under his shell (for till the Summer Solstice they live commonly in Stoves.) Then does he expect that you should ask him if there be any lodging there: If he makes you no answer, you may take it for granted there is; and if you enquire for the Stable, without a word speaking, he points you to't, and there you may go and Curry your own Horse as you please your self, for there are no Servants there to do that office, unless it be in an Inn of extraordinary note; and then you have one to shew you the Stable, and a standing for your Horse, but incommodious enough, for they keep the best places for Noblemen, as they pretend, that are yet to come. If you fault any thing, they tell you at next word, *I'ad best look out another Inn*. In their great Towns there's hardly any Hay to be got, and 'tis almost as dear too as Oats. When you have dress'd your Horse, you come *whole* into the Stove, Boots, Luggage, Dirt and all; for that's a common Room for all comers, *Gu*. Now in *France* you have your Chamber presently appointed you; where you may change your Linnen; Clean, Warm, or rest your self, as you please. *Be*. There's nothing of that here; for in this Stove you put off your Boots, D'on your Shoes, change your Shirt, if you will; hang up your Cloaths, or set your self a drying. If you have a mind to wash, the water's ready; but then you must have more water to fetch off the Dirt of that. *Gu*. I am clearly for these *manly* people (as you call 'em.) *Be*. if you come in at *four Afternoon*, you must not expect to Sup before *Nine* or *Ten*. *Gu*. What's the reason of that?

that? *Be.* They never make any thing ready till they see their whole Company, that they may have but one work on't. *Gu.* For brevity sake. *Be.* Right: So that you shall have betwixt fourscore and an hundred persons sometimes in the same Stove: Horse and Foot, Merchants, Mariners, Wagoners, Husbandmen, Women and Children, Sick and Sound. *Gu.* Why here is the true *Convent* (or *Canobium*) then. *Be.* One's combing of his Head, another wiping off his Sweat, a third cleansing of his Boots, or Hob-nail-Shoes; others belching of Garlick: Without more adoe, the Confusion of *Babel*, for Men and Languages, was nothing to this. If they see any Stranger, that by his Train and Habit looks like a man of Quality, they stand gaping at him as if he were an *Affrican Monster*: nay when they are set at the Table, and he behind 'em, they'l be still looking back at him, and staring him in the face till they forget their Suppers. *Gu.* There's none of this gazing at *Rome*, *Paris*, or *Venice*. &c. *Be.* Take notice now, that 'tis a mortal sin to call for any thing. When 'tis so late that there's no hope of any more Guests, Out comes ye an old gray-bearded Servant, close cropt, with a soure crab'd look, and in a fordid Habit. *Gu.* He would make a good Cupbearer to a Cardinal. *Be.* He over-looks the place; and counts to himself the number of the Guests; and the more Company, the more fire he puts in the Stove, though they were half smother'd before: For 'tis a token of respect to stew the people into a sweat. If any man that's ready to choak with the Fume, does but open the Window never so little, mine Host bids him shut it again. If he says he's not able to bear it, get ye another Inn then, cries the Master. *Gu.* 'Tis a dangerous thing, methinks, when mens Bodies are open'd with the heat, to draw in the Vapour



Vapour of so many Folks together, to eat in the same place, and stay there so many hours: To say nothing of their Belching, Farting, and corrupt breaths, some of 'em teinted with secret Diseases, and every man contributing to the Contagion: Nay, they have most of 'em the *French Itch* too; (and yet why the *French*? when 'tis common to all Nations) so that a man might be as safe among so many *Lepers*. Tell me now, what is this short of a Pestilence? *Be.* They are strong stout men, and laugh at these Niceties. *Gu.* But in the mean time they are bold at other mens Perils. *Be.* Why what's to be done? 'Tis a thing they are us'd to, and 'tis a point of Resolution not to depart from a Custom. *Gu.* And yet till within these five and twenty years, nothing was more common in *Brabant* than hot Baths. But we have no more of 'em now, since they are found to be ill for the Scabbado. *Be.* Now let me go on; By and by, comes your bearded *Ganimede* in again, and layes ye his just number of Napkins upon the Table; no Damask (with a pox to 'em) but the remnants rather of an old Sail. There are Eight Guests at least allotted to every Table; and every man that knows the fashion of the Country places himself where he likes. Rich and Poor, Master and Servant, 'tis all one. *Gu.* This was the primitive Equality which is now driven out of the world by Tyranny: The very life (as I suppose) of the holy Disciples with their Master. *Be.* When they are all seated, out comes the Dog looking Gray-beard again; counts his company once more over, and by and by brings every man his wooden Dish, with a Spoon of the same mettle, and then a Glass; a while after, comes the Bread, which the Guests may Chip at leasure while the Porridge are a boyling; for there they sit waiting perhaps some half an hour. *Gu.*  
Do

Do none of 'em call for Meat in the mean time? *Be.* Not if they know the Country. At last, in comes the Wine, and Wine that for the sharpness and subtlety of it, is fitter for a Schoolman than for a Traveller; none of your heady fuming Drink, I warrant ye. But if a body should privately offer a piece of mony to get a Can of better Wine, somewhere else, they'll give ye a look, without speaking a word, as if they would murther ye. If you press it further, they'll tell you presently, here have been such and such *Counts* and *Marquises*, that found no fault with this Wine: If you don't like it, y'ad best mend your self elsewhere. You must observe now, that they only reckon upon their own Noblemen, in effect, to be *Men*; and wherever ye come, they are shewing you their *Arms*. By this time, comes in a Morsel to pacifie a barking Stomach; and after that, in great Pomp, follow the Dishes. The first, with Sippets of Bread in Flesh Porridge; or if it be a Fish-day; in a Soupe of Pulse. After that, comes in another Soupe; and then a Service of Butchers Meat, that has been twice boyl'd, or of Salt meats twice heat; and then Pulse again, or perhaps some more substantial Dish: When ye have taken off the edge of your Appetite, they bring ye either Roast Meat, or Stew'd Fish, (which is not amiss) but they are sparing on't, and 'tis quickly taken away again. This is the method of their Eating, which they order as Commedians do their Scenes, into so many Courses, of Chops, and Soupes; still taking care that the last Act may be best. *Gu.* The Poets method too. *Be.* Now 'tis death for any man to say, *Take away this Dish; here's no body Eats*: For you are bound to sit out your time; which (as I take it) they measure by an Hour-glass. And at length, out comes your old Servant again, or mine Host himself (who is no better Clad) and asks ye

ye, *What cheer Gentlemen?* By and by comes a Can of more Generous Wine. They are men of Conscience ye must know; and love those most that Drink most; for (say they) you are all upon the Club; and he that Drinks most, pays no more than he that drinks least. *Gu.* Why these people are Wits. *Be.* There are many of 'em that spend twice as much for their Wine, as they pay for their *Ordinary*. But before I leave this Entertainment, what a horrible noise and confusion of Tongues is there, when they come once to be warm in their Drink! without more wore words, it deafens a man; and then you shall many times have a mixture of Mimiques and Buffoons in among them: a most detestable sort of men, and yet you would not think how these people delight in 'em. There's such a Singing, Bawling, Gaggling, Leaping, and Thundring up and down, that there's no hearing one another, and you'd think the Stove would fall upon your heads; and yet this is it they take to be a pleasant life; and there you are condemn'd to sit in spite of your heart, till toward midnight. *Gu.* Come make an end of your Meal, for I'm e'en sick on't too. *Be.* Presently. At length, when the Cheefe is taken away (which must be rotten and full of Maggots, or they'll have none on't.) In comes your *Ganymede* once again; with a wooden Trencher, and so many Circles, and Semicircles drawn in Chalk upon't. This he lays upon the Table, with a grim countenance, and without speaking, by his Look, and by his Dish you would take him for a *Charon*. They that understand the meaning of all this, lay down their mony, one after another, till the Trencher's cover'd. The Servant takes notice who lays down, and then reckons it to himself. If all be paid, he gives you a Nod. *Gu.* But what if there should be too much? *Be.* Per-  
haps

haps he'll give ye it again; for I have seen it done,  
*Gu.* Does no body find fault with the Reckoning? *Be.* Not if he be Wise, for he shall quickly hear on't then. *What are you for a Man?* ( says he ) *you are to pay no more then other People?* *Gu.* 'Tis a Frank Nation this. *Be.* If you are weary with your Journey, and would go to Bed; they'll bid you stay, till the rest go too. *Gu.* *Plato's Common-wealth!* *Be.* And then every Man has his Nest shew'd him, and in truth it is very properly call'd a Bed Chamber; for there's nothing in't but a Bed, that a Man can either carry away, or steal. *Gu.* Every thing is clean however. *Be.* Just as it was at the Table. Your Sheets are wash'd perhaps once in six Months. *Gu.* But what becomes of your Horses? *Be.* They are treated much at the same Rate with the Men. *Gu.* And is it alike all over Germany? *Be.* No, 'tis better in some places and worse in others; but in general 'tis thus. *Gu.* What if I should tell you now how Travellers are Treated in *Lombardy, Spain, England, Wales?* For the *English* partake of the Manners both of the *French* and *Germans*, as a Mixture of both Nations; but the *Welsh* boast themselves to be *Originals*, and of the *Ancient Brittainis*. *Be.* Pray'e tell me how 'tis; for I was never there. *Gu.* 'Tis too late now, for my Baggage is aboard; and if I fail of being at my Boat by three a Clock, I shall lose my Passage; but some other time ye shall have the rest at large.

T H E  
RELIGIOUS TREAT.

C O L. VI.

*Table-Discourse for Christians. All the Works of Nature yield Matter for Contemplation. A Description of a pleasant Garden, with all the Beauties of it. The Reading of Scripture recommended even at Meals. Several Texts expounded. The Force of the Light of Nature, in Pagan Philosophers and Poets: With Reflections upon the Excellencies of Socrates and Cicero. Charity is better bestowed upon Necessities than Superfluities; with Directions how to apply it.*

EUSEBIUS, TIMOTHEUS, THEOPHILUS, CHRYSOGLOTTUS, URANIUS.

Eu. **I** Wonder how any body can endure to live in a smoaky Town, when every thing's so fresh and pleasant in the Country; such delicious Flowers, Meadows, Rivers, Fountains, &c. Ti. Several Men, several Humors; and besides, a Man may like the Country well, and yet like something else better. For 'tis with Pleasures as 'tis

'tis with Nails, one drives out another. *Eu.* You speak of Usurers perhaps, or of covetous Traders, which in truth are all one. *Ti.* not of them alone, I assure you, but of a thousand other sorts of People; to the very Priests and Monks, that make choice still of the most populous Cities for their Habitations. It is not *Plato* or *Pythagoras* that they follow in this Practice, but the *Blind Beggar* rather, who loves to be where he's crouded: For, says he, *the more People, the more Profit.* *Eu.* Pre'thee let's leave the *Blind Beggar* then, and behave our selves like *Philosophers.* *Ti.* Was not *Socrates* a *Philosopher*? And yet he was for a *Town-life*; where a man might learn what he had a mind to know. In the *Country*, 'tis true, ye have Woods, Gardens, Springs and Brooks, that may entertain the Eye; but these are all mute; and there's no Edification without Discourse. *Eu.* *Socrates* puts the Case, I know, of a Man's walking alone in the Fields; not as if any of the Works of the Creation wanted a Tong, for every part of it speaks to the Instruction of any Man, that has but a good Will, and a Capacity to learn. Do but consider the native Glories of the Spring; how they set forth and proclaim the equal Wisdom and Goodness of the Creator! How many excellent things did *Socrates*, in his Retirement, both teach *Phædrus*, and learn from him? *Ti.* A *Country Life*, I must confess, in such Company, were a Paradise. *Eu.* If you have a mind to make Trial of it, take a Dinner with me to morrow, a step here out o'th' Town, I have a plain little House there; but I'll promise you a cleanly and a hearty Welcome. *Ti.* We are enow to eat ye up. *Eu.* Never fear that, so long as the Melons, the Figgs, Pears, Apples, and Nuts last: And 'tis but gaping neither, to have the Fruit fall into your Mouths. In one Word; you are to ex-

pect only a *Garden Treat*, unless perhaps we should search the Hen-roost for a Pullet; the very Wine grows on the place too, so that there's not one penny of money in the case. *Ti.* Upon these Terms we'll be your Guests. *Eu.* Let every man bring his Friend too, and then we are the just number of the Muses. *Ti.* A Match *Eu.* And take notice that though I find Meat, you are to bring Sauce. *Ti.* What do you mean! Pepper and Sugar? *Eu.* No no; a thing that's both more savoury and cheaper. *Ti.* What may that be? *Eu.* A good Stomach. A light Supper to night, and a Walk to morrow morning does it. (for the Walk you may thank me;) But what hour will you eat at? *Ti.* About Ten; before the heat of the Day. *Eu.* I'll give order for't.

*Servant.* Sir, the Gentlemen are come. *Eu.* You're welcome, my Masters, for coming according to your words; but you're twice as wellcome, for coming so Early, and bringing the best Company in the World along with ye. It is a kind of unmannerly Civility, methinks, in some people, to make their Host wait. *Ti.* We came so much the sooner, that we might have time enough to look over all your Curiosities; for they say you live like a Prince here; and that the very contrivances about your House, tell who's the Master of it. *Eu.* And you will find it a Palace (I can assure ye) worthy of such a Prince: This Nest is, to me, more than an Imperial Court; and if Liberty be a Kingdom, here do I Reign. But what if we should take the Cool of the morning now, to see the Gardens, while the Wench in the Kitchen provides us a Salad? *Ti.* Never was any thing in better order. The very Design of this Garden bids a man welcome to't. Have you any more then this? *Eu.* Here are Flowers, and Greens; that will serve to put by a worse Scent. Let every  
man



man take freely what he likes; for this place lies (in a manner) in Common; I never shut it up but a nights. *Ti.* St Peter Keeps the Gate, I perceive. *Eu.* A Porter that pleases me much better than the *Mercuries*, *Centaurs*, and fictitious Monsters that I see in other places. *Ti.* And more suitable to Christianity too. *Eu.* And he's no Mute neither, for he accosts you in three Languages. *Ti.* What does he say? *Eu.* You may read it your self. *Ti.* 'Tis too far off for my eyes. *Eu.* Here's a Glass then will make ye see through an Inch-board. *Ti.* I have the *Latin*. *Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva Mandata. Mat. 19. 17.* If thou wilt enter into Life, keep the Commandements. *Eu.* Now read the Greek. *Ti.* I see the Greek, but that does not see me. Let *Theophilus* speak to that point; for he's never without Greek in's mouth. *Th. Μετανοήσατε καὶ ἐπιστρέψατε. Repent and be converted. Acts 3. 19. Ch.* Now leave the Hebrew to me. וצריק באמונתו ויחיה in Truth and Righteousness. *Eu.* You'll take him perchance for an unmannerly Porter, that at first dash bids ye turn from your Iniquities, and applie your self to Godliness: And then tells ye that Salvation comes not from the works of the Law, but from Faith in the Gospel; and the observance of the Evangelical precepts, *Ti.* And see the Chappel there on the right hand that he directs us to; it is a very fine one: There's *Jesus Christ* upon an Altar, pointing up to Heaven, with his Right hand towards God the Father, and the Holy Ghost; and with his Left, he seems to Court and Invite all Comers. *Eu.* And he Greets you in three Languages too, *Ego sum Via, Veritas, et Vita. I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.* וְאֵנִי דֹר מָוֶה אֵלֶיךָ, אֲנִי דֹר אֱלֹהִים. I am the Alpha and Omega. וְיִרְאֵתִי הוֹחַ אֲרָמְרָכִים לְכִי בָנִים שְׂמֵעִירִי Come ye Children unto me; I will teach ye the fear of the Lord. *Ti.* This Greeting looks like a good Omen. *Eu.* And it is but just and devout

to pay back an Acknowledgment with Supplications to our blessed Saviour, that he will vouchsafe (since we can do nothing of our selves) by his infinite Goodness, to keep us in the right Way, and bring us by the Truth of the Gospel to everlasting Life, drawing us by himself, to himself, all superstitious Vanities and Delusions apart. *Ti.* It is most reasonable that we should pray, and the very Place invites us to't. *Eu.* Strangers are generally pleased with this Garden; and hardly a Man that passes by this place without an Ejaculation. Instead of the Infamous *Priapus*, I have committed, not only my Gardens, but all my Possessions, both of Body and Mind, to the Protection of my Saviour. This bubbling Fountain of *Living Waters* represents that only Fountain of *Life* that refreshes all that are weary, and oppress'd, with it's divine Streams: the *Fountain*, which the languishing Soul longs for, as the *Hart*, in the *Psalmist*, does for the *Brooks*: The Fountain which whoever Thirsts for may have his fill *gratis*. Some that come hither, make it a matter of Religion to sprinkle themselves with it, and others to drink of it. You are loath, I perceive, to leave this place: But let's go on and I'll shew you a square wall'd Garden here beyond, that's better worth your seeing. After Dinner we'll view what's within doors, for till towards Evening 'twill be so hot, there's no looking out of our shells. *Ti.* Bless me, what a delicious Prospect is here! *Eu.* And so it ought to be, for this Garden was design'd for Pleasure, but for Honest Pleasure; the Entertainment of the Sight, the Smell, and the Refreshment of the very Mind. You have nothing here but sweet herbs, and those only choice ones too; and every Kind has its bed by it self. *Ti.* I am now convinc'd that the Plants are not Mute, as you were saying e'en now. *Eu.*  
Y'are

Y<sup>e</sup> are in the Right: My house was never made for Magnificence, but for Discourse. So that I can never be alone in't, as you your self shall confess when you have seen it through. As I have rang'd my several Plants into several Troops, so every Troop has its *Standard* to it self, with a peculiar *Motto*. The *Marjorams* word is *Abstine Sus, non tibi spiro*: My *Perfume* was never made for the *Snout* of a *Sow*; being a *Fragrancy* to which the *Sow* has a natural *Aversion*. And so every other herb has something in the *Title*, to denote the particular *Virtue* of the Plant. *Ti*. I have seen nothing yet that pleases me better than this *Fountain*. It is the *Ornament*, the *Relief*; and *Security* of the whole *Garden*. But for this *Cistern* here that with so much satisfaction to the *Eye*, waters the whole *Ground* in *Chanel*s at such equal distances, that it shows all the *Flowers* over again, as in a *Looking-glass*; this *Cistern*, I say, is it of *Marble*? *Eu*. Not a word of that, I prithee. How should *Marble* come hither? 'Tis only a *Paste* that's cover'd over with an *Artificial* Counterfeit. *Ti*. And where does this delicate *Rivulet* discharge it self at last? *Eu*. Just at the rate of human *Obligations*, when we have serv'd our own *Turns*; so is it with this delicate *Brook*: when we have had the *Pleasure*, and the *Benefit* of it in the *Garden*, it washes the *Kitchin*, and then passes through the *Sink* into the *Common* shore. *Ti*. A most inhuman *Cruelty*, as I am a *Christian*! *Eu*. And I should think it so too, if the *Bounty* of *Providence* had not appointed it in *Common* for all these *Uses*. If you call this a *Cruelty*, what shall we say of those that with their *Lusts*, and *Appetites*, Pollute the *Fountain* of *Divine* Truth, which was given us for the *Composing*, and *purging* of our minds; and abuse

the unspeakable Goodness of the Almighty? *Ti.* You speak Reason. But how comes it that all your *Made-Hedges* are green too? *Eu.* Because I would have every thing green here. Some are for a mixture of Red to set off the other. But I am still for Green; as every man has his Phancy, though it be but in a Garden. *Ti.* The Garden is very fine of it self, but these three Walks, methinks, take off very much from the Lightfomness and Pleasure of it. *Eu.* There do I either study or walk or talk with a Friend, or eat a Dish of Meat, according as the humour takes me. *Ti.* Those speckled particolour'd Pillars there, are not they *Marble*? *Eu.* Out of the same Quarry with the *Cistern*. *Ti.* 'Tis a pretty Cheat; I should have sworn they had been *Marble*. *Eu.* Take it for a Warning then that you swear nothing rashly, for you see how a man may be mistaken. What I want in my Purse, I am fain to supply with Invention. *Ti.* And could ye not content your self with so neat and well-finish'd a Garden in *Substance*, without more Gardens in *Picture*, over and above? *Eu.* First, one piece of Ground will not hold all Sorts of Plants. Secondly; 'Tis a double pleasure to compare painted Flowers with the Life. In the one we Contemplate the admirable work of Nature: In the other, the Skill of the Artist; and in both, the Goodness of God, who gives us all things for our use, and shews himself to be Wonderful and Amiable together. And lastly the painting holds fresh and green all the Winter when the Flowers are dead, and wither'd. *Ti.* But what sweetness is there in a *Picture*? *Eu.* Consider on the other side that it requires no dressing. *Ti.* It only delights the Eye. *Eu.* But then 'tis beautiful in all Seasons. *Ti.* *Pictures* themselves grow old. *Eu.* They do so, but yet they'l outlive us; beside,  
that

that whereas we are the worse for Age, they are the better for't. *Ti.* That's too true, if it could be otherwise. *Eu.* These walks serve me to many purposes. In one of them I take the benefit of the *Morning-Sun*. In another, I take Sanctuary against the Heats of the *Meridian*, and refresh my self in the cool of the shade. And in the Third I sit airing my self sometimes. But if you please, we'll take a view of 'em nearer hand. See how green 'tis under foot; and ye have the beauty of painted Flowers in the very Chequerings of the Pavement. Here's a Wood now in *Fresco*; there's a strange variety of matter in't; so many Trees, and but one of a sort; and all express'd to the Life: And so for the Birds too, especially if any way remarkable: As for Geese, Hens and Ducks, they are not worth the drawing. Underneath, are Four-footed Creatures, or such Birds as live upon the ground, and keep them company. *Ti.* The Variety indeed is wonderful, and every thing in *Action*; either doing, or imitating something. There's an *Owl* sits peeping through the Leaves, with a Label in her mouth. What says she? *Eu.* She's an *Athenian* her self, and so speaks Greek: *ωρεγίς*, says she, & *πῶτον ἰσχυμῦ*. Be wise, I do not fly to all. She bids us do nothing rashly. There's an *Eagle* Quarrying upon a *Hare*, and a *Bittle* interceding, but to no purpose. The *Wren*, that mortally hates the *Eagle*, seconding the *Bittle*. *Ti.* That *Swallow*, what has she got in her mouth? *Eu.* A Leaf of *Celandine*; (don't you know the Plant) she cures the Eyes of her young ones with it. *Ti.* What an odd kind of *Lizard* is there? *Eu.* You're mistaken, 'tis a *Chameleon*. *Ti.* Not the *Chameleon* there's so much talk of. I took that for a beast twice as big as a *Lion*, The name on't is twice as long too. *Eu.* This *Chameleon* is always hungry  
and

and gaping; especially near a *wild Fig-tree*, for that's his Aversion. He's otherwise harmless, and yet the little Creature has Poyson in him. *Ti.* I do not find that he changes his Colour. *Eu.* But if you saw him change his place you would see him change his Colour too. *Ti.* What's the meaning of that *Piper*? *Eu.* Don't you see a *Camel* dancing there hard by? *Ti.* A very pleasant Phancy truly, the *Ape* whistles and the *Camel* dances. *Eu.* It would ask at least three days to run thorough the particulars one by one. So that we had better take some other time for that, and content our selves with what we have had for the present. You have here all sorts of famous Plants, describ'd according to Nature, and (to encrease the wonder) the strongest Poysons in the World, which ye may both look upon and handle without any danger. *Ti.* Here's a *Scorpion*: they are common in *Italy*, and very mischievous, but rarely seen here. Has the Painter given it the true Colour? *Eu.* Why do ye ask? *Ti.* This is too pale methinks; for those in *Italy* are blacker. *Eu.* Do you know the Plant it's falln upon? *Ti.* Not very well. *Eu.* That's no wonder, for we have none of it in these Parts. They call it *Woolfs bane*, so dealy a Poyson, that upon the very touch of it, a *Scorpion* presently turns pale, is stupified and overcome. But then when he is wounded with one Poyson he finds his remedy in another; and if he can but get to the *White Helebores*, he recovers. Those Plants there, are the two sorts of *Helebores*. *Ti.* This *Scorpion* is undone then, for he is never like to remove from the place where he is. But do your *Scorpions* speak here? *Eu.* Yes, and they speak *Greek* too. *Ti.* What does he say? *Eu.* *ὕψα θεὸς τὸν ἀλτὶρὸν. God hath found out the Guilty.* Now here in the Grass, you have all kinds of Serpents

pents. Here's the *Basilisk*, that's not only terrible for his poyson, but the very Flash of his Eye is Mortal. *Ti.* And does not he say something too? *Eu.* Yes; and his word is *Oderint, dum Metuant.* Let them hate me, so they fear me. *Ti.* Spoken like an Emperor. *Eu.* Like a Tyrant you mean. Now for a Combat betwixt a *Lizard* and a *Viper*: and there again lies a *Snake*, (the *Dipsas*) upon the Catch, under an *Estrich* Egg-shell. You come now to the whole Polity of the *Ants* (that industrious Creature, which we are call'd upon to imitate, by Authors both Sacred and Prophane.) And here are your *Indian Ants* that both Carry Gold, and Hoard it up. *Ti.* Good God, how is't possible for any man to be weary of this Entertainment! *Eu.* And yet some other time you shall see I'll give you your Belly full on't. Now before ye, at a good distance, there's a third wall, where you have *Lakes, Seas, Rivers*, and all sorts of choice *Fishes*. Here's the *Nile*, and a *Dolphin* grappling with a *Crocodile*. The natural Friend of Mankind with our greatest Enemy. Upon the Banks and Shores, ye see several *Amphibia*, as *Crabs, Seals, Beavers*; Here's a *Polypus* catcht in an *Oyster*. *Ti.* And what is't that he says? ἀὶ πῶν ἀἰσῶμαι. The Taker taken. *Ti.* This water is rarely done. *Eu.* If it were not we should have needed other Eyes. Look ye; there's another *Polypus*, see how he cuts it away above water like a wherry; and there lyes a *Torpedo* upon the sand (both of a colour) you may touch 'em here without any sort of danger. But let's to something else; for this feeds the Eye, but not the Belly. *Ti.* Is there any more to be seen then? *Eu.* Wee'l look into the Backside by and by. Here's an indifferent fair Garden cut into two. The one's for the Kitchen, and that's my Wives, the other is a *Physique Garden*. Upon the left hand, you have an open



open Green Meadow enclosed with a Quickset Hedge. There do I take the Air sometimes, and divert my self with good Company. Upon the Right-hand there's a Nursery of Forreign Plants, which I have brought by degrees to endure this Climate. But these things you shall see at better leisure. *Ti.* The King himself has nothing like ye. *Eu.* At the end of the upper Walk, there's an *Aviary*, which I'll shew you after Dinner. And among the Birds you'll see as great a Diversity of Humors as of Plumes and Notes: For they have their Kindnesses and their Feuds as well as we. And then they're so tame and familiar, that when I'm at Supper, they'll come flying in at the Window to me at the very Table, and eat for Company. When they see me there upon the Draw-bridge (talking perhaps with a Friend, or so) they'll sit some of them observing and hearkning, others fluttering about me, and lighting upon my Head or my Shoulders, without any sort of Fear, for they find that no body hurts 'em. At the further end of the Orchard, I have my *Bees*, which is a Sight worth your Curiosity. But I'll keep that in reserve for ye till by and by.

*Servant.* My Mistriss bids me tell you, Sir, that Dinner will be spoil'd. *Eu.* A little Patience, tell her, and we come. Let's wash first, my Masters, that we may bring clean hands to the Table, as well as clean Hearts: the very Pagans us'd a kind of Reverence in this Case; how much more then should Christians do it; if it were but in Imitation of that sacred Solemnity of our Saviour with his Disciples at his last Supper? The washing of the Hands is but an Emblem of purging the Mind. And so long as there is any Uncleanneſs in the one, or any Envy or Rancour in the other, we ought not to usurp

usurp upon the Blessings of the Table: The very Body is the founder, the Meet the wholsomer for a purified Mind. *Ti.* Most undoubtedly. *Eu.* It is evident from several Instances in the Scriptures, that it was the Practice of our Saviour to bless the Table, both before and after Meat. Wherefore, if you please, I'll say you a Grace that *St. Chrysostome*, in one of his Homilies, commends to the Skies, and he himself was the Interpreter of it. *Ti.* Pray'e do.

*Blessed be thou, O God, who hast sustained us from our Youth, and providest Food for all Flesh: Fill our Hearts with Joy and Comfort, that partaking abundantly of thy Bounties, we may likewise abound in all good Works, through Jesus Christ our Lord; to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost, be Glory Honour and Power, World without end. Ti. Amen.*

*Eu.* Sit down now, and let every man take his Friend next him. The first Place is yours, *Timothy*, in the Right of your Grey Hairs. *Ti.* The only thing in the World that gives me a Title to't. *Eu.* We can judge but of what we see, and must leave the rest to God. *Sophronius*, keep you close to your Principall. There's the right side of the Table for *Theophilus* and *Eulalius*; and the left for *Chrysoglossus* and *Theodidactus*. *Euranius* and *Nephalis* must make a shift with what's left, and I'll stick here to my old Corner. *Ti.* This must not be; the Master of the House sure shall take the first place. *Eu.* The House is as much yours as mine, Gentlemen; or however, if I may govern within my own Jurisdiction, I'll sit where I please, and I have made my Choice. Now *Christ be with us and among us; without whom there can be no true Joy and Comfort. Ti. Amen.* But where shall *He* sit? for the places  
are

are all taken up. *Eu.* I would have him in every Drop, and Morfel that we Eat, or Drink; but principally in our minds. And the better to fit us for the reception of so Divine a Guest, if you please, wee'l have some piece of Scripture read in the Interim, which will not at all hinder us in the business of our Dinner. *Ti.* With all my Soul. *Eu.* This Entertainment pleases me so much the better, because it puts off Vain and frivolous discourse, and brings profit beside. I am none of those that think no Society diverting, unless it be season'd with the foppery of wanton Stories, and Bawdy Songs. There's no true joy but in a clear and open Conscience; and those are the happy Conversations, where only such things are spoken and heard, as we can reflect upon afterward with Satisfaction, and without any Mixture either of Shame, or Repentance. *Ti.* It were well if we were as Careful in this point, as we are sure of the truth on't. *Eu.* And 'tis not all neither, that the Benefit is valuable and Certain; but one Months using of it would make it pleasant too. *Ti.* And therefore 'tis the best Course we can take to wont our selves to that which is good.

*Eu.* Read us something, Boy, and speak out and distinctly. *Boy.* Prov. 21. *The Kings heart is in the hand of the Lord as the Rivers of Water: he turneth it whithersoever he will. Every way of man is right in his own Eyes, but the Lord pondereth the hearts. To do Justice and Judgment, is more acceptable to the Lord, then Sacrifice, v. 1, 2, 3.* *Eu.* Hold there; 'tis enough; for 'tis better to take down a little with an Appetite, then to devour more than a man can digest. *Ti.* 'Tis better I must confess in many cases. *Pliny* would have *Tully's Offices* never out of your hand:  
and

and I'm so far of his Mind, that I could wish the whole World, especially States-men, had him by heart : and for this little Book of the *Proverbs*, I have always lookt upon as the best of Manuals.

*Eu.* 'Tis a good Sauce however to a flat Dinner.

*Ti.* That Compliment might have been spar'd, where every thing is excellent. But if you had given us this Lecture to a Dish of Beets only, without either Pepper, Wine, or Vinegar, it had been a most delicious Treat.

*Eu.* I could commend it however with a better Grace, if I did but perfectly understand that which I have heard : And I would we had but some able Divine among us, that might fully expound it : But I do not know how far a Layman may be allowed to descant upon such a Subject.

*Ti.* I see no hurt in't, even for the meanest Skipper to do it, bating the Rashness of passing Sentence in the Case. And who knows but that Christ himself (who has promised his Grace and Favour even to two or three that are gathered together in his Name) may vouchsafe his Assistance also unto us who are somewhat a larger Congregation.

*Eu.* What if we should take these three Verses then, and divide them among us Nine Guests.

*Ti.* We are all content, provided that our Patron lead the Way.

*Eu.* I should not scruple it, but that I am loth to use ye worse in my Exposition, than I have done in my Dinner. But Ceremony apart, and waving all other Interpretations, I take this to be the Moral of the first Verse. That *Private Men may be wrought upon by Admonition, Reproof, Laws and Menaces ; but Kings that are above Fear, the more they are oppos'd, the fiercer their Displeasure. And therefore Princes in their Passions should be left to themselves ; not in respect of any Confidence in the goodness of their Inclinations, but they are many times the Instruments of Providence*

dence for the Punishment of the Wicked, tho' by their own Cruelties, and Errors: was not Nebuccadnezzar a Scourge to his People? And yet God commanded that Obedience should be paid him. And that of Job, Cap. 34. of the Hypocrites Reigning, peradventure looks this way. And so that of the Prophet David, lamenting his Sins, Psal. 51. 4. Against Thee only have I sinned and done this Evil in thy sight. Not as if the Iniquity of Princes were not also fatal to the People: but they are only accountable still to Almighty God; from whose Judgment there lies no Appeal. Ti. It goes well thus far. But what's meant by the Rivers of Waters? Eu. The very Comparison explains it. The Wrath of a Prince is Impetuous, and Impotent; not to be led This way or That; or to be manag'd: but it presses forward with a Restless Fury. There's no stopping, or diverting of a Sea-breach; but the interposing of Banks and Walls only makes it the more Outragious. Let it but alone, and it will at last sink of it self; as it falls out in many great Rivers. There is, in one word, less hazard in yielding, then in striving. Ti. Is there no remedy then against the extravagancies of unruly Governors. Eu. The first Expedient is, not to receive a Lyon into the City. The second, so to hamper him with Laws, and Restrictions, as to keep him within bounds, but the best of all would be to train him up from his Childhood, in the Love and Exercise of Piety, and Virtue; and to form his Will before he comes to understand his Power. Good Counsel, and Perswasion goes a great way; provided it be seasonable and Gentle: but the last resort must be to Almighty God, for the moving of his heart toward things becoming his Dignity and Profession. Ti. And do you excuse your self because you are a Layman? Where's the Graduate in Divinity, that will take upon him to mend this Comment? Eu. Whether it be Right or wrong

I cannot tell; but if it be not Heretical, or Impious, I'm satisfi'd. But whatever it be, I have done as ye bad me; and now, according to the Rules of Conversation, do you take your turns too.

Ti. The Complement you pass'd upon my gray Hairs, gives me some kind of Title to speak my sense next: which is, that the Text will bear yet a more mysterious meaning. Eu. I believe it may: and I should be glad to hear it. Ti. By the word King, may be signified a man so perfected, that he has wholly subdu'd his Lusts; and is only led by the guidance of a Divine Impulse. Now it may not be proper, perhaps to tie up such a Person to the Conditions of Humane Laws; but rather to remit him to his Master, by whose Spirit he is govern'd. Neither is he to be judg'd according to the Measures by which frail and imperfect Men advance themselves toward true Holiness: but if he steer another Course, we must say with St. Paul, Rom. 14. God hath received him, and to his own Master he standeth, or falleth. And so. 1 Cor. 2. 15. He that is Spiritual, judgeth of all things, yet he himself is judged of no man. To such therefore, let none prescribe; for the Lord, who hath appointed bounds to the Seas, and the Rivers, hath the Heart of the King in his Hand, and inclines it which way soever pleases him. Now to what End should we prescribe to him, that does better things of himself than Humane Laws oblige him to? And how great a rashness were it, to restrain that Person to Political Constitutions, who is manifestly directed by the Inspirations of the Holy Ghost? Eu. You have not only the pretences of Wisdom (Timothy) in your Grey hairs, but the substance of it in your Reasoning. And I would to God that we had more such Kings as this of yours among Christians, for in truth, they ought all of them to be such. But we

have Dwelt long enough upon our Herbs and Eggs, let them be taken away and something else set in the Room. *Ti.* We have done so well already, there's no need of more. *Eu.* Now since by Gods help, our success has been so good upon the first Verle; I should be glad to hear your *Shadow* (for so the *Latin* calls your *Guest*) explain himself upon the next; which I take to be the darker of the Two. *Soph.* If you'll pardon me at a venture, or if a *Shadow* may pretend to give *Light* to any thing, you shall have my thoughts upon't. *Eu.* You will lay an Obligation upon the whole Company: And I dare assure ye, that such a *Shadow* casts as much light as our Eyes will well bear. *Soph.* St. Paul tells us, that there are several ways of life that lead to Holiness. One's Genius lies to the Church; another is for a Marry'd State; a Third for a single Life; Others for Privacy, and some again are pleas'd with publick Administrations in the Government; according to the various dispositions of Bodies and Minds. To one Man, all Meats are indifferent: Another distinguishes betwixt this Meat and that; and betwixt one day and another; and some again pass a judgment upon every day. In these things, St. Paul would have every Man enjoy his own Freedom, without reproaching another. Neither should we Censure any Man in these Cases; but leave him to be judg'd by him that weighs the Heart. It falls out many times that he that Eats may be more acceptable to God than he that forbears; he that breaks a Holy-Day, than another that seems to Observe it; he that Weds, than another that lives single. I have done. *Eu.* You have hit the Nail o' th' head: And so long as I may converse with such Shadows, I shall never desire other Company. But here comes one that has liv'd single, and an *En-nuch*; not upon the score of Religion, but to gratify



tise our Pallates; It is a Capon from my own Barn  
dore. I am a great Lover of boyld meats. Take  
where ye like. Methinks this Soup, with Lettuce,  
favours very well. But wee'l have something from  
the Spit; and after that, some small Desert; and  
there's an End. *Ti.* But where's your Lady all  
this while? *Eu.* When you bring your own Wives,  
mine shall keep 'em Company. But she's more at  
liberty among the Women; and so are we too, by  
our selves: And if she were here she must sit like  
a Mute. *Socrates*, ye know, with some Phylosophers  
at his Table, that lov'd their Discourse better  
than their Meat, had all thrown on the floor  
by his Wife, for the Companies talking more (as she  
thought) then came to their share. I should be  
loth that my *Zantippe* should shew us such another  
Trick. *Ti.* What your Wife? She's certainly one  
of the best Women in the World; and you're in  
no danger of such an Exploit. *Eu.* Truly such as  
she is, I should be loath to change her if I might;  
and 'tis my great happiness that she proves so:  
There are several People that are apt to say,  
such or such a man is happy; for he never had a  
Wife: But I say rather (with the wise Man) *he*  
*that has a good wife, has a good Lot.* *Ti.* 'Tis Common-  
ly our own-fault if we have ill Wives; either for  
loving those that are Bad, or for making 'em so;  
or else for want of instructing them better. *Eu.*  
You say right. But all this while who shall ex-  
pound the Third Verse? Methinks the Divine  
*Theophilus* looks as if he had a mind to do it. *Th.*  
Truly my mind was upon my Belly. But I'll do  
my best however, if I may venture upon't without  
Offence. *Eu.* Nay it will be a favour to us, if,  
even by a Mistake you should give us occasion  
of finding the Truth. *Th.* *It seems to me, that she*

Prophet Hosea 6. 6. *expounds that Verse very well: I desire Mercy and not Sacrifice, and the Knowledge of God more then Burnt Offerings. This is fully explain'd, and to the life, by our Saviour in St. Matthew; Chap. 9. When being at the Table of a Publican, with several others of the same Stamp and Profession; the Pharisees that valu'd themselves upon their external Observance of the Law, without any regard to the Precepts of it, whereupon depend the Law and the Prophets: the Pharisees, I say, aske the Disciples (to alienate their Affections from him) what their Master meant, to Eat with Publicans and Sinners. This is a Point, of which the Jews made a Conscience to so high a Degree, that if the stricter sort had but met any of 'em by chance, they would presently go home, and wash themselves. This Question put the Disciples to a Loss, till their Master made Answer, both for himself and them. They (says he) that are whole need not a Physician, but they that are sick: But go you and learn what that meaneth; I will have Mercy and not Sacrifice; for I came not to call the Righteous, but Sinners. Eu. This way of comparing Texts is the surest Rule of Expounding the Scriptures. But I would fain know what is't he calls Sacrifice, and what, Mercy; For how should we reconcile it, that God who has appointed and required so many Sacrifices should be against them? Th. How far God is against Sacrifices, he himself teaches us in the Prophet Isaiah, Chap.*

1. *There were certain Legal Obligations among the Jews, that were rather Significations of Holiness, then of the Essence of it: and there were certain other Obligations of Perpetual Force, being Good in their own Natures, without any Respect to the Command. Now God was not displeased with the Jews for Observing the Rites and Ceremonies of the Law; but for placing all their*

their Holiness upon that outward performance ; so the neglect of Necessary and more Important Duties : As if they had Merited Heaven by keeping their Holy Days ; offering up of Sacrifices, abstaining from Meats forbidden, and by their frequent Fastings : whereas all this while they lay wallowing in their Sins ; as Avarice, Pride, Rapine, Hatred, Envy, and other Iniquities ; embracing only the Shadow of Religion, without minding the Substance. But where he says, I will have and Mercy and not Sacrifice, I take it to be an Hebraism ; that is to say, Mercy rather than Sacrifice ; after the Interpretation of Solomon in this Text. And again the Scripture expresses all Charitable Offices to our Neighbour under the term of Mercy and Eleemosinary Tenderness, which derives its very Name from Pity. By Sacrifices, I suppose, is intended whatsoever respects corporal Ceremonies, under any Affinity with Judaism. As the choice of Meats, appointed Garments, Fasts, Sacrifices, Resting upon Holy Days ; and the saying over Prayers as a boy says his Lesson. These things as they are not to be neglected in their due season, so if a man relies too much upon these Observances, and sees his Brother in Distress, without Relieving him ; these bare Formalities are very displeasing to God. It has some appearance of Holiness, to have nothing to do with wicked men. But this Caution ceases, wheresoever there is place for the exercise of our Charity. It is a point of just Obedience to rest on Holy Days ; but it were most Impious to make such a Conscience of the Day, as not to make a greater of saving his Brother upon that Day, if he were in Danger. Wherefore to keep the Lords day is a kind of Sacrifice, but to be Reconcil'd to my Brother is a Point of Mercy. And then for the Judgment of things, though the Weak are commonly oppress'd by the more Powerful, who are to pass the Sentence ; yet it seems to me reasonable enough, that the Poor Man should

mind him of that in Hosea, and the Knowledge of God more than Burnt-Offerings. No Man can be said to keep the Law but he that observes the Will in it of the Law Maker. The Jews could take up an Als upon their Sabbath that was fallen into a Pit; and yet they calumniated our Saviour for preserving a Man upon that day. This was a preposterous Judgment, and not according to the Knowledge of God, for they never consider'd that these provisions were made for Man, and not Man for them. But I should think my self Impudent in saying thus much, if you had not commanded it; and I had rather learn of others. *Eu.* This Discourse is so far from Impudent, that it looks rather like an Inspiration: But while we are feeding of our Souls, we must not forget our Companions. *Th.* Who are those? *Eu.* Our Bodies; and I had rather call them *Companions*, then *Instruments, Habitations, or Sepulchers*. *Ti.* This is a sure way of Satisfaction, when the whole man's relieved. *Eu.* We are long a coming to't methinks; wherefore if you please, wee'l call for a roasted Bit, without staying any longer for a little. And now ye see your Ordinary. Here's a good shoulder of Mutton, a Capon, and two brace of Patridges. These Patridges came from the Market; and I'm beholden to my Farm for the rest. *Ti.* Here's a Dinner for a Prince. *Eu.* For a Carmelite, you would say; but such as it is you're welcome to't; and that must supply your Entertainment. *Ti.* This is the talkingst place that ever I set my Foot in. Not only the Walls, but the very Cup speaks. *Eu.* And what does it say? *Ti.* No man is hurt, but by himself. *Eu.* The Cup pleads for the Wine; for if a man get a Feaver, or a pain in the Head with over-drinking, we are subject to curse the wine, when we should rather impute it to our selves for the

the Excess. *Soph.* Mine speaks *Greek* here. *Ἐν οἴνῳ ἀλάθεια.* In Wine there's Truth. *Eu.* This gives to understand, that 'tis not safe for Priests, or Courtiers to drink deep; for fear of throwing their hearts out at their mouths. *Soph.* The Egyptians would not allow their Priests to Drink any Wine at all: and yet in those Days, there was no *Auricular Confession*. 'Tis become lawful now for all people to drink Wine; how convenient, I know not. What Book is that, *Eulalius*, you take out of your Pocket? It must needs be a good one sure, there's so much cost bestow'd upon it. *Eula.* It has a Glorious outside, I must confess, and yet 'tis infinitely more precious within. Here are the *Epistles* of *St. Paul*, which I still carry about me, as my beloved Entertainment, and I take 'em out now upon something you said, that minds me of a place which I have beat my head about a long time, and I am not yet resolved in. It is in the 6th Chapter of the first *Epistle* to the *Corinthians*. *All things are Lawful unto me, but all things are not Expedient: all things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the Power of any.* First, (if we may trust the *Stoiques*) Nothing can be profitable to us which is not Honest. Therefore how comes *St. Paul* to distinguish betwixt *Lawful* and *Expedient*? It is not *Lawful* sure to Whore or to drink drunk. How is it said then that *All things are Lawful*? But if *St. Paul* speaks of some particular things only, which he would have to be *Lawful*; how shall I divine from the Tenour of the place, which those particular things are? From that which follows, it may be gathered that he there speaks of the Choice of Meats. For some abstain from things offer'd to Idols, others, from Meats that were forbidden by *Moses's Law*. In the Eighth Chapter, he Treats of

the former, and then in the Tenth, unfolds the Intention of this place; saying, *All things are Lawful for me; but all things are not expedient: All things are Lawful for me, but all things Edify not. Let no man seek his own but every Man anothers Wealth. Whatsoever is sold in the Shambles, Eat, And that which St. Paul subjoyns, agrees with what he said before. Meat for the Belly, and the Belly for Meats; God shall destroy both It and Them, Now that this was spoken of the Judaical choice of Meats, appears by the close of the Tenth Chapter, Give none Offence neither to the Jews nor to the Gentiles; nor to the Church of God, even as I please all Men in all Things; not seeking my own Profit, but the Profit of many that they may be saved: Where he speaks of the Gentiles, he seems to reflect upon things offer'd to Idols, and in naming the Jews, he refers to the Choice of Meats: Under the Church of God comprehending the weak that are collected out of both sorts. It was Lawful, it seems, to eat of all Meats whatsoever, and all things are clean to the clean: But the remaining question is, whether or no it be Expedient. The Liberty of the Gospel makes all things Lawful; But for the avoiding of scandal, Charity has a regard to the Conscience of my Neighbour. Upon that score, I would forbear, even things the most Lawful: rather choosing to gratifie the scruples of Another, than to insist upon the Exercise of my own freedom. But now here arises a double difficulty. First, That there's nothing in the Context to warrant this Construction either before, or after. For his charge against the Corinthians was, that they were Seditious, Fornicators, Adulterous, Incestuous and given to Contention, before Wicked Judges. Now what coherence is there after all this, to say, *all things are Lawful for me, but all things are not expedient?**

After

After this Passage, he returns to the point of *Incontinence*, which he had also repeated before, only leaving out the Charge of Contention: *But the Body*, says he, *is not for Fornication, but for the Lord, and the Lord is for the Body.* But this may be Salv'd too, because a little before in the Catalogue of Sins, there was mention made of Idolatry. *Be not deceived; neither Fornicators, Idolaters, nor Adulterers*; and then the Eating of things offer'd to *Idols*, is a spice of Idolatry. Wherefore he follows it with this expression; *Meat is for the Belly, and the Belly for Meat.* intimating, that in Case of Necessity, and for a Season, a man may Eat any thing, as far as Charity will permit; but that uncleanness, is in all persons, and at all times, to be detested. It is matter of Necessity, that we Eat: But that Necessity shall be taken away at the last day. If we be lustful, it is voluntary and malicious. There is yet another scruple which I cannot either dissolve, or reconcile to that passage: *but I will not be brought under the Power of any*: For he says, that he has the Power of all things, and yet he will not be brought under any ones Power. If he may be said to be in another mans Power, that abstains for fear of offending; it is no more then what in the ninth Chapter he speaks of himself: *For tho' I be free from all men yet have I made my self Servant unto all, that I might gain the more.* St. Ambrose stumbling, as I suppose, at this scruple, takes this to be the Genuine sense of the Apostle, for the better understanding of him in another Place, where he claims to himself the Power of doing as the rest of the Apostles, (either true or false) the Liberty of receiving Maintenance from those to whom he Preached the Gospel. But yet he forbore this, tho' he might have done it, as a thing expedient among the *Corinthians*, whom he charg'd with so many, and  
so



so Enormous Iniquities. And moreover, he that receives is in some degree in the Power of him that gives; and suffers some kind of Abatement in his Authority: For he that takes, cannot so freely reprove his Benefactor; and he that gives, will not easily take a reprehension from him that he has oblig'd. Therefore did *St. Paul* abstain from many things that were *Lawful*, for the Credit of his *Apostolical Liberty*, which he chose rather to support at the height, than he might maintain the Dignity of his Commission, for the Reprehension of their Sins. This Explication of *St. Ambrose*, I am well enough pleas'd with: and yet if any body had rather apply this passage to Meats. *St. Paul*s saying, *but I will not be brought under the Power of any*, may in my opinion, bear this Explanation. Although I may some time abstain from Meats offer'd to Idols, or forbidden by the *Mosaic Law*, out of a Tenderness to the scruples of a weak Brother; my mind is never the less Free: Well knowing that Necessity makes all Meats Lawful: But there were some false Apostles, that would persuade the World that some Meats were in themselves impure; and that not only upon Occasion, but in all Extremities, they were to be forborn, as *Adultery*, or *Murder*. Now those that were thus misled, fell from their *Gospel-Liberty* under a *foreign Power*. Only *Theophilact*, as I remember, has an Opinion by himself. It is *Lawful*, says he, to Eat of all Meats, but it is not expedient to eat to Excess; for from *Luxury* comes Lust. There's no Impiety now in this sense, but I take it to be forc'd. I have now shew'd you my scruples, and it will become your Charity to set me at Ease. *Eu.* Your Discourse is certainly answerable to your Name. And the Questions you have propounded, cannot be better resolv'd, than by your self:

self: For your manner of Doubting has put me out of all doubt. Altho' St. Paul, proposing to do many things together, passes so often from one thing to another, repeating what he had intermitted, and going over with the same thing again, in the same Epistle, that it is a hard matter to disentangle in *Chrysostomus*. If I were not afraid of talking ye out of your Dinners; and if I did not make a Conscience of mingling things profane, with sacred, there is something that I would venture to propound to you: I read it this day with singular delight. *En.* Whatsoever is pious, and conducing to good Manners, should not be called profane. The first place must be granted to the Authority of the Holy Scriptures; and yet, after That, I find among the Ancients, nay the *Ethniques*, and, which is yet more, among the Poets, certain Precepts, and Sentences, so clean, so sincere, so divine, that I cannot persuade my self but they wrote them by Holy Inspiration. And perhaps the Spirit of Christ diffuses it self further then we imagine. There are more Saints then we find in our Catalogue. To confess my self now among my Friends, I cannot read Tully, Of old Age; of Friendship; his Offices; or his Tusculane Questions, without kissing the Book; without a Veneration for the Soul of that Divine Heathen; and then on the contrary, when I read some of our Modern Authors, their *Politiques*, *Oeconomies*, and *Ethiques*; Good God! how Jeune, and Cold they are? And so insensible, compar'd with the other, that I had rather lose all *Seneca*, and twenty more such as he, then one *Cicero*, or *Plutarch*. Not that I am wholly against them neither; but from the reading of the One, I find my self to become Honester, and Better; whereas I rise from the other extremely dull, and indifferent in the point of Virtue;

tue; but most violently bent upon Cavil, and Contention. Wherefore never fear to make your Proposition, whatever it is. *Ch.* Tho' all Tully's *Philosophy* carries upon it the stamp of something that is Divine, yet that Treatise of *Old Age*, which in his Old Age he wrote; that Piece, I say, do I look upon, according to the *Greek Proverb*, to be the *Song of the dying Swan*. I read it this day; and these words I remember in it, that pleas'd me above the rest. Should God now put it into my Power to begin my life again from my very Cradle, and once more to run the course over of the years I have liv'd, I should not upon any Terms agree to't. For what's the Benefit of Life; or rather, how great is the Pain? Or if there were none of this, there would be yet undoubtedly in it Satiety, and Trouble. There are many (I know) and Learned men, that have taken up the humour of deplo-  
ring their past Lives. This is a thing which I can never Consent to; or to be troubled that my Life is spent, because I have so liv'd as to persuade my self that I was not born in vain. And when I leave this Body, 'tis but as an Inn, not as a place of Abode. For Nature has given us our Bodies only to Lodge in, not to dwell in. Oh! How glorious will That day be, when I shall leave the Rabble, and the Trash of this World behind me, to joyn in Counsel, and Society with those Illustrious Spirits that are gone before. Thus far Cato. What could a Christian have said more? The Dialogue of this *Aged Pagan*, with the *Youth* of his times, will rise up in Judgment against many of our *Monks*, with their *Holy Virgins*. *Eu.* It will be objected, that this Colloquy of Tully's was but a Fiction. *Ch.* 'Tis all one to me, whether the honour be Cato's, for the sense and expression of this Rapture; or Cicero's, for the Divinity of the Contemplation, and the Excellency of representing his thoughts

thoughts in words answerable to the Matter. Tho' I'm apt to think, that although these very Syllables were not *Cato's*, yet that his familiar Conversations were not far from this purpose. Neither had *Tully* the Confidence to draw a *Cato* fairer than he was; especially in a time, when his Character was yet fresh in the Memories of all men. Beside that such an Unlikeness in a *Dialogue*, would have been a great *indecorum*, and enough to have blasted the Credit of the Discourse. *Tb.* That which you say, is very likely; but let me tell you what came into my head upon your Recital. I have often wonder'd with my self, considering that long Life is the Wish, and Death the Terror of all Mortals, that there is scarce any man so happy (I do not speak of *Old*, but of *middle-ag'd-men*) but if it should be offer'd him to be young again, if he would; upon Condition of running the same Fortune over again of Good and Ill, he would make the same Answer that *Cato* did: especially passing a true reflection upon the mixture of his past Life. For the remembrance, even of the pleasantest part of it, is commonly attended with shame and sting of Conscience; insomuch, that the Memory of past delights, is more painful to us, then that of past misfortunes. Wherefore it was wisely done of the Antient Poets, in the Fable of *Lethe*, to make the Dead drink the Water of *Forgetfulness*, before their Souls were affected with any desire of the Bodies they had left behind 'em. *Ur.* It is a thing that I my self have observ'd in some Cases, and well worthy of our Admiration. But That in *Cato*, which takes me the most, is his Declaration, that *he did not repent himself of his past Life*. Where's the Christian that lives to his Age, and can say as much? 'Tis a common thing for men that have scrap'd Estates together

ther, by hook or by crook, to value themselves at their death, upon the Industry and Success of their Lives. But *Caro's* saying that he had not liv'd in vain, was ground'd upon the Conscience of having discharg'd all the Parts of an honest, and a resolute Citizen, and Patriot, and untainted Magistrate; and that he should transmit to Posterity the Monuments of his Integrity, and Virtue. *I depart* (says he) *as out of a Lodging, not a dwelling Place.* What could be more Divine? I am here upon sufferance, till the Master of the house says *be gone*. A man will not easily be forc'd from his own Home; but the fall of a Chimney, the spark of a Coal, and a thousand petty Accidents drive us out of this World, or at the best, the Structure of our Bodies falls to pieces with Old Age, and moulders to Dust; every moment admonishing us that we are to change our Quarters. *Nephalius*. That expression of *Socrates* in *Plato*, is rather methinks the more significant of the Two. *The Soul of a man* (says he) *is in the Body as in a Garrison.* There's no quitting of it; without the leave of the Captain; nor any longer staying in't, then during the pleasure of him that plac'd it there. The Allusion of a *Garrison* is much more Emphatical, than that of a *House*. For in the One, is only imply'd an *Abode*, (and that perhaps an Idle one too) whereas in the Other, we are put upon Duty by our Governor; And much to this purpose it is, that the *Life of Man* in *Holy Writ* is one while called a *Warsfare*, and another while, a *Race*. *Dr.* But *Caro's* Speech methinks has some affinity with that of *St. Paul*, 2 *Cor. chap. 5.* where he calls that Heavenly station which we look for after this Life, in one place a *House*, in another, a *Mansion*; and the Body he calls *our* *Tabernacle*. For we also (says he) in this *Tabernacle*

grain, being burthened. *Neph.* So St. Peter 2. 1. And I think it meet (says he) as long as I am in this Tabernacle to stir ye up, by putting you in mind; being assured that I shall shortly put off this my Tabernacle. And what says Christ himself Mar. 24. Mar. 13. and Luke 21. That we should so live, and Watch, as if we were presently to Die; and so apply our selves to honest things, as if we were to live for ever. Now who can hear these words of *Cato*, Oh that glorious Day! without thinking of St. Paul's, I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ? Ch. How happy are they that wait for Death in in such a state of mind? But yet in *Cato's* Speech, tho' it be great, there is more boldness, and Arrogance in it methinks, then would become a Christian. No certainly, never any *Ethnique* came nearer up to us, then *Socrates* to *Crito*, before he took his Poyson. Whether I shall be approved, or no, in the sight of God, I cannot tell; but this I am certain of, that I have most affectionately endeavour'd to please him. And I am in good hope that he will accept the Will for the Deed. This great mans diffidence in himself, was yet so comforted by the Conscience of Pious Inclinations, and an absolute Resignation of himself to the Divine Will, that he deliver'd up himself, in a dependence upon Gods Mercy and Goodness, even for the Honesty of his Intentions. *Neph.* What a wonderful Elevation of Mind was this in a man that only Acted by the light of Nature? I can hardly read the Story of this Worthy without a *Sainte* *Socrates Ora pro nobis*, *Saint Socrates pray for us*, and I have as much ado sometime, to keep my self from wishing well to the Souls of *Virgil* and *Horace*. But how distracted and fearful have I seen many Christians upon the last Extremity! Some put their Trust in things not to be Confided in; others breath

out

out their Souls in desperation ; either out of a Conscience of their lewd Lives, or some scruples perhaps injected into their thoughts, by meddling, with indiscreet men, at their dying hours. *Ch.* And 'tis no wonder to find those disorder'd at their Deaths, who have spent their whole Lives in the Formality of Philosophizing about Ceremonies. *Neph.* What do you mean by *Ceremonies* ? *Ch.* I'll tell ye ; but with this Protestation over and over, before hand ; that I am so far from Condemning the Sacraments, and Rites of the Church, that I have them in high Veneration. But there are a wicked, and superstitious sort of People, ( or, in good Manners, I shall call them only Simple, and unlearned Men ) that cry up these things as if they were Foundations of our Faith, and the only Duties that make us truly Christians. These, I must Confess, I cannot but infinitely blame. *Neph.* All this is not yet enough to make me understand what it is you would be at. *Ch.* I'll be plainer then. If ye look into the ordinary sort of Christians, you will find they live as if the whole Sum of Religion rested in *Ceremonies*. With how much Pomp are the Antient Rites of the Church set forth in *Baptism* ? The Infant waits without the Church-door ; the *Exorcism*, the *Catechism*, is dispatch'd ; the *Vow* is past ; the *Devil* with all his Pomps and Pleasures is *abjur'd* ; and then the Child is *Anointed*, *Signed*, Season'd with *Salt*, *Dipt*, a Charge given to his *Sureties* to see him well brought up, and then follows their *Oblation* ; and by this time the Child passes for a Christian, as in some sense it is. After this, it comes to be Anointed again ; and in time learns to *Confess*, take the *Eucharist*, Rest on *Holy-Days*, to observe *Fasts*, and *Publique Prayers*, and to abstain from *Flesh*, and observing all these things, it goes for



for an absolute *Christian*. The Boy grows up then, and marries, which draws on another *Sacrament*; he enters into *Holy Orders*, is *Anointed* again, and *Consecrated*, his *habit chang'd*, and so to *Prayers*. Now the doing of all this, I like well enough; but the doing of it more out of *Custom* than *Conscience*, I do not like; as if this were all that is needful to the making up of a *Christian*. There are but too many in the World, that so long as they acquit themselves in these outward Forms, think 'tis no matter what they do else: but Rob, Pillage, Cheat, Quarrel, Whore, Slander, Oppress and Usurp upon their Neighbours, without Controll. And when they are brought through this Course of Life, to their last Prayers, then there follow more *Ceremonies*; *Confession* upon *Confession*, more *Unction* still, the *Eucharist*, *Tapers*, the *Cross*, *Holy Water*, *Indulgences* and *Pardons*; if they be to be had for Love or Money: Order is then given for a *Magnificent Funeral*; and then comes another *solemn Contract*. When the man is come to agonizing, there's one bawls in his Ear, and dispatches him now and then before his time, if he chance to be a little in drink, or to have better Lungs than ordinary. Now though these things may be well enough, so far as they are done in Conformity to *Ecclesiastical Customs*; there are yet some Inward, and Spiritual Impressions that do more fortifie us against the Assaults of Death, even to the degree of filling our hearts with Joy, and Confidence at our least Breath. *Eu.* All this is pious, and true: but in the mean time, here's no body Eats. I told you at first what you were to trust to: and if you look for any thing more now, then a Dish of Nuts, and Apples, you'll find your selves mistaken. Come take away this, Boy, and set the rest on. Take what ye like, and thank my Gardiner for't. *Ti.* There's

so much Choice, and they're so well dispos'd; it does a man good to look upon't.

*Eu.* 'Tis no despicable piece of Thrift I'll assure ye. This Dish would have cheared up the heart of the old Evangelical Monk *Hilarian*, with a hundred more of his fellows at's heels : But *Paul* and *Anthonny* would have liv'd a whole Month upon't. *Ti.* Yes, and *Prince Peter*, I phanſie, would have leapt at it too, when he lodg'd at *Simon the Tanners*. *Eu.* Yes, and *Paul* too, I believe, when he sat up a nights to make *Tents*. *Ti.* How much do we owe to the Goodness of God ! But yet I had rather fast with *Peter*, and *Paul*, upon Condition that what I wanted for my Carkass, might be supplied in the satisfaction of my Mind. *Eu.* Let us learn of *St. Paul* to abound, and to suffer want. When we have it not, God be prais'd, that we have still a Subject for Frugality, and Patience : when we abound, let us be thankful for that munificence, and Liberality, by which we are both invited, and oblig'd to Love him. And let us still use his Blessings and Bounties with Moderation, and Temperance ; and remember the Poor. For God has given to some, too little for their Convenience, and to others, more than they need ; that neither side might want an occasion for their Virtue. He bestows upon us sufficient for the Relief of our Brethren ; that we may obtain his Mercy, and the Poor, on the other side, when they are refresh'd by our Liberality, give God thanks for putting it into our hears, and recommend us to him in their Prayers. And now I think on't. Come hither, Boy. Bid my Wife send *Gudula* some of the Meat that's left ? 'Tis a very good poor Woman in the Neighbourhood ; her Husband's lately dead ( a Profuse Lazie fellow ) and has left his

his Wife nothing but a number of Children. *Ti.*  
'Tis Christ's Command that we should give to every one that asks. But yet if I should follow that rule; with-in one month, I should go a begging my self. *Em.*  
This is said, I suppose, of those that Ask only Necessaries. For 'tis Charity to deny to many what they ask. There are, that not only beg, but importune, or rather extort great Sums from people to furnish voluptuous Entertainments, or which is worse, to nourish Luxury, and Lust. It is a kind of Rapine, to bestow that which we owe to the present Necessities of our Neighbours, upon those that will abuse it. Upon this Consideration it is, that I can hardly excuse those from a Mortal Sin, who, at prodigious Expence, either build, or beautifie Monasteries, or Churches; when so many living Temples of Christ are ready to starve for want of Food, Cloathing, and other Necessaries. When I was in *England*, I saw *St. Thomas's* Tomb; so prodigiously Rich, in Plate, and Jewels, that the Value was almost inestimable. Now had it not been better if these superfluities had been rather apply'd to Charitable Uses, for the Relief of the Poor, than reserv'd for those Ambitious Princes, who shall have the Fortune one day to make a Booty of it. The Holy Man, I am Confident, would have been very well content with Leaves, and Flowers, instead of them. In *Lombardy* I saw a Cloyster of *Carthusians*; (not far from *Pavia*) the Chappel, within, and without, is white Marble, from the top to the bottom, the Altars, Pillars, Tombs in it (and almost every thing else) are all Marble. To what end was this vast expence upon a Marble Temple for a few solitary Monks to Sing in? And 'tis of more Burthen then Use too. For they are perpetually troubled with Strangers that come only out of mere

Curiosity to see it. And which is yet more ridiculous, I wastold there, that they are indow'd with Three thousand Duckets a year, for Building and Maintenance of the Monastery. It pass'es for little better than Sacriledge, to bestow one penny of that Mony upon Pious Uses ; beside the Intention of the Testator. And they had rather pull down that they may rebuild, then not to go on with Building. We have a World of Instances up and down in our Churches of this kind ; but I shall content my self with these, as being somewhat more remakable than Ordinary. This is rather Ambition, then Charity. Great men now adays will have their own Monuments in Churches, whereas in times past they could hardly get room for the Saints. They must have their Pictures there, and their Images, forsooth ; with their Names at length, their Titles, and their Benefits : And this takes up a considerable part of the Temple. Who knows (if they may have their Wills) but their own Carcases may come hereafter to be laid upon the Altars ? But this Munificence of Great men, you'll say, must not upon any Terms be discourag'd. And I say so too ; If that which they offer to the Temple of God, be worthy of it. But if I were a Priest, or a Bishop, I would hammer it into the heads of those thick skull'd Courtiers, and Merchants ; that if they would attone themselves to Almighty God, they should privately bestow their Liberality upon the Relief of the Poor. But they reckon all as good as lost, that goes out so by Parcels, and is so secretly distributed toward the succour of the Needy, that the next Age shall have no Memorial of the Bounty. But can any Mony be better bestow'd then that which makes Christ himself a Debtor ? *Ti.* Do not you take that Bounty to be well plac'd then, that's bestow'd upon Monaste-

nasteries? *Eu.* Yes, and I would be a Benefactor my self, if I had a fortune for't; but it should be such a Provision for their Necessities, as should not reach to Luxury. And I would give something too, wheresoever I found a Religious man that wanted it. *Ti.* I have heard many find fault with giving to publique Beggars. *Eu.* I would do something that way too, but with Caution and Choice. It were well if every City were to maintain its own Poor, without suffering Vagabonds, and sturdy Beggars, which want Work rather than Money. *Ti.* To whom is it then that you would give? How much? And to what Purposes? *Ti.* 'Tis hard to answer all these Points exactly. There should be First, an Inclination to oblige all; and then the Proportion must be according to a mans Ability, as often as he has occasion. And for the Choice of the men, I would be satisfi'd that they are Poor, and Honest; and where my Purse fails me, I would Preach Charity to others. *Ti.* But will you give us leave now to discourse at Liberty in your Dominion? *Eu.* You are not so free in your own Houses. *Ti.* You do not like Prodigious Excesses, it seems upon Churches; and they might have been built Cheaper, you say. *Eu.* Truly I take this house of mine to be within the Compass of Cleanly and Convenient; far from any pretence of Luxury, or I am mistaken. I have seen many a more chargeable Building that has been erected by a Beggar; and yet out of these Gardens of mine (such as they are) I pay a kind of Tribute to the Poor, and daily lessen my own expence, that I may contribute the more plentifully to them. *Ti.* If all men were of your mind, it would be better with many that are now in extream Want; and on the other side many of those pamper'd Carcasses would be brought down, whom nothing but

Penury can ever teach to be either modest, or sober. *Eu.* This may very well be. But shall I mend your Entertainment now with the best bit at last?

*Ti.* We have had more then enough already. *Eu.* But that which I am now to give ye, I'll undertake for't shall never charge your Stomachs. *Ti.* What is it? *Eu.* The four Evangelists, which I have reserv'd to Crown your Treat. Read, Boy, from that place where ye left off last.

*Boy:* No man can serve two Masters; for either he will hate the One, and love the Other, or else he will hold to the One, and despise the Other. You cannot serve God and Mammon. Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your Life, what you shall Eat, or what you shall Drink; nor yet for your Body, what you shall put on. Is not the Life more then Meat, and the Body then Raiment;

*Eu.* Give me the Book. In this place our Saviour seems to me to have said the same thing twice. In one place 'tis said, *he will Hate*, and in the other, *he will Despise*. And for the word *he will Love*, it is afterward turn'd, *he will hold to* the other. The sense is the same, tho' the persons be chang'd. *Ti.* I do not very well apprehend you. *Eu.* Let us go mathematically to work then. Let *A*, in the first part, stand for *one*, and *B*, for the *other*: And in the latter part, put *B*, for *one*, and *A*, for the *other*. inverting the Order. For either *A* will *Hate*, and *B*, *Love*, or *B* will hold to, and *A* will *Despise*. Is it not clear now that *A* is twice *Hated*, and *B* twice *lov'd*. *Ti.* 'Tis very Clear. *Eu.* This Conjunction, Or, especially repeated, has the Emphasis of a Contrary, or at least of a different meaning. Would it not be otherwise, absurd to say, *Either Peter shall overcome me, and I'll yield, or I'll yield*

yield, and Peter shall overcome me. *Ti.* A pleasant Crotchet, as I'm an honest man. *Eu.* I shall think it so, when you have unrid'd it. *Th.* I have something in my head, I know not what; it may be a Dream, but I am big till 'tis out: but whatever it is, if you'll have it, you shall. *Eu.* 'Tis ill Luck, they say, to talk of Dreams at the Table; and if ye're big, this is no place neither for Midwifery. But let it be what it will, we should be glad to have it. *Th.* In my Judgment, it is rather the Thing that is chang'd in this Text, then the *Person*; and the words *One*, and *One*, do not refer to *A*, and *B.* but *either part*, to which of the other you please. So that chuse which you will, it must be oppos'd to that which is signifi'd by the other. As if you should say, *either you shall exclude A, and admit B, or you shall admit A, and exclude B.* Here's the thing chang'd, and the *Person* the same. And it is so spoken of *A*, that 'tis all a Case, if you should say the same thing of *B.* As thus; *either you shall exclude B, and admit A, or admit B, and exclude A.* *Eu.* A Problem so artificially solv'd, that *Euclide* himself could not have done it better. *Soph.* The greatest difficulty to me is this; That we are forbidden to take thought for to morrow, when yet *Paul* wrought with his hands for his Bread; and falls bitterly upon *Lazie* people, and those that live upon other mens Labour; exhorting them to take pains, and get their livings with their fingers, that they may have wherewithal to relieve others in necessity. Are not these, holy, and warrantable Labours, by which a Husband provides for his Wife and Children? *Ti.* This is a question, which in my opinion, may be resolv'd several ways. First, *This Text had a particular regard to those times; when the Apostles, being dispersed far and wide for the Pro-*



mulgation of the Gospel, they were to cast themselves upon Providence for their support, without being solicitous for it themselves; having neither leisure to get their living by their labour, nor any thing to trust to for it, beside Fishing. But the World is now at another pass; and we are all for Ease. Another way of expounding it, may be this. Christ has not forbid Industry, but Anxiety of thought; such as commonly possesses those men that are hard put to't for a Livelihood; and set all other things apart only to attend this. This is intimated by our Saviour himself, when he says that one man cannot serve two Masters. For he that wholly delivers himself up to any thing, is a Servant to't. Now tho' the Propagation of the Gospel ought to be our Chief, yet it is not our only Care. For he says, First, (not Only) seek the Kingdom of Heaven, and these things shall be added unto you. The word, To morrow, I take to be Hyperbolical, and to signifie a time to come Uncertain; it being the Custom of the World to be scraping and solicitous for Posterity. Eu. Your Interpretation we allow of. But what is his meaning when he says, *Nè solliciti sitis Animæ vestræ, quid Edatis*. The Body is Cloath'd, but the Soul does not Eat. Ti. By *Anima*, is meant Life, which cannot subsist without Meat: This does not hold in our Garments which are more for Modesty than Necessity. For a Body may live without Cloaths, but without Meat it is certain Death. Eu. I do not well understand how to reconcile this Passage, with that which follows. *Is not the Life more then Meat, and the Body more then Raiment?* For if Life be so precious, we should take the more Care of it. Ti. This Argument does rather encrease our trouble then lessen it. Eu. But this is none of our Saviours meaning. Who by this Argument creates in us a stronger Confidence in the Father; for if a bountiful Father hath given us gratis

gratis, that which is more valuable, he will, by a stronger reason, confer upon us, that which is Cheaper. He that has give us Life, will certainly give us Food. He that has given us Bodies, will not deny us Cloaths. So that upon the experience of his Divine Bounty, there is no reason why we should afflict our selves with any Anxiety, of Thought, for things below. What remains then but that using this World as if we used it not, we transfer our whole study and application to the love of Heavenly things: and rejecting the World, and the Devil, with all their Vanities, and Impostures, we chearfully serve God alone, who will never forsake his Children. But here's no body takes any Fruit! 'Tis a Scripture Dinner you have had; for there was little care beforehand to provide it. Ti. We have sufficiently pamper'd our Carcasses. Eu. I should be glad that ye had satisfi'd your Souls. Ti. That's done I assure ye in a larger measure. Eu. Take away Boy, and bring some Water; Now if you please we'll wash; and conclude with a Hymn out of Chrysostome. And Pray'e let me be your Chaplain. Glory be to thee O God, O Holy, O King; as thou hast given us Meat for our Bodies, so replenish our Souls with Joy and Gladness in thy Holy Spirit, that we may be found acceptable in thy sight, and not be confounded when thou shalt come to render unto every man according to his Works. Boy, Amen. Ti. A Pious, and a most pertinent Hymn. Eu. Of St. Chrysostoms Translation too. Ti. Where is it to be found? Eu. In his Fifty sixth Homily upon St. Matthew. Ti. God willing I'll read it before I sleep. But tell me one thing; why these three Attributes of Lord, Holy, and King? Eu. Because all honour is due to our Master, and principally in these three respects. We call him Lord, as the Redeemer of us from the Tyranny of the Devil, with his Holy Blood,  
and

and taking us to himself. We stile him *Holy* as the *Sanctifier* of all men, and not only forgiving us all our sins *gratis*, but by the Holy Spirit cloathing us with his Righteousness; that we might follow Holiness. And then *King*, as heirs to a *Heavenly Kingdom* from him who sits, and reigns himself at the Right hand of God the Father. And all this we owe to his gratuitous Bounty, that we have *Jesus Christ* for our Lord, and not *Satan*; that we have Innocence, and Sanctity, instead of the Filth and Uncleaness of our Sins; and for the Torments of Hell, the Joys of Life everlasting. *Ti.* 'Tis a very Godly discourse. *Eu.* This is your first Visit, Gentlemen, and I must not dismiss ye without Presents, but plain ones, and suitable to your Entertainment. Bring 'em out here Boy; These are all of a Price, that is to say, they are of no value. 'Tis all one to me now whether you will draw Lots, or chuse. You will not find it *Heliogabulus's Lottery*, for one to draw 100 Horses, and another as many Flies. Here are four little Books, two Clocks, a Lamp and a Standish; which I suppose you will like better then either Balsoms, Dentifrices, or Looking-glasses. *Ti.* They are all so good that there's no place for a Preference; but rather distribute them your self. They'll come the welcomer where they fall. *Eu.* In this little Book are the Proverbs of *Salomon* in Parchment. It teaches Wisdom; and the Gilding is a Symbol of it. This must be yours, *Timotheus*; that according to the Doctrine of the Gospel, *to him that has Wisdom, shall Wisdom be given.* *Ti.* I will make it my study to stand in less need of it. *Eu.* This Clock must be yours, *Sophronius*, for I know you count your hours, and husband your time. It came out of the farther part of *Dalmatia*, and that's all the Commendation I'll give it. *Soph.* 'Tis

a good way of advising a Sluggard to be diligent. *Eu.* You have in this *Book*, the Gospel of *St. Matthew*. I would recommend it to be set with Diamonds, if a sincere and candid Breast were not more precious. Lay it up there, *Theophilus*, and be still more and more suitable to your name. *Th.* I will endeavour to make such use of it, that you may not think it ill bestow'd. *Eu.* *St. Paul's Epistles* (your constant Companions *Eulalius*) are in this *Book*. You have them often in your mouth, which would not be if they were not also in your heart. Hereafter keep 'em in your hand, and in your eye. *Eu.* This is a Gift with good Counsel over and above; which is of all Gifts the most precious. *Eu.* This *Lamp* must be for *Chrysoglossus*, a Reader as insatiable as *Tully's devourer of Books*. *Ch.* This is a double obligation. First, for the Choice of the Present it self, and next for the means of keeping a Dreamer waking. *Eu.* The *Standish* belongs to *Theodidactes*, who writes much, and to excellent purpose; and I dare pronounce these Pens to be happy, that shall be employed to the honour of our Saviour, by so great a Master. *Th.* I would ye could as well have supply'd me with Abilities, as ye have with Instruments. *Eu.* This is a Collection of some of *Plutarch's* choicest *Morals*; and written in a very fair Character. They have in them so much Purity of thought, that it is my Amazement how such *Evangelical Notions* could come into the heart of an *Ethiopic*. This I shall present to young *Euranus*. (a Lover and a Master of the Language) This *Clock* I have reserv'd for *Nephalus*, as a thrifty dispenser of his Time. *Neph.* We are all of us to thank you, not only for your Gifts, but for your Complements. *Eu.* But I must return you double thanks. First, for taking these small things in so good

good part : And Secondly, for the Comfort I have receiv'd from your learned and pious Discourses. What Effect this meeting may have upon you, I know not, but I shall certainly find my self both the wiser, and the better for't, You take no pleasure I'me sure, in Fiddles, Fools, and Dice ; ( after the common Mode ) wherefore if you please, we'l pass away an hour in seeing the rest of our little Palace.

*Ti.* The very thing we were about to beg of you.

*Eu.* To a man of his word, there's no need of entreating. This *Sommer-hall*, I suppose, you have had enough of. It looks three ways you see, and which way soever you turn your Eye, you have a most delicate Green before you. If either the Wind or the Sun be troublesome, here are both *Shutters* and *Chassies* to keep them out. Here do I eat in my House, as if I were in my Garden ; for the very walls have their Greens, and their Flowers intermixt, and 'tis no ill Painting. Here's our *Saviour* at his last Supper ; and here you have *Herod's* bloody Banquet. Here's *Dives* in the height of his Luxury ; little thinking how soon he's to be torn from his delicates, and cast into Hell ; And here's *Lazarus* beaten away from the Door, and soon after to be receiv'd into *Abraham's* Bosom. *Ti.* We do not well know this Story. *Eu.* 'Tis *Cleopatra* in a Contention with *Anthony*, which should be most luxurious. She has drunk the first Pearl, and now reaches out her hand for the other. Here's the Battel of the *Centaur's* ; and here *Alexander* the Great, with his Lance through the Body of *Clytus*. These Examples do as good as Preach Sobriety to us at the Table, and give a man a loathing for Gluttony and Excess. You shall now see my Library : 'Tis no large one, but furnish'd with very good Books. *Ti.* You have brought us into a little Heaven, every thing

thing shines so. *Eu.* You have now before you, my chiefest Treasure. You saw nothing but Glafs and Tin at the Table, and I have in my whole house but one piece of Plate, and that is a Guilt Cup, which I preserve, most religiously for his sake that gave me it. This hanging Sphere gives you a prospect of the whole World; and this wall shows you the Situation of the several parts of it, more at large. In those other walls, you have the Images of all Eminent Authors; The rest are numberless. In the first place, here's *Christ* upon the Mount, stretching forth his hand: Over his head, comes a Voice from Heaven, saying, *Hear him.* The *Holy Ghost*, with out-stretch'd wings, and in a *Glory*, embracing him. *Ti.* A work worthy of *Apelles*, as God shall bless me! *Eu.* Near the Library, there's a little Study, but a very pretty one, and 'tis but removing a Picture in cold weather; and there's a Chimney behind it. In Summer it passes for a part of the solid wall. *Ti.* Every thing's as clear here as Chrystal; and what a Perfume's here! *Eu.* Above all things I love to have my house neat and sweet, and this may be done with little Cost. To my Library, there belongs a Gallery that looks into the Garden; and adjoyning to it, I have a Chapel. *Ti.* The place it self deserves a Deity! *Eu.* Let's go to those three Walks now, above the other, that I told you look'd into the *Kitchin-Garden*. These upper walks have a prospect into both Gardens, but only through windows with shutters; especially in the walls that have no view into the Inner Garden, for the safety of the house. Upon this wall, on the left hand; (having fewer Windows in't, and a better light.) There is painted the whole Life of *Jesus*, out of the Story of the *four Evangelists*, to the *Mission* of the *Holy Ghost*, and the first Preach-

ing

ing of the Apostles out of the *Acts*, with such notes upon the places, that the Spectator may see, near what Lake, or upon what Mountain, such or such a thing was done. There are also Titles to every Story, with an Abstract of the Contents; as that of our Saviour, *I will, be thou clean*. Over against it, you have the Types and Prophecies of the *Old Testament*, especially out of the *Prophets* and *Psalms*, which are little other than the Story of *Christ* and his Apostles, told another way. Here do I sometimes walk, discoursing and Meditating with my self upon the unspeakable Counsel of God, in giving his Son for the Redemption of Mankind: My wife, or some friend at my Elbow perhaps, that takes delight in Holy things. *Ti.* 'Tis impossible for a man to be weary in this House. *Eu.* Provided it be one that has learn'd to live with himself. Upon the upper Border, are all the *Popes beads* with their Titles; and against them, the heads of the *Cæsars*, as Memorials of the History. At each corner, there's a lodging Chamber, where I can repose my self, within sight of my Orchard, and my little Birds. There's an Out-house, you see in the furthest nook of the Meadow: there in Summer do I Sup sometimes, and make use of it upon occasion of any contagious sickness in the Family. *Ti.* Some are of opinion that those Diseases are not to be avoided. *Eu.* Why do men shun a Ditch then or Poison? Do they fear this the less because they do not see it? Neither does a *Basilisk* see the Venom that he shoots from his own Eyes. In a good cause, I would not stick to venture my Life; but to do it without a cause, is madness; as it is Cruelty to bring others into danger. There are yet other things worth the seeing here, but my wife shall shew you them. Entertain your Eyes and your Minds as long as you will



will ; and be in this house, as if you were at home. There's some business calls me away here into the Neighbourhood, so that I must take my Nagg and be gone. *Ti.* Money perhaps. *Eu.* I should be loath to leave such Friends for Money. *Ti.* Perhaps you are call'd a Hunting. *Eu.* A kind of Hunting indeed, but not for Bores or Stags. *Ti.* What then ? *Eu.* I'll tell ye. I have a Friend in a Village hard by, that lies dangerously sick ; The Physician fears his Life, but I'm in more fear of his Soul ; for he is not so well compos'd for his end as a Christian should be. I'll go give him some Counsel, that he may be the better for, live or dye. In another Village, there are two men bitterly at Odds, and no ill men neither, but obstinate to the highest degree. If the difference be exasperated, I'm afraid it may run into a Feud ; they're both my Kinsmen, and I'll do all I can in the world to reconcile 'em. This is my Hunting, and if I succeed in't, we'll drink their Healths. *Ti.* A Christian Employment ! Heaven prosper ye in it. *Eu.* I had rather have them Friends than two thousand Ducks. *Ti.* We shall see you again by and by. *Eu.* Not till I have made all Tryals ; so that I cannot set an hour. In the *Interim*, enjoy one another, and be Happy. *Ti.* God be with you, forward and backward.

# THE MARRIAGE HATER.

C O L. VII.

*A Girl takes a Phanse to a Cloyster; Her Parents Violently against it; and she her self in great Affliction for want of their Consent. A Friend Disswades her; and lays before her the Snare and Danger of that Course of Life; the Cheats, Artifices, and Abuses of the Monks; Preaches Obedience to her Parents, and advises her rather to Work out her Salvation in her Fathers House, then in a Convent.*

EUBULUS, CATHARINA.

*Eu.* I Am e'en so glad Supper's over, that we may go walk; 'tis so delicate an Evening. *Ca.* And I was so *Dog-weary* of sitting too. *Eu.* How Heaven and Earth smile upon one another! The Spring of the year makes the World look young again. *Ca.* So it does. *Eu.* But why is it not Spring with you too? *Ca.* What's your meaning? *Eu.* Because methinks you are a little off the hooks.

*Ca.*

*Ca.* Why sure I look as I use to do. *Eu.* Shall I tell ye now how 'tis with ye? *Ca.* With all my Heart. *Eu.* Do ye see this Rose, how it droops; and contracts it self now towards night? *Ca.* Well, I see't; and what then? 'Tis your very Picture. *Ca.* A gay Resemblance. *Eu.* If you will not believe me, look only into this Fountain. What was the matter with you to sit Sighing, and Thinking all Supper? *Ca.* Pray'e let's have no more Questions, for the thing does not at all concern you. *Eu.* But, by your favour, I am very much concern'd, when I cannot be merry my self, unless you be so too. What a Sigh was there now; enough to break your heart! *Ca.* Nay, there is somewhat that presses me, but 'tis not a thing to be told. *Eu.* Out with it I prithee, and what ever it be, upon my Soul, thou'rt safe: My own Sister is not so dear to me as thou art. *Ca.* Nay, I dare swear you would not betray me; but the mischief of it is, you can do me no good. *Eu.* That's more then you know. As to the Thing it self, perhaps I cannot, but in the matter of Advice, or Consolation, 'tis possible I may serve ye. *Ca.* It will not come out. *Eu.* What should this be? Dost thou not hate me? *Ca.* Less then I do my own dear Brother: And yet my heart will not serve me to speak it. *Eu.* Shall I guess at it? And will you tell me if I'm right? Nay, give me your word, or you shall never be quiet; and we'll have no shifting neither. *Ca.* Agreed then: I do promise it. *Eu.* Upon the whole matter, I cannot so much as imagine why you should not be perfectly happy. *Ca.* I would I were so. *Eu.* Not above *seventeen years of Age*, as I take it; the very Flower of your Life! *Ca.* That's true. *Eu.* So that the fear of *Old Age* can be no part of your Trouble

*Ca.* Nothing less, I assure ye. *Eu.* Every way lovely, which is a singular Gift of Heaven! *Ca.* Of my Person (such as it is) I can neither Glory, nor Complain. *Eu.* And then the very habit of your Body, and your complexion, speak ye in perfect health. So that your grief must certainly be some trouble of mind. *Ca.* I have my health very well, I thank God. *Eu.* And then your Credits fair. *Ca.* I should be sorry else. *Eu.* Your Understanding suitable to the Perfections of your Body; and as capable of the Blessings of Wisdom, as any mortal can wish. *Ca.* Whatever it be, it is still the Gift of God. *Eu.* And again; for the Graces of your Manners, and Conversation (a thing rarely met with) they are all answerable to the Beauties of your Person. *Ca.* I could wish they were what you are pleas'd to term them. *Eu.* Many people are troubl'd for the meanness of their Extraction; but your Parents, are both of them well Descended, and Virtuous, of Plentiful Fortunes, and infinitely kind to you. *Ca.* And I have no ground of Affliction here neither. *Eu.* In one word, you are the Woman of the World (if I were in a condition to pretend to't) that I would wish to make my Wife. *Ca.* And if I would marry any man, you are he that I would make my Husband. *Eu.* This Anxiety of Mind must have some extraordinary Foundation. *Ca.* No slight one, believe it. *Eu.* Will you not take it ill if I guess at it? *Ca.* You have my word that I will not. *Eu.* I know by Experiment, the Torments of Love. Confess now, is That it? *Ca.* There is Love in the Case, but not of that sort you imagine. *Eu.* What kind is it then? *Ca.* Can't you Divine? *Eu.* I have spent all my Divining Faculties: But yet I'll never let go this hand till I have

have drawn it from ye. *Ca.* You are too Violent.  
*Eu.* Lay it up in my Breast, whatever 'tis. *Ca.* Since  
 there's no denying of ye, I will,

From my very Infancy, I have had a strange kind  
 of Inclination. *Eu.* To what, I beseech ye? *Ca.*  
 To put my self into a *Cloyster*. *Eu.* And turn Nun?  
*Ca.* That's the very thing. *Eu.* 'Tis well: I have  
 digg'd for *Silver*, and I have found *Coals*. *Ca.* What's  
 that ye say? *Eu.* Nothing, nothing, my dear *Mol*;  
 My Cough troubles me. *Ca.* This was my Inclina-  
 tion, and my Parents most desperately against it.  
*Eu.* I hear ye. *Ca.* On the other side I strove as  
 passionately, by Entreaties, fair Words, and Tears  
 to overcome that Pious Aversion. *Eu.* Most won-  
 derful! *Ca.* At length, when they saw that I would  
 take no Denial, they were prevail'd upon, by Impor-  
 tunities, Submissions, and Lamentations, to promise,  
 if I continu'd in the same mind till I were *seven-*  
*teen years of age*, they would leave me to my self.  
 The time is now come; I continue still in the same  
 mind, and they go from their words. This is the  
 Sum of my Misfortune; and now I have told ye my  
 Disease, be you my Physitian, and help me if ye  
 can. *Eu.* My advice must be, (my sweet Creature)  
 to moderate your Affections; and if ye cannot do  
 all that ye would, to do however as much as ye  
 can. *Ca.* It will certainly be my Death if I be dis-  
 appointed. *Eu.* What was it that gave the first Rise  
 to this fatal Resolution? *Ca.* When I was a little  
 Girl, they carry'd me into one of these *Cloysters*,  
 and shew'd me the whole Colledge; the Chappels  
 were so neat, and the Gardens so clean, so deli-  
 cate, and so well order'd, that I fell in love with  
 'em: and then they themselves were so pure, and  
 glorious, they look'd like Angels: so that (in short)

which way soever I turn'd my eye, there was comfort, and pleasure; and then I had the prettiest discourses with the *Nuns*! I found *Two* there; that had been *my Play-fellows*, when I was a Child; but I have always had a strange passion for that kind of Life.

*Eu.* I have no quarrel to the *Rules* and *Orders* of *Cloysters*; tho' the same thing can never agree with all Persons. If I were to speak my opinion, I should think it more suitable to your *Genius* and *Manners*, to take a Convenient *Husband*, and set up a *Colledge* in *your own House*, where He should be the *Father* of it, and *You* the *Mother*. *Ca.* I'll rather Die, then quit my Resolution of *Virginity*.

*Eu.* Nay, 'tis an Admirable thing to be a pure Maid. But cannot you keep your self so, without running your self into a Prison, never to come out again? Cannot you keep your Maidenhead, I say, *at home* with your Parents, as well as in a *Cloyster*? *Ca.* Yes, I may, but 'tis, not so safe tho'. *Eu.* Much safer truly in my Judgment, than with these Brawny swill-belly'd *Monks*. They are no *Capons*, I'll assure ye, whatever you may think of 'em; but may very probably be called *Fathers*; for they commonly make good their Calling to the very *Letter*. In times past, Maids liv'd no where honestier then at home; when the only *Metaphorical* Father they had, was the Bishop. But I prethee tell me, what *Cloyster* has thou made choice of to be a Slave in?

*Ca. Chrysertium.* *Eu.* Oh! I know it: It is a little way from your Fathers House. *Ca.* Ye're in the right. *Eu.* I'm very well acquainted with the whole Gang. You'll have a sweet Catch on't to renounce you Father, Mother, Friends, and a worthy Family, for that precious Fellowship! The *Patriarch* there; What with *Age*, *Wine*, and a certain *natural drowsiness*, has been mop'd this many a day. He  
poor

poor man, tastes nothing now but *Florence Wine* : and he has two Companions there ( *John* and *Jodocus* ) that match him to a hair. And yet I cannot say that *John* is an *Ill man*, for he has *nothing* at all of a *man* about him but his *Beard* : Not a grain of Learning in him, and about the same Proportion of common Prudence. Now for *Jodocus*, he's so errant a Sor, that if he were not ty'd up to the Habit of his Order, he would walk the Streets in a *Fools Cap*, with *Ears* and *Bells* at it. *Ca.* Truly they seem to me, to be very good men, these. *Eu.* But you must give me leave ( *Kitty* ) to know 'em better than you. They'l do good Offices perhaps betwixt you and your Father, to gain a *Profelyte*. *Ca.* *Jodocus* is very Civil to me. *Eu.* A Transcendent favour ! But suppose 'em good, and learned men to day, you'l find 'em the contrary perhaps to morrow : And yet then be what they will, you must still bear with 'em. *Ca.* You would not think how I'm troubl'd at my Fathers House, to see so many entertainments there ; and then the *Marry'd Women* are so given to talk *Smutty* : And besides, I'm so put to't sometimes, when People come to Salute me, and ye know no Body can tell how to deny 'em a Kissing. *Eu.* He that would avoid every thing that offends him, must go out of the World. There's no hurt in using our selves to hear all things, so we take nothing into the Mind, but what's good. I suppose you have a Chamber to your self at home. *Ca.* Yes, I have. *Eu.* You may withdraw then, if you find the Company grow Troublesome ; and while they are chaunting and trifling, you may entertain your self with ( *Christ* ) your Spouse, Praying, Singing, and giving Thanks ; your Fathers House will not defile ye, and your Goodness on the other hand will turn it into a Chappel. *Ca.* But 'tis easier yet to



be in a *Cloyster*. *Eu.* I do not disallow of a modest Society ; but yet I would not have you delude your self with false Imaginations. When ye come once to be wonted there ; and see things nearer hand, you'll tell me another Story. There are more *Vails* then *Virgins*, believe me. *Ca.* Good words, I beseech ye. *Eu.* Those are *good words* that are *true words* ; and I never read of any more *Virgins* then *One*, that was a *Mother*. *Ca.* I abhor the Thought on't. *Eu.* Nay, and more then That, the *Maids* you speak of ( let me assure you ) do *more then Maids business*. *Ca.* Why so ? if you please. *Eu.* Because there are more *Sappho's* among 'em for their *Bodies*, then for their *Brains*. *Ca.* I do not Understand ye. *Eu.* And I talk in Cipher ( my dear *Kitty* ) because I would not have thee understand me. *Ca.* My head runs strangely upon this Course of Life tho' ; and my passion for it grows every day stronger and stronger. Now if it were not inspir'd into me from above, this Disposition ( I am perswaded ) would have gone off long ago. *Eu.* Nay but the Obstinacy of it makes me the rather to suspect it, considering that your Parents are so fiercely bent against it. If it were good, Heaven would as well have inclin'd your Parents to favour the Motion, as you to entertain it. But the *Gay things* you saw when you were a *Child* ; the *Tittle-tattles* of the *Nuns*, and the hankering you have after your *Old Acquaintances* : the *External Pomp* of their *Worship*, the *Importunities* of their *Senseless Monks*, that only hunt for *Proselytes*, that they may cram their own *Paunches* ; *here's the Ground of your Affection*. They know your Father to be Frank, and Bountiful ; and that this is the way to make sure of their *Tipple* : For either they drink with him, or else they invite him, and he brings as much *Wine* along

with him as ten lusty Sokers can Swallow. Do nothing therefore without your Parents consent (whom God has set over you as your Guardians) *Ca.* But what's a *Father* or a *Mother*, in respect of *Christ*? *Eu.* This holds, I grant ye, in some Cases; but suppose a *Christian Son* has a *Pagan Father*, who has nothing but a Sons Charity to support him; It were an Impiety in him to leave even That Father, to starve. If you were at this day *Unchristen'd*, and your Parents should forbid your *Baptism*, you were undoubtedly to prefer *Christ*, before a *Wicked Father*. Or if your Parents should offer to force ye upon some *Impious thing*, their Authority in that point were to be contemned. But what's this to the Case of a *Convent*. Have you not *Christ* at home? the Dictate of Nature, the Approbation of Heaven, the Exhortation of *St. Paul*, and the Obligation of *Human Laws*, for your Obedience to Parents? And will ye now withdraw your self from the Authority of Good and natural Parents, in exchange for figurative ones? Will ye take an *Imaginary Mother* for a *True one*? And deliver up your self a Slave to severe Masters, and Mistresses, rather then live happily under the Wing of Tender and Indulgent Parents? So long as you are at home, as you are Bound in some things, so in many things you are wholly Free; as the word *Liberi* (or Children) denotes; in contra-distinction, to the Quality of *Servants*. You are now, of a *Free Woman*, about to make your self a *Voluntary Slave*. A Condition Christianity has long since cast out of the World; saving only some obscure footsteps of it, and in some few places. But there is now found out (under pretence of Religion) a new sort of *Servitude*, which I find practised in the *Monasteries*. You must do nothing but by a *Rule*; and then all that you Lose,

*they Get.* Set but one step out of the Way, and ye're lugg'd back again, like a Criminal that would have Poyson'd his Father: And to make the Slavery yet more evident, ye change the Habit that your Parents gave ye; and (after the Old Example of Slaves, bought and sold in the Market) ye change the very Name that was given you in Baptism. *Peter* is called *Francis*, and (*John* for the purpose) is called *Dominicus*, or *Thomas*. *Peter* gives his Name first up to *Christ*; and when he gives up his name to *Dominicus*, he's call'd *Thomas*. If a Servant taken in *War* do but so much as cast off the Garment that his *Master* gave him, it is look'd as a *Renouncing* of his *Master*; and yet we applaud him that lays down the *Body* of *Christ* (who is the *Master* of us all) and takes up another Habit that *Christ* never gave him. And if he should after That, presume to change the Other, his Punishment is a Thousand times heavier then for throwing away the Livery of his Heavily Master, which is the Innocency of his mind. *Ca.* But they say 'tis a *Meritorious Work* for a Body to enter into this *Voluntary Confinement*, *Eu.* That's a *Pharisaical Doctrine*: *St. Paul* teaches us otherwise; and will not have him that's called *Free*, to make himself a *Servant*, but rather endeavour that he may be more *Free*. And that which makes the *Servitude* yet More Unhappy, is, that you must serve many *Masters*; and those most commonly *Fools* too, and *Debauchés*: Besides that they are both New, and uncertain. But say (I beseech ye) by what Law are you discharg'd from the Power of your Parents? *Ca.* Why truly by none at all. *Eu.* What if you should buy, or sell your Fathers Estate? *Ca.* I do not hold it Lawful. *Eu.* What Right have ye then to dispose of your Parents Child, to I know not whom? His Child; which is the Dearest, and most appropriate part

part of his possession. *Ca.* The Laws of Nature may be dispens'd withal, (I suppose) in the Business of Religion. *Eu.* The great Point of Religion lies in our *Baptism*: But the matter in question Here, is only the changing of a *Garment*; or of such a Course of Life; which, in it self, is neither good nor evil. And now consider how many valuable Priviledges ye lose, together with your Liberty: If ye have a mind to Read, Pray, or Sing; you may go into your Chamber when you will, and take as much, or as little on't as you please. When ye have enough of Privacy, you may go to Church, and hear Prayers, Sermons, Anthems; you may pick your Company among grave Matrons, and sober Virgins; and such as you may be the better for. And you may learn from Men too, where ye find any that are endow'd with Excellent Qualities; and you are at Liberty to place a more Particular Esteem upon such as affectionately, and conscienciously Preach the Gospel. But there's none of this Freedom when ye come once into a Cloyster. *Ca.* In the mean time I shall be no Nun. *Eu.* Away with this Nicety of Names; and weigh the *Thing* it self. They make their boast of *Obedience*; and why should not You value your self too upon *Obeying* your Parents, your *Bishop*, and your *Pastor*, whom God commands ye to Obey? Do they Profess *Poverty*? And so may you too; so long as all is in your Parents hands. 'Tis true, the Virgins of former times were commended by holy Men for their Liberality toward the Poor: But they could never have given any thing, if they had possess'd nothing; Nor is the Reputation of your *Chastity* ever the less, for living with your Parents. And what is there more now Here? *A-Vail*, a *Linnen Stole*, and certain *Coremonies* that serve but little to the Advancement of Piety; and make

make us never the more acceptable in the sight of God ; who only regards the Purity of the Mind. *Ca.* All this is News to me. *Eu.* But Truth too. If you cannot dispose of so much as a Rag, or an Inch of Ground, so long as you are under the Government of your Parents ; what Right can you pretend to, for the Disposing of your self into the Service of Another ? *Ca.* The Authority of a Parent cannot interpose betwixt the Child, and a Religious Life. *Eu.* Did you not profess your self a Christian in your Baptism ? *Ca.* I did so. *Eu.* And are not they Religious that conform to the Precepts of Christ ? *Ca.* They are so. *Eu.* What new Religion is that then ; which pretends to frustrate what the *Law of Nature* has *Established* ? What the *Old Law* taught, what the *Evangelical Law* has *approv'd*, and what the *Apostles Doctrine* hath *confirm'd* ? This is a Device that never Descended from *Heaven*, but was hatch'd by a *Monk* in his *Cell*. And at This rate, some of them undertake to justify a Marriage betwixt a Boy, and a Girl, tho' without the *Privy*, and against the consent of their Parents ; If the contract be ( as they Phrase it ) in Words of the *Present Tense*. And yet that Position is neither according to the *Dictate* of *Nature*, the *Law* of *Moses*, or the *Doctrine* of *Christ*, and his *Apostles*. *Ca.* But may not I espouse my self to Christ, without the Good-will of my Parents ? *Eu.* You have already espoused him ; and so we have All. Where's the Woman ( I pray'e ) that Marries the same Man Twice ? The Question here is only concerning *Place*, *Garments*, and *Ceremonies* ; which are not things to Leave *Christ* for. *Ca.* But I am told that in this Case 'tis Sanctity, even to *Condemn* our Parents. *Eu.* Your Doctors should do well to shew you a Text for't ; but if they cannot do  
this

this, give'em a Beer-Glass of *Burgundy*, and they'll shew their Parts upon it. It is Piety indeed to flee from *Wicked Parents*, to *Christ*; but from *Honest Parents* to *Monkery*, that is ( as it proves too often ) from Good to Ill; That's but a perverse kind of Holiness. In antient times he that was converted from *Paganism* to *Christianity*, paid yet as great a Reverence, even to his *Idolatrous Parents*, ( matter of Religion apart ) as was possible. *Ca.* You are then against the main Institution of a *Monastical Life*. *Eu.* No, by no means: but as I will not perswade any body against it, that is already engaged in this Condition of Life; so I would most undoubtedly caution all young Women, ( especially those of Generous Natures ) not to precipitate themselves into this Gulph, from whence there is no returning. And the rather, because their Modesty is more in danger in a Cloyster, than out of it: beside that they may discharge their Duties of Devotion, as well at home, as there. *Ca.* You have said all ( I believe ) that can be said upon this Point, and my Affections, and Resolutions stand Firm. *Eu.* If I cannot succeed to my Wish, remember however, what *Eubulus* told ye before-hand. In the mean time, out of the Love I bear ye, I wish *Your Inclinations* may succeed better than *My Counsels*.

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T H E  
PENITENT VIRGIN.

C O L. VIII.

*A Virgin Seduc'd into a Cloyster, finds her Error; Repents of it; and in twelve days gets off again.*

EUBULUS, CATHARINA.

*Eu.* **H** EAVEN grant I may never have a worse Porter to let me in. *Ca.* Nor I a worse Guest to open the Door to. *Eu.* But fare ye well. *Ca.* What's the matter? Do ye take Leave before ye Salute? *Eu.* I did not come hither to see you Blubber. What should make this Woman fall a Crying as soon as ever she sees me? *Ca.* Why in such haste? Stay a little. Pray'e stay. I'll put on my best looks, and we'll be merry together. *Eu.* What sort of Cattle have we got here? *Ca.* That's the *Patriarch* of the *Colledge*: Rest your self a while; you must not go away. They have taken their Dose of *Fuddle*; and when he's gone, we'll discourse as  
we



we use to do. *Eu.* Well, I'll be good natur'd; and harken to You, tho' you would not to me.

Now we are alone, you must tell me the whole History, for I would fain have it from your own Mouth. *Ca.* I find now by experience, that of all my Friends, (which I took for Wise Men too) your advice, (tho' the youngest of all) was the best. *Eu.* Hou came you to get your Parents consent at last? *Ca.* Betwixt the restless *Solicitations* of the *Monks* and *Nuns*, and my *Own Importunities*, and *Tears*, my Mother at length relented, and gave way; but my Father was not yet to be wrought upon. In the End, being ply'd with several Engines, he was prevail'd upon to yield, as a Man absolutely oppress'd, and overcome. The Resolution was taken in their Cups, and they Preach'd no less then Damnation to him, if he refused Christ his Spouse. *Eu.* A Pack of Flagitious Fools! But what then? *Ca.* I was kept close at home for three days, and several of the *Convent* (which they call *Convertites*) were constantly with me; mightily encouraging me to persist in my holy purpose, and as narrowly watching me, lest any of my Friends or Kindred should come at me, and make me change my Mind. In the *Interim*, my Habits were making ready, and other Necessaries for the Solemnity. *Eu.* And did not your Mind misgive you yet? *Ca.* No, not at all. And yet I had so horrid a Fright, that I had rather die Ten times over, than be in that Condition again. *Eu.* What might that be? *Ca.* It is not to be utter'd. *Eu.* Come, Tell me frankly; I am your Friend. *Ca.* Will ye keep Counsel? *Eu.* Yes, yes; without Conditions: and I hope you know me better than to doubt it. *Ca.* I had a most dreadful Apparition. *Eu.* Your *Evil Genius* (it may be) that push'd ye forward into Disobedience. *Ca.* Nay,  
I am

I am fully perswaded that it was no other. *Eu.* In the shape I suppose that we use to paint it? With a crooked Beak, long Horns, Harpyes Claws, and a swinging Tail. *Ca.* You may laugh as you will, but I had rather sink into the Earth than see the Fellow on't. *Eu.* And were your Women-Sollicitresses then with you? *Ca.* No. And I would not so much as open my Mouth to 'em of it, tho' they sifted me most particular; for you must know, they found me almost dead with the surprize. *Eu.* Shall I tell you now what it was? *Ca.* Do, if you can. *Eu.* These Women had absolutely bewitch'd you; or rather conjur'd your Brains out of your Noddle. But did you hold out for all this? *Ca.* Yes, yes; for they told me, that many were thus troubled upon the *First Consecration* of themselves to *Christ*; but that if they got the better of the Devil that bout, he'd let 'em alone for ever after, *Eu.* You were conducted with great Pomp, and State, ( I presume ) were you not? *Ca.* Yes, yes; they put on all my Fineries, let down my Hair, and dress'd me, just as if't had been for my Wedding. *Eu.* To a Logger-headed Monk. Hem! Hem! This Villanous Cough—*Ca.* I was brought by fair Day-light from my Fathers House to the Colledge, and a world of people gaping at me. *Eu.* These Hoarson Jack-puddings, how they Coakes, and Wheadle the little people! How many days did you continue in that holy Colledge forsooth? *Ca.* Part of the *Twelfth-day*. *Eu.* But what was it that brought ye off again? *Ca.* It was something very considerable, but I must not tell ye what. When I had been there *six days*, I got my Mother to me; I begg'd, and besought her as she lov'd my Life, to help me out again: but she would not hear on't; and bad me hold to my Resolution: Upon this, I sent to my Father, and he chid me too. He told me,

me, That I had made him master his affection, and that he would now make me overcome mine. When I saw that this would do no good, I told them both, that I would submit to Die, to please 'em, which would certainly be my Fate, if I staid there any longer ; and hereupon they took me home. *Eu.* 'Twas well you bethought your self before you were in for good and all. But still ye say nothing of what it was that brought ye about so on the suddain. *Ca.* I never told it any Mortal yet, nor will I tell it you. *Eu.* What if I should Guess? *Ca.* You'll never hit it, I'm sure? Or if ye should, y'are never the nearer : for I'll not own it to ye. *Eu.* Leave me then to my Conjectures : But in the mean time, what a Charge have you been at? *Ca.* Above 400 Crowns. *Eu.* Oh! These Gutling Nuptials! But since the Money's gone, 'tis well that you your self are safe : hereafter hearken to good Advice. *Ca.* So I will.

*The burnt Child dreads the Fire.*

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THE

THE  
RICH BEGGERS.

COL. IX.

*A Pleasant and Profitable Colloquy, betwixt  
a German Host, and Two Franciscans :  
The true Character of an Ignorant Coun-  
try-Pastor; with an Excellent Discourse  
concerning Religious Habits; The Original,  
the Intent, and Use of them.*

CONRADUS, BERNARDINUS, PASTOR,  
PANDOCHEUS, UXOR.

Co. **B** U T still I say a *Pastor* should be Ho-  
spitable. Pas. I am a *Pastor* of *Sheep*,  
not of *Wolves*. Co. And yet though you  
hate a *Wolfe*, 'tis possible you may love  
a *Wench*; ——— they begin with a *Letter*.

pas. *Pastor sum Ovium; Non amo \* Lupos.* Co. *At non  
perinde foras odiſti \* Lupas.*

But why so cross, (if a body may ask ye) a<sup>s</sup> not to admit a poor *Franciscan* so much as under your Roof? and we shall not trouble you neither for a Supper. *Pas.* Because I'll have no Spies upon me; for if you see but a Hen or a Chick, stirring in a bodies House, (you know my meaning) the whole Town is sure to hear on't to morrow in the Pulpit. *Co.* We are not all such Blabs. *Pas.* Be what you will; if *St. Peter* himself should come to me in that Habit, I would not believe him. *Co.* If that be your Resolution, do but tell us where we may be else. *Pas.* There's a *Publick Inn* here in the Town. *Co.* What's the Sign? *Pas.* The Dogs-head in the Porridge-pot. You'll see't to the life, in the Kitchen, and a Wolf at the Bar. *Co.* 'Tis an ill-boding Sign. *Pas.* You may e'en make your best on't. *Be.* If we were at this *Pas*'s allowance, he would starve us. *Co.* If he feeds his Sheep no better, he'll have but hungry Mutton. *Be.* Well, we must make the best of a bad Game. What shall's do? *Co.* What should we do? get a good face on't. *Be.* There's little to be gotten by modesty in a case of Necessity. *Co.* Very right. Come, we have *St. Francis* to befriend us. *Be.* Let's take our Fortune then. *Co.* And never stay for *Mine Host's* Answer at the door, but press directly into the Stove, and when we are once in, let him get us out again if he can. *Be.* Would you have us so Impudent? *Co.* 'Tis better however then to lie abroad and freeze in the Street. In the interim put your *Scruple* in your Pocket to day, and tak't out again to morrow. *Be.* In truth the Case requires it. *Pan.* What Animals have we here? *Co.* We are the Servants of the Lord (my good Friend) and the Sons of *St. Francis*. *Pan.* I don't know what delight the Lord may take in such Servants, but I  
K should

should take none, I assure ye, in having any of them about *Me*. *Be.* What's your Reason for't? *Pan.* Because you are such *Termagants* at eating and drinking; but when you should do any work; you can find neither hands, nor feet. Hear me a word; you *Sons of St Francis*. You use to tell us in the Pulpit, that *St Francis* was a *Virgin*; How comes he by so many *Children* then? *Co.* We are the *Children* of his *Spirit*, not of his *Flesh*. *Pan.* He's a very unlucky *Father* then; for your *Minds* are e'en the worst part of ye; and to say the truth on't, your *Bodies* are better then is convenient; especially for us that have *Wives* and *Children*. *Co.* You may suspect us perhaps to be of those that degenerate from their *Founders* Institutions; but we, on the contrary, are strict observers of them. *Pan.* And I'll observe you too, for fear of the worst; for it is a mortal Aversion I have for that sort of Cattle. *Co.* What's your quarrel to us? *Pan.* Because you're sure to carry your *Teeth* in your *Heads*, and the Devil a Penny of *Money* in your *Pockets*. Oh! how I abominate such Guests! *Co.* But still we take pains for you. *Pan.* Shall I shew ye now the pains ye take? *Co.* Do so. *Pan.* See the hithermost Picture there, on your left Hand. There's a *Fox* preaching, and a *Goose* behind him with his neck under a *Cowl*; and there again; there's a *Wolf* giving *absolution* with a piece of a *Sheep's* *Rin* hanging out under his *Gown*; And once again, there's an *Ape* in a *Franciscans habit*, ministering to a *Sick* man, with the *Cross* in *one hand*, and his *Pacient's* *Purse*, in the *Other*. *Co.* We cannot deny but that sometimes *Wolves*, *Foxes*, and *Apes*, nay *Hogs*, *Dogs*, *Horses*, *Lions*, and *Beasties*, may lurk under a *Franciscans* *Garmens*; and you cannot deny neither, but that it covers many a *Good* man. A *Gown* neither makes

makes a man *better*, nor *worse*; nor is it reasonable to judge of a man by his Cloaths; for by that rule a body might pick a quarrel with the Coat you sometimes wear, because it covers *Thieves, Murderers, Conjurers, and Whoremasters.* *Pan.* If you'd but pay your Reckonings, I could dispence with your *Habits.* *Co.* We'll pray for you. *Pan.* And so will I for you; and there's one for t'other. *Co.* But there are some people that you must not take Mony of. *Pan.* How comes it that you make a Conscience of touching any? *Co.* Because it does not stand with our Profession. *Pan.* And it stands as little with mine to give you your Dinner for Nothing. *Co.* But we are ty'd up by a Rule. *Pan.* So am I by the clean contrary. *Co.* Where shalla Body find your Rule? *Pan.* In these two Verses.

*Hospes, in hac Mensâ, fuerint cum Viscera Tensa,  
Surgere ne properes, ni prius annumeres.*

*'Tis the Rule of this Table; Eat as long as y<sup>e</sup> are  
able;  
But then pay your Score: There's no stirring be-  
fore.*

*Co.* We'll be no charge to you. *Pan.* Then you'll be no profit neither. *Co.* Your Charity upon Earth will be rewarded in Heaven. *Pan.* Those words, Butter no Parsnips. *Co.* Any Corner of your Stove will content us, and we'll trouble no body. *Pan.* My Stove will hold no such company. *Co.* Must we be thrown out thus? What if we should be worried this night by *Wolves*? *Pan.* Neither *Wolves*, nor *Dogs*, prey upon their own kind. *Co.* This were barbarous, even to *Turks.* Consider us as you please, we are still *Menn.* *Pan.* I have lost my hearing.



Co. You can indulge your self, and go from your Stove to a warm Bed ; how can you have the heart to expose us to be kill'd with Cold, even if the *Beasts* should spare us ? *Pan.* Did not *Adam* live so in *Paradise* ? *Co.* He did so ; but *Innocent.* *Pan.* And so am I *Innocent.* *Co.* Within a Syllable of it. But have a Care you be not excluded a better place hereafter, for thrusting us out here. *Pan.* Good words I beseech ye. *Ux.* Prethee, my dear, make 'em some amends for thy severity, and let 'em stay here to night ; they are Good men, and thou'lt thrive the better for't. *Pan.* Here's your Reconciler ! I'm afraid you're agreed upon the Matter ; Oh ! how I hate to hear a Woman call any body a *Good man* (especially in *French.*) *Ux.* Well, well, you know there's nothing of That. But think with your self how often you have offended God, by Dicing, Drinking, Brawling, Quarrelling ? This Charity may perhaps make your Peace : and do not drive those out of your House, now you're well, whose assistance you would be glad of upon your Death-Bed. Never let it be said that you harbour Buffons, and shut your doors upon such men as these. *Pan.* Pray'e be gone into the Kitchen about your business, and let's have no more Preaching here. *Ux.* It shall be done. *Be.* The man sweetens methinks ; see, he takes his Shirt ; and I hope all will be well yet, *Co.* And they're laying the Cloth for the Children : 'Tis happy for us there came no other Guests ; for we should have been sent packing else. *Be.* 'Tis well we brought Wine, and Lamb with us from the next Village ; for if a lock of Hay would have sav'd a mans life, 'tis not here to be had. *Co.* Now the Children are plac'd, let's take part of the Table with 'em, there's room enough. *Pan.* 'Tis long of you, my Masters, that I have never a Guest to day, but those that I had better

better be without. *Co.* If it be a thing that rarely happens, impute it to us. *Pan.* Nay it falls out oftner then I wish it did. *Co.* Never trouble your self, Christ lives, and will not forsake those that serve him. *Pan.* You pass in the World for *Evangelical men*. The Gospel, ye know, forbids carrying about Bread and Satchels. But your Sleeves, I perceive, serve for Wallers: and you do not only carry Bread about ye, but Wine and Flesh, the best that is to be gotten too. *Co.* Take part with us if you please. *Pan.* My *Wine is Hog-wash* to't. *Co.* Take some of the Flesh too, there's enough for us. *Pan.* O blessed Beggars! my Wife provided me nothing to day but *Collivorts* and a little *rusty Bacon*. *Co.* If you please let's joyn our stocks, for 'tis all one to us what we Eat. *Pan.* Why don't you carry *Cabbage-Stalks* about with you then, and *Dead Drink*? *Co.* They would needs force this upon us at a place where we dined to day. *Pan.* Did your Dinner cost you nothing? *Co.* No, not any thing; nay we had thanks both for what we had there, and for what we brought away. *Pan.* Whence come ye? *Co.* From *Basil*. *Pan.* What, so far? *Co.* 'Tis as we tell you. *Pan.* You're a strange kind of people sure, that can travel thus without *Horse, Money, Servants, Arms, or Provisions*. *Co.* You see in us some footsteps of the *Evangelical life*. *Pan.* Or the life of Rogues rather; that wander up and down with their Budgets. *Co.* Such as *We are*, the *Apostles were*, and (with Reverence) our Saviour himself. *Pan.* Can you tell Fortunes? *Co.* Nothing less. *Pan.* Why, how do you live then? *Co.* By his Bounty that has promis'd to provide for us. *Pan.* And who is that? *Co.* He that has said, *Take you no care, but all things shall be added to you*. *Pan.* But that Promise extends only to those that

seek the Kingdom of Heaven. *Co.* And that do we, with all our might. *Pan.* The *Apostles* were famous for *Miracles*: they cur'd the *Sick*; and 'tis no wonder then how they liv'd any where; but you can do no such thing. *Co.* We could, if we were like the *Apostles*, and if the matter requir'd a *Miracle*. But the power of *Miracles* was only temporary to convince *Unbelievers*. There's nothing needful now but a *Holy Life*: Beside, that it is many times better to be sick, then to be well; to die, then to live. *Pan.* What do you do then? *Co.* The best we can; every man according to the *Talent* that God has given him. We comfort, exhort, admonish, reprove, as we see *Occasion*: Nay, sometimes we preach too, where we find *Pastors* that are *Dumb*; and where we can do no good, we make it our *Care* to do no hurt, either by our *Words*, or *Examples*. *Pan.* To morrow is a *Holy-day*; I would you would give us a *Sermon* here. *Co.* What *Holy-day*? *Pan.* *St. Antony's*. *Co.* He was a good man; but how came he to have a *Holy-day*? *Pan.* I'll tell ye; we have a world of *Swineherds* hereabouts (for there's a huge *Wood* hard by here, for *Acorns*) and the people have an opinion that *St. Antony* takes charge of the *Hogs*; and therefore they worship him; for fear he should hurt 'em. *Co.* I would they would worship him affectionately as they should do. *Pan.* In what manner? *Co.* Whosoever follows his example, does his *Duty*. *Pan.* We shall have such *Drinking*, *Dancing*, *Playing*, *Scolding*, and *Boxing* here to morrow! *Co.* Like the *Pagans Bacchanals*. But these people are more sottish than the *Hogs* they keep; and I wonder that *Antony* does not punish 'em for it. What kind of *Pastor* have ye? Neither a *Mute* I hope, nor a *Wicked* one. *Pan.* Let every one speak as he finds, he's a good *Pastor* to me; for

for here he topes it the whole live-long day; and no man brings me either more, or better Customers. 'Twas ten to one he would have been here now. Co. He's not a man for our turn. Pan. What's that? Do you know him then? Co. We would fain have taken up a Lodging with him, but he bad us *begone*, and chac'd us away like so many Wolves. Pan. Very, very good. Now I understand the business; 'Tis *You* that kept him *away*, because he knew you would be here. Co. Is he not Mute? Pan. Mute do you say? he's free enough of his Tongue in the Stove; and he has a Voice that makes the Church ring again, but I never heard him in a Pulpit. In short, I presume he has made you sensible that he wants no Tongue. Co. Is he a learned Divine? Pan. So he tells the World himself; but he's under an Oath perhaps never to make any other discovery of it. In one word, the People and the Pastor are well agreed; and the *Disb* (as we say) *wears its own cover*. Co. Do you think he would give a man leave to preach in his Place? Pan. I dare undertake he shall, provided that there be no flurting at him, as 'tis a common practice to do. Co. 'Tis an ill custom. If I dislike any thing, I tell the Pastor of it privately; the rest belongs to the Bishop. Pan. We have but few of those Birds in our Country, tho' truely you seem to be good men enough your selves.

Pray'e what's the meaning of such Variety of Habits? for some people judge amiss of you for your Cloaths. Co. What reason for that? Pan. I cannot tell you the reason, but I know the thing to be true. Pan. Some think the better of us for our Habits, and some the worse. Now though they both do amiss, the former is the more generous Mistake. Pan. So let it be; but where's the benefit of all those

distinctions? Co. What's your opinion of them? Pan. Truly I see no advantage at all; but in *War*, and *Procession*; for in the latter there are personated *Saints, Jews, Esbriques*, that must be discriminated in their diversity of Dress. And in *War* the variety is good for the ranging of several Troops under several Colours, to avoid Confusion. Co. You speak to the point; and so is this a *Military Garment*; some under one Leader, some under another; but we are all under one General, that is *Christ*. But there are three things to be consider'd in a Garment. Pan. What are those? Co. *Necessity, Use, and Decency*. Why do we *Eat*? Pan. To keep our selves from *Starving*. Co. Why do we cover our *Bodies*, but to keep us warm? Pan. It cannot be deny'd. Co. And in that point, my Garment is better than yours; for it covers the *Head, the Neck, and the Shoulders*, where we are most in danger. Now for our *Use*, we must have Variety of *Fashions, and of Stuffs*; A *short Coat* for a *Horseman*, a longer when we lie still: We are *Thin Clad in Summer, Thick in Winter*. There are those at *Rome* that change their Cloths twice a day. They take a fur'd Coat in the morning, a single one at noon, and toward night one that's a little warmer. But every man is not furnisht with this Variety: Nor is there any fashion that better answers several purposes than this of ours. Pan. Make that out. Co. If the *Wind*, or the *Sun* trouble us, we put on our *Cowle*. In hot weather out of the Sun we throw it behrnd us; when we sit still we let the Gown fall about our *Heels*; if we walk we hold, or tuck it up. Pan. He was no Fool, I perceive, that invented it. Co. Beside that, it goes a great way in a happy Life, the wonting of our selves to be Content with a Little: For if we once lash out into sensuality and pleasure,

there

there will be no end. But can you shew me any other Garment, that is so commodious in so many Respects? *Pan.* Truly I cannot. *Co.* Consider now the Decency of it. Tell me honestly, if you should put on your *Wives Cloaths*, would not every body say you were *Phantastical*? *Pan.* Nay, *Mad* perhaps. *Co.* And what if your Wife should put on *yours*; what would you say to't? *Pan.* I should not say much perhaps, but I should bang her handsomely. *Co.* What does it signifie now what Garment a body uses? *Pan.* Oh! yes; in this case it is very material. *Co.* Beyond Controversie; for the very *Pagans* will not allow a man to wear a *Womans Cloaths*, or a *Woman a Mans*. *Pan.* And they are in the right for't, *Co.* 'Tis well. Put the Case now that a man of *four score* should dress himself like a boy of *fifteen*, or a boy of *fifteen* like a man of *four score*; would not all the World condemn it? Or the same thing in a *Woman* and a *Girl*. *Pan.* No question of it. *Co.* Or if a *Layman* should go like a *Priest*, or a *Priest* like a *Layman*? *Pan.* It were a great *Indecorum* on both sides. *Co.* Or if a *Private man* should put on the Habit of a *Prince*, or a particular *Priest* that of a *Bishop*? *Pan.* It were a great Indecency. *Co.* What if a *Citizen* should sit in his Shop with his *Sword*, *Buff Coat*, and a *Feather in's Cap*? *Pan.* He would be pointed at. *Co.* What if an *English Ensign* should put a *white Cross* in's Colours; a *Swiss* a *Red one*; or a *French man*, a *Black one*? *Pan.* 'T would be very foolishly done. *Co.* Why do you wonder so much then at our Habit? *Pan.* I am not now to learn the difference betwixt a private Man and a Prince, or a Man and a Woman: But as to the difference betwixt a *Monk* and no *Monk* I am utterly Ignorant. *Co.* What difference is there betwixt a *Rich man* and a *Poor*? *Pan.* Fortune.

*Co.*

Co. And yet it would be very odd if a Begger should Cloath himself like a Lord. Pan. True, as Lords go now adays. Co. What's the difference betwixt a Fool and a Wise man? Pan. A little more then betwixt a Rich man and a Begger. Co. Fools, you see, are dress'd up after another manner then Wise men. Pan. How well it becomes you, I know, not; but your Habit wants very little more of a Fools-Coat; than Ears and Bells to't. Co. That's the difference; and we are no other than the Worlds Fools, if we be what we profess. Pan. I cannot say what you are: but this I know, that there are of these Idiots with their Ears and Bells, that have more Brains in their heads than many of our square Caps with their Furs, Hoods, and other Ensigns of Authority. Wherefore it seems a madness to me, to think any man the Wiser for his Habit. I saw once an Errant Tany, with a Gown to his Heels, a Doctors Cap, and the Countenance of a very Grave School Divine; he disputed Publicuely; several Princes made much of him; and he took the Right hand of all other Fools, himself being the most eminent of the Kind. Co. What would you be at now? Would you have a Prince that makes sport with a Fool change Cloaths with him? Pan. If your Proposition be true, that the mind of a man may be judg'd by his Habit; perhaps it might do well enough. Co. You press this upon me, but I am still of opinion that there is very good reason for allowing of Fools Distinct Habits. Pan. And what may that reason be? Co. For fear any body should hurt 'em, if they mis-behave themselves. Pan. What if I should say on the contrary, that their Habit does rather provoke people to do 'em mischief; insomuch that of Fools they come to be mad men; and why shall not a Bull, or a Dog, or a Boar, that kills a man or a Child, escape unpunisht; as well as a Fool? But



But the thing that I ask you, is, the reason of *your* distinct Habits from others? Why should not a *Baker* as well be distinguished from a *Fisherman*, a *Shoemaker* from a *Taylor*, an a *Apothecary*, from a *Vanner*, a *Coachman* from a *Waterman*? You that are *Priests*, why should you not be Cloath'd like other *Priests*? If you are *Layiks*, why do you differ from us? *Co.* In antient time, *Monks* were only the purer *Sons* of the *Layity*; and there was no other difference betwixt a *Monk* and another *Layik*, then betwixt an honest, frugal man, that maintains his Family by his Industry, and a *Ruffling Hector*, that lives upon the High way. In time, the *Bishop of Rome* bestow'd honour upon us; and we gave some Reputation to the Habit our selves; which is not simply either *Layik* or *Sacerdotal*; but such as it is, I could name you some *Cardinals*, and *Popes*, that have not been ashamed of it. *Pan.* But as to the *Decorum* of it, whence comes That? *Co.* Some time from the very Nature of the thing; other while, from custom, and opinions. If a man should wear a *Buffles-skin* with the *Horns* upon his *Head*, and the *Tail* dragging after him, would not all the *World* laugh at him? *Pan.* I believe they would. *Co.* And again, if a man should cover himself to the middle, and all the rest naked? *Pan.* Most absurd. *Co.* The very *Pagans* Censure men for wearing their Cloaths so thin, that it were an *Indecency* even in a *Woman*. It is modesty to be stark naked, as we found you in the *Stove*, then to be only cover'd with a *Transparent Garment*. *Pan.* The whole business of Habits, I phantasie, depends upon *Custom* and *Opinion*. *Co.* Why so? *Pan.* I had some *Travellers* at my house t'other day, that had been up and down the *World*, as they told me, in places that we have no account of in the very *Maps*; and particularly upon an *Island*

of

of a very Temperate Air, where it was accounted dishonourable to cover their Nakedness. *Co.* They liv'd like Beasts perhaps. *Pan.* No, but on the contrary, they were a people of great Humanity. Their Government was Monarchical; and they went out with their Prince every morning to work, for about an hour a day. *Co.* What was their work? *Pan.* The plucking up of Roots, which they use instead of Wheat, and find it much more pleasant and wholesome. After one hour, every man goes about his own business, or does what he has a mind to. They bring up their Children with great Piety; punishing all Crimes severely, but especially Adultery. *Co.* What's the Punishment? *Pan.* The Women, you must know, they spare, for 'tis permitted to the Sex; but if a Man be taken in't, they expose him in publick, with the part offending cover'd. *Co.* A sad punishment indeed! *Pan.* And so it is to them, as custom has made it. *Co.* When I consider the force of perswasion, I could half believe it: for if a man would make a Thief, or a Murderer exemplary, would it not be a sufficient Punishment to cut of the hind Lappet of his Shirt, clap a Wholfs skin upon his Buttocks, put him on party-coloured Stockins, cut the fore-part of his Doublet into the fashion of a Net, leave his breast and his Shoulders bare, turn up one part of his Beard, leave another part at length, and shave the rest; cut off his hair, clap a Cap upon his Crown with a hundred holes in't, and a huge Plume of Feathers, and then bring him in this Dress, into publick? Would not this be a greater reproach, then a fools Cap to him with long ears, and gingling baubles? And yet we find those that accompt this an Ornament, tho' nothing can be a greater Madness; nay, we see Souldiers every day in this Trim, that are well

well enough pleas'd with themselves. *Pan.* Yes; and there are some honest Citizens, would strain hard to get into this Mode. *Co.* But now if a Man should dress himself up with Birds Feathers, like an *Indian*, would not the very Children think him Mad? *Pan.* Directly Mad. *Co.* And yet that which we admire, does still savour of a greater Madness. Now as it is true, that nothing is so ridiculous, but Custom may bear it out; so it must be allow'd, that there is a Certain *decorum* which all Wise-men will approve of: And somewhat again in *Garments*, that is Misbecoming, and agreed by all the World, to be so. What can be more ridiculous than a *Burthenfome Gown* with a *Long Train*; as if the *Quality* of the *Woman* were to be measur'd by the *Length* of her *Tail*? Nay, and some *Cardinals* are not asham'd to imitate it: And yet so prevalent a thing is *Custom*, that there's no changing of a *Fashion* so received. *Pan.* So much for *Custom*. But tell me now, whether you think it better for *Monks* to wear *different Habits*, or not? *Co.* I take it to be more agreeable to Christian Simplicity, not to pronounce upon any Man for's *Habit*, provided it be sober, and descent. *Pan.* Why do not you cast away your *Cowls* then? *Co.* Why did not the Apostles presently eat of all sorts of Meats? *Pan.* I know not; and do you tell me. *Co.* Because an *Invincible Custom* hindre'd it. For whatsoever is deep rooted in the *Minds* of Men, and by long use confirmed, and turn'd as it were into Nature, can never be taken away on the sudden; without the hazard of the *Publick Peace*: but it must be remov'd by Degrees, as the *Horse Tail* was pluck'd off by single Hairs. *Pan.* I could bear this, if the *Monks* were but all *Habited alike*: But so many diversities will never down with me. *Co.* You must impute

impute this evil to Custom, as well as all others. *St. Benedict's Habit* is no new one, but the same that he us'd with his Disciples, that were plain, and honest men. No more is *St. Francis's*, but it was the Fashion of poor Country Fellows. Now some of their Successors, have, by New additions, made the matter a little Superstitious. How many old Women have we at this day that stick to the mode they were brought up in, which is every jot as different from what is us'd now, as your Habit is from mine? *Pan.* There are indeed many such Women. *Co.* Therefore when you see this Habit, you see but the Reliques of Past times. *Pan.* But has your Habit no Holiness in it? *Co.* None at all. *Pan.* There are some of you make their boasts that they were of Divine Direction from the Holy Virgin. *Co.* Those Stories were but Dreams. *Pan.* One Man has a Phansie that he shall never recover a Fit of Sickness, unless he Cloth himself in a *Dominicans Habit*; Another will not be Bury'd, but in a *Franciscans*. *Co.* They that tell you these things, are either Cheats, or Fools, and they that believe 'em, are Superstitious. God Almighty knows a Knave as well in a *Franciscans Habit*, as in a *Buff Coat*. *Pan.* The Birds of the Air have not that Variety of Feathers which you have of Habits. *Co.* What can be better than to imitate Nature, unless to out-do it? *Pan.* I would you had as many sorts of Books too. *Co.* But there's much to be said for the Variety also. Has not the Spaniard, one Fashion, the Italian, another, the French, Germans, Greeks, Turks, Saracens, their several Fashions also? *Pan.* They have so. *Co.* And then in the same Country again, what Variety of Garments, among Persons of the same Sex, Age, and Degree? How different is that of the *Venetian* from the *Florentine*; and of *Both*, from the *Roman*:

*Remon*: And this in *Italy* alone? *Pan*. I'm convinced of it. *Co*. And from whom comes our Variety? *Dominicus* took his *Habit* from the *Honest Husbandmen* in that part of *Spain* where he liv'd. *Benedictus*, his, from that part of *Italy* where he liv'd. *Franciscus* from the *Husbandmen* of several places; and so for the rest. *Pan*. So that for ought I find, you are never the *better* for your *Comes*, if you be not so for your *Lives*. *Co*. Nay, we have more to answer for than you have, if by our lewd Lives we give Scandal to the Simple. *Pan*. But is there any hope of *Us* then, that have neither *Patron*, nor *Habit*, nor *Rule*, nor *Profession*? *Co*. Yes; You have *Hope*, but have a care you do not lose it. Go ask your Godfathers, what Profession you made in *Baptism*; and what Order you were initiated into. What signifies a *Humble Rule*, to him that's under the Rule of the Gospel? Or any other *Patron*, to him whose Patron is *Jesus Christ*? Did you profess nothing when you were Married? Bethink your self, what you owe to your self, to your Children, your Family, and you will find a heavier Charge upon you as a *Christian*, than as a Disciple of Saint Francis. *Pan*. Do you believe that any Innkeepers go to Heaven? *Co*. Why not? *Pan*. There are many things said and done in this House, that are not according to the Gospel. *Co*. As what? *Pan*. One Fuddles, another talks Bawdy, a third Brawls, a fourth *Detraets*, and I know not what beside. *Co*. These things must be avoided as much as may be: And however, you are not for your Profits sake to Countenance, or to draw on this Wickedness. *Pan*. And sometimes I do not deal fairly with my Guests. *Co*. How's That? *Pan*. When I find them grow hot, I give them a good deal of *Water* with their *Wine*. *Co*. That's more Pardonable yet, then stum-

ming

ming of it. *Pan* Tell me truly, how many days have you been now upon your journey? *Co.* Almost a Month. *Pan* Who looks to ye in the mean time? *Co.* Are not they well look'd to, that have a *Wife, Children, Parents, and Kindred*? *Pan.* Abundantly. *Co.* You have but *one Wife, one Father, one House*; We have a *hundred*: You, but a *few Children, a few Kindred*; We *Innumerable*. *Pan.* How comes that about? *Co.* Because the Alliances of the Spirit are more Numerous than those of the Flesh; Christ has promis'd it, and all his Promises are made good. *Pan.* I have not met with better Company: Let me die, if I had not rather Talk with Thee, than Drink with our Pastor. Lets hear you Preach to-morrow; and when you come this way next, let this be your Lodging. *Co.* But what if you have other Guests? *Pan.* They shall be welcome too, if they be like you. *Co.* Better, I hope. *Pan.* But among so many Wicked Men, how shall I know a Good One? *Co.* One word in your Ear, I'll tell you. *Pan.* Say then. *Co.* — *Pan.* I'll remember it, and do it to your Family; and you will find a hundred Blessings upon you as a Christian, that has a Disciple or child of Peace. *Pan.* Do you know that any Disciple is to be found? *Co.* Why not? *Pan.* There are many things said and done in this House, that are not according to the Gospel. *Co.* As what? *Pan.* One *Evangelist*, another calls himself a third *Evangelist*, a fourth *Evangelist*, and I know not what besides. *Co.* Things must be avoided as much as may be, and however you are not for your own sake to be a Disciple, or to stay on this Wild Heath. *Pan.* And sometimes I do a goodly thing with my Goods. *Co.* How's that? *Pan.* I have sold my house, and I give them a good deal of Money with it. *Pan.* That's your *Evangelist*. *THE*

## THE

## Soldier and the Carthusian!

## COL. X

*The Life of a Soldier of Fortune; and of a Pious Carthusian: With a Discourse upon Habits.*

## The Soldier and the Carthusian.

*So.* **M**orrow, Brother. *Ca.* My dear Cousin, God have ye in his keeping. *So.* Troth, I had much ado to know you. *Ca.* What? such an Alteration in two years? *So.* No. But your *New Dress*, and that *bald Crown*, make you look like quite another sort of Creature. *Ca.* You'd hardly know your *Own Wife*, perhaps, in a *New Gown*. *So.* In such a one as yours, truly, I think I should not. *Ca.* And yet I remember you perfectly well still; though you have chang'd *Habit*, *Face*, *Body*, and all. How come you to be so set out with Colours? Never had any Bird such a Variety of Feathers. You have nothing about you that's either *Natural*, or in *Fashion*. Was  
L ever



ever any Mans Hair Cut so Phantastically? Half a Beard, and the Crop of your Upper Lip grown so straggling, as if one Hair were afraid of another: ~~A Man would think ye had chang'd Whiskers with~~ a Cat. Your Face so cover'd with Scars too, that a Body would swear the Common Hangman had set his Mark upon ye. *So.* No, No, Father, these are the Marks of Honour: but pray'e tell me, are there no ~~Surgeons or Physicians in this Quarter?~~ *Ca.* Why ~~do you ask?~~ *So.* ~~Because your Brains~~ should have been taken out, and wash'd, before you plung'd your self into this Slavery. *Ca.* You take me for a Mad Man then. *So.* As any thing in Bedlam; you would never have leapt into your Grave before your time else; when you might have lived handsomly in a better World. *Ca.* So that I'm no longer a Man of your World. *So.* By Jove, I take it so. *Ca.* And what's your Reason for't? *So.* Because you ate Coop'd up, and cannot go where you will. Nay, your very Habit is prodigious: Your Shaving, as Extravagant; and then perpetually to Eat nothing but Fish, makes ye all stink like Otters: Your very Flesh is Fish too. *Ca.* If men were turn'd into what they Eat, your Bacon-Eating Chops would have been Swines-Flesh many a fair day ago. *So.* But you have enough of your Bargain, I suppose, by this; for I meet very few in your Condition, that are not sick on't sooner. *Ca.* 'Tis one thing for a Man to cast himself into a Retreat, as if it were into a Well; and another thing to do it considerately, and by Degrees, as I have done; upon a thorough search of my Own Heart, and a due Contemplation of Humane Life: For at the Age of Eight and Twenty a Man may be supposed wise enough to know his Own Mind. As to the Place; what is the Place of any Mans abode, compar'd with the World? And any Place

Place is large enough, so long as it wants nothing for the Commodity of Life. How many are there that never stirr'd out of the City where they were born; and yet rest well enough contented within that Compass? But yet you'll say, If they were confin'd to't, it would give 'em a longing to go out. This is a common Fancy, which I am clear of. This Place is the whole World to me; and this Map here, shews me the Globe of the Earth; which I can travel over in a Thought, with more Security and Delight, than he that sails to the *Indies* for *Spice*, and *Pearl*. So. That ye say comes near the matter. *Ca.* Why should not I *shave my Head*, as well as you *clip yours*? If you do the One for *Commodities sake*, if there were nothing else in't, I would do the Other, for my *Health*. How many Noble *Venetians* shave their Heads all over? And then for our *Habit*, where's the Prodigy of it? Our *Garments* are for *two Ends*; Either to Defend us from *Heat* and *Cold*, or to cover our *Nakedness*: And does not this Garment now answer both these Ends? If the *Colour* offend you; why should not that become all *Christians*, which is given to us in *Baptism*? It is said also, *Take a White Garment*; so that this Colour does but mind me of what I promis'd in that Sacrament, the perpetual study of Innocency: And then if by *Solitude* you mean only a withdrawing from the Croud; you may reproach with This Solitude the *Ancient Prophets*, the *Eb-nick*, *Philosophers*, and many other Persons that have applied themselves to the Gaining of a good Mind, as well as Us. Nay, *Poets*, *Astrologers*, and other *Eminent Artists*, whensoever they have any thing in hand that is extraordinary, do commonly betake themselves to a *Retreat*. But why should this kind of Life be call'd a *Solitude*, when one single Friend

is a most delightful Contradiction to it? I have here almost twenty Companions, to all Sociable, and Honest Purposes; Visits more than I desire; and indeed more than are expedient. *So.* But you cannot have these always to talk with. *Ca.* Nor would I, if I could: For Conversation is the Pleasanter for being sometime interrupted. *So.* I fancy so too; for I never relish *Flesh* so well, as I do after a *Strict Lent*. *Ca.* Neither am I without Companions, when you take me most to be alone; and for *Delight* and *Entertainment*, worth a Thousand of your *Drolls*, and *Buffoons*. *So.* Where are they? *Ca.* Look you; here are the *four Evangelists*. In this Book, I can confer with him that accompanied the two Disciples in their way to *Emaus*, and with his Heavenly Discourse, made them forget the trouble of their Journey: With Him that made their Hearts burn within them, and inflam'd them with a Divine Ardor of receiving his blessed Words. In this little Study I converse with *Paul*, *Isaiab*, and the rest of the Prophets: *Chrysostome*, *Basil*, *Austin*, *Jerome*, *Cyprian*, with a World of other *Learned*, and *Eloquent Doctors*. Where have you such Company *Abroad* as this? Or what do you talk of *Solitude*, to a Man that has always *This Society*? *So.* But these People will signify nothing to me, that do not understand 'em. *Ca.* Now for our *Diet*; As to the *Quantity*, Nature contents her self with a little; and for the *Quality* of it, a *Belly full's a Belly full*; no matter what it is. Your *Palate* calls for *Partridge*, *Pheasant*, *Capon*; and a piece of *Stock-Fish* satisfies mine: and yet I am perswaded ~~my~~ *Body* is as good *Flesh* and *Blood* as yours. *So.* If you had a *Wife*, as I have, perhaps 'twould take off some of your *Mettle*. *Ca.* But however, we are at *Ease*, let our *Meat* be never so *plain*, or never so *little*.

*little.* So. In the mean time, ye live like *Jews*. *Ca.* You are too quick ; if we cannot come up to Christianity, we do at least aim at it. So. You place too much *Holiness* in *Meats*, *Formularies*, and other *Ceremonies*, neglecting the more weighty *Duties* of the *Gospel*. *Ca.* Let others answer for themselves ; but for my own part, I place no sort of Confidence in those things ; but only in *Christ*, and in the Sanctity of the *Mind*. So. Why do ye observe these things then ? *Ca.* For the preserving of *Peace*, and the avoiding of *Scandal*. There's little trouble in such a *Conformity* ; and I would not offend my Brother for so small a matter. Let the *Garment* be what it will, Men are yet so Nice, that agreement, or disagreement even in the smallest Matters, has a strange Influence upon the Publick *Peace*. The *shaving* of the *Head*, or the colour of the *Habit*, gives me no Title (of it self) to *Gods Favour*, and *Protection* : And yet if I should let my *Hair* grow, or change my *Gown* for a *Buff-coat*, would not the People take me for a *Phantastical Coxcomb* ? I have now told you My sense ; and pray'e let me have Yours, in requital. You ask't me e'en now, If there were no Physicians in this Quarter, when I put my self into a Cloyster : Where were they, I beseech you, when you left your young Wife, and pretty Children at Home, to Enrol your self a Souldier ? A Mercenary Bravo, to cut the Throats of your Fellow Christians for Wages ? And your business did not lye among Poppyes, and Rushes neither, but with Pikes and Gun-shot ; where, over and above the miserable Trade of Cutting their Throats for Money that never did you Hurt, you expose your Self, Body, and Soul, to Eternal Damnation. But here's none of this in a Cloyster. So. Is it not Lawful then to Kill an Enemy ? *Ca.* Yes, and Pious too, if it be in the defence of your Country,

try, your Wife, and Children, your Parents and Friends, your Religion, Liberties, and the Publick Peace. But what is This to a *Souldier of Fortune*? If you had been knockt on the Head in this service, I would not have given a Nut-shell to redeem the very Soul of you. *So.* No? *Ca.* As I am honest I would not. Speak your Conscience: Is it not better to be under the Command of a *Good Man*, whom we call our *Prior*; one that summons us to *Prayers*, *Holy Lectures*, the hearing of saving *Doctrine*, and the Glorifying of *God*, than to be subject to some *Barbarous Officer*, that Posts you away upon *Marches* at *Midnight*, sends you at his Pleasure hither and thither, backward and forward; exposes you to Shot, great and small, and assigns you your *Station*, where upon Necessity you must either *Kill* or be *Kill'd*? *So.* And all this is short yet. *Ca.* In case of any *Transgression*, here, upon the Point of *Discipline*, the Punishment is only *Admonition*, or some such slight Business. But in *War*, you must either *hang* for't, (if you cannot *compound* for *Beheading*) or run the *Gantlope*. *So.* All this is too true. *Ca.* And what have ye got now by all your great Adventures? Not much, if a Man may judg by your *Patch'd Breeches*. *So.* Nay, my own Stock is gone long since, and a good deal of other Peoples Money too: So that my business here is only to entreat you for a *Viaticum*. *Ca.* I would you had come hither before you embark'd your self in this Lewd Employment. But how come you to be so *Bare*? *So.* So *Bare*, do ye say? Why all's gone in *Wenches*, *Dice*, and *Tipple*. My *Pay*, my *Plunders*, and all the Advantages I made by *Rapine*, *Theft*, and *Sacrilege*. *Ca.* Miserable Creature! And all this while, your Wife, and your poor Children left to the wide World, to grieve themselves to Death; the Woman, that you promis'd

mis'd to forsake Father and Mother for. And still you call this *Living*, which was but wallowing in your Iniquities. *So.* The thing that Egg'd me on was, that I stand in so much Company. *Ca.* Will your Wife know you again, do you think? *So.* Why not? *Ca.* Your Scars have made you the Picture of quite another Man. What a Trench have you got here in your Forehead, as if you had had a Horn cut out? *So.* But if you knew the business, you'd say I came off well with a Scar. *Ca.* What was the matter? *So.* There was an Engine brake, and a Splinter of it struck me there. *Ca.* And that long Scar upon your Cheek? *So.* This I received in a Battle. *Ca.* What Battle? In the Field? *So.* No, It was a Battle at Dice, upon a quarrel about the Cast. *Ca.* Your Chin too looks as if 'twere stuck with Rubies. *So.* That's a small matter. *Ca.* Some Blow with a *French Faggot-stick*, (as they say.) *So.* Right: It was my *Third Clap*, and it had like to have been my Last. *Ca.* But you walk too, as if your Back were broke, like a Man of a hundred years old; what makes you go double so, as if you were a Mowing? *So.* 'Tis a kind of a *Convulsive Distemper*. *Ca.* A Wonderful *Metamorphosis*! From a *Horseman*, to a *Centaure*, and from a *Centaure*, to an *Insect*; a Kind of *Creeper*. *So.* The Fortune of the War. *Ca.* Or the Madness of your Mind. But what *Spoils* have you brought home for your Wife and Children? The *Leprosie*, I see; for that Scab is only a Spice on't, and only priviledg'd from the Pest-House, because 'tis a Disease in Fashion: For, which very reason, it should be the rather avoided. This is now to be rubb'd upon the Face of your Poor Wife; to whom, instead of an *Industrious Husband*, you have only brought back *Innumerable Diseases*, and a *Living Carcass*. *So.* Pray'e give over

Chiding of me ; for I'm miserable enough without it.  
*Ca.* Nay, This is the least part of your Calamity,  
for your *Soul* is yet fouler than your *Body* ; more *Pu-  
trid* and *Ulcer'd* ; and yet more dangerously wounded.  
*So.* It is more Unclean, I do confess, than a Publick  
*Jakes.* *Ca.* But to God and his Angels it is still more  
Offensive. *So.* If you have done wrangling, pray'e  
think of some Relief to help me on in my Journey.  
*Ca.* I have nothing my self to give you, but I'll speak  
to the *Prior.* *So.* But if any thing should be allow'd  
me, will you receive it for me ? There are so many  
rubs in the way in Cases of this Nature. *Ca.* Others  
may do as they please, but I have no Hands, either to  
give Money, or to take it. We'll talk more on't after  
Dinner, for 'tis now time to sit down.

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THE



THE  
 Apotheosis of CAPNIO;  
 OR,  
*The Franciscan's Vision.*

C O L. XI.

*A Pleasant Relation of John Reuchlin's Ghost  
 appearing to a Franciscan in a Dream; and  
 St. Jerome's coming to him, and Cloathing  
 him, to take him up into Heaven: With se-  
 veral Comical Circumstances that past upon the  
 Way, betwixt his Death, and his Canoniza-  
 tion or Ascension.*

POMPILIUS, BRASSICANUS.

Po. **W**HERE have you been, with your  
*Spatter-Lashes?* Br. At *Tubingua*.  
 Po. Have ye any News there?  
 Br. 'Tis a wonderful thing that  
 the World should run so strangely a madding af-  
 ter News. I heard a *Camel* in a Pulpit at *Louvain*,  
 charge his Auditory upon their Salvation, to have  
 nothing to do with any thing that was New. Po.  
 Thou

Thou mean'st a *Carmelite*; but it was a Conceit indeed fit for a *Camel*: Or if it were a *Man*, by my Consent, he should never change his Shoos, his Linnen, or his Breeches; and I would have him dieted with Souce, Musty Drink, and Rotten Eggs. *Br.* But yet for all this, you must know that the Good Man had rather have his Porridge Fresh, than Stale. *Po.* Prethee come to the Point; and tell me what News. *Br.* Nay, I have News in my Budget too; but *News*, he says, is a *wicked thing*. *Po.* Well; but that which is *New*, will come to be *Old*. Now if all *Old* things be *Good*, and all *New* things *Bad*; that which is *Good* at present, will hereafter be *Bad*; and that which is now *Bad*, will hereafter be *Good*. *Br.* According to the Doctrine of the *Camel*, it must be so; and a *young wicked Fool*, will come to be an *old good One*. *Po.* But prethee let's have the News whatever it is. *Br.* The famous *Triple-Tongued Phoenix* of Erudition, *John Reuchlin*, is departed this Life. *Po.* For certain? *Br.* Nay, it is too certain. *Po.* And where's the hurt on't, for a Man to leave an Immortal Memory of his Name, and Reputation behind him, and so pass from this miserable World, to the Seats of the Blessed? *Br.* How do you know that to be the Case? *Po.* It cannot be otherwise, if his Death was answerable to his Life. *Br.* And you'd be more and more of that Opinion, if you knew as much as I. *Po.* What's that, I pray? *Br.* No, no; I must not tell ye. *Po.* Why not? *Br.* Because he that told me the thing, made me promise Secrecy. *Po.* Trust me, upon the same Condition; and upon my honest Word, I'll keep your Counsel. *Br.* That same *Honest Word* has so oft deceived me. But yet I'll venture't; especially, being a matter of such a quality, that it is fit all good Men should know it. There

is a certain *Franciscan* at *Tubinga*, (a Man of singular Holiness, in every Bodies Opinion but his own.)  
*Po.* The greatest Argument in the World of true Piety! *Br.* If I should tell you his Name, you'd say as much; for you know the Man. *Po.* Shall I guess at him? *Br.* Do so. *Po.* Hold your Ear then. *Br.* Why? Here's no Body within hearing. *Po.* But however for fashion sake. *Br.* The very Man. *Po.* Nay, ye may swear it; for if he says it, 'tis as true as Gospel. *Br.* Mind me then, and I'll give ye the naked Truth of the Story. My Friend *Reuchlin* had a dangerous Fit of Sicknes; but not without some hope of Recovery neither. What Pity 'tis that so admirable a Man should ever grow Old, Sicken, or Dye! One Morning I made my *Franciscan* a Visit, to put off some trouble of thoughts, by diverting my self in his Company; for when my Friend was Sick, (do ye see?) I was Sick; and I lov'd him as my own Father. *Po.* As if ever any honest Man would have done otherwise! *Br.* My *Franciscan* bad me chear up; for *Reuchlin* (says he) is well. What? (said I) Is he well again so soon? For but two days ago the Doctors despair'd of him. Then satisfy your self, says he, for he's so well, that he shall never be Sick again. The Tears stood in my Eyes, and my *Franciscan* taking notice of it, Pray'e be patient, (says he) till I have told you all. I have not seen the Man this week, but I pray for him every day that goes over my head. This very Morning, after *Mattins*, I threw my self upon my Bed, and fell into a gentle, pleasant Slumber. *Po.* My mind gives me already there will come some good on't. *Br.* And yours is no ill *Genius*. Methought I was standing by a little Bridge that led into a Meadow, so wonderfully Fine, what with the Emerald Verdure, and freshness of the Trees and Grass; the Infinite Beauty,

Beauty, and variety of Flowers, and the Fragrancy of all together, that all the Fields on this side the River lookt dead, blasted and withered, in Comparison. In the *Interim*, while I was wholly taken up with this Prospect, who should come by (in a lucky hour) but *Reuchlin*? And as he pass'd, he gave me (in *Hebrew*) his Blessing. He was gotten above half over the Bridge, before I was aware; and as I was about to run up to him, he lookt back, and bade me stand off. *Your time* (says he) *is not yet come; but five Years hence you are to follow me. In the mean while, be you a Witness, and a Spectator of what's done.* I put in a word here, and ask'd him, if *Reuchlin* was *Cloth'd* or *Naked*; *Alone*, or in *Company*. He had nothing upon him (says he) but *one Garment*, and that was *White*, and *Shining*, like *Damask*; and a very pretty Boy behind him, with *Wings*, which I took for his good *Genius*. *Po.* Then he had no *evil Genius* with him? *Br.* Yes; the *Franciscan* told me, he thought he had; for there followed him a good way off, certain *Birds* that were Black all over, saving, that when they spread their *Wings*, they seem'd to have a mixture of *Feathers* that were betwixt *White* and *Carnation*. By their *Colour* and *Cry*, one might have taken them for *Pyes*; but that they were sixteen times as big; and about the *Size* of *Vultures*. They had *Combs* upon their *Heads*, and a kind of *Gorbelly'd Kites*, with *Crooked Beaks*, and *Tallons*. If there had been but three of them, I should have taken them for *Harpies*. *Po.* And what did these Devils do? *Br.* They kept their distance, Chattering, and Squaling at the *Heroick Reuchlin*, and would certainly have set upon him if they durst. *Po.* Why, what hinder'd 'em? *Br.* *Reuchlin's* turning upon 'em, and making the Sign of the Cross at 'em.

Be gone, says he, ye *cursed Fiends*, to a place that's fitter for you. You have work enough to do among *Mortals*, but you have no Commission to meddle with me, that am now listed in the Roll of *Immortality*. The words were no sooner out of his Mouth, says my *Franciscan*, but these filthy Birds took their Flight, and left such a Stink behind them, that a Close-stool would have been Orange-flower-water to it; and he swore, that he would rather go to Hell, than even snuff up such a Perfume again. Po. A Curse upon these Pests! Br. But hear what the *Franciscan* told me more. While I was musing upon this, St. *Jerome* (says he) was gotten close to the Bridge; and saluted *Reuchlin*, in these very Words, God save thee my most Holy Companion. I am commanded to conduct thee to the blessed Souls above, as a Reward from the Divine Bounty, of thy most pious Labours. With that, he took out a Garment, and put it upon *Reuchlin*. Tell me then, (said I) in what Habit or Shape St. *Jerome* appear'd? Was he so old as they Paint him? Did he wear a *Cowl*, or a *Hat*; and the Dress of a *Cardinal*? Or had he a *Lion* for his Companion? Nothing of all this (said he) but his Person was Comely, and his Age was only such, as carried Dignity with it, without the Offence of any sort of Sluttery: But what need had he there of a *Lion* by his side, as he is commonly Painted? His Gown came down to his Heels, as Transparent as Christal, and of the same Fashion with that he gave to *Reuchlin*. It was painted over with Tongues of three several Colours; in imitation of the *Ruby*, the *Emerald*, and the *Saphyre*. And beside the clearness of it, the Order made it exceeding graceful. Po. An intimation, I suppose, of the three Tongues that they profess'd. Br. No doubt on't; for upon the very Borders of his Garments, were the Characters of these three Languages, in many

ny Colours. *Po.* Had *Jerome* no *Company* with him? *Br.* No *Company*, do ye say? The whole Field swarm'd with *Myriads* of *Angels*, that flew in the Air as thick as Atomes: (Pardon the meanness of the Comparison) If they had not been as clear as the Glass, there would have been no Heaven nor Earth to be seen. *Po.* How glad am I now for poor *Reuchlin*! But what followed? *Br.* *Jerome*, says he, for *Respects* sake, giving *Reuchlin* the Right hand, and embracing him; carry'd him into the Meadow, and so up to the top of a Hill that was in the middle of it, where they kiss'd and hugg'd one another again. And now the *Heavens* open'd to a prodigious wide-ness, and there appear'd a Glory so unutterable, as made every thing else that pass'd for wonderful before, to look Mean and Sordid. *Po.* Cannot you give us some Representation of it? *Br.* No, How should I without seeing it? But he that did see it, assures me, that the Tongue of Man is not able to express the very Dream of it. And further, that he would dye a thousand Deaths to see it over again, tho it were but for one moment. *Po.* Very good. And how then? *Br.* Out of this *Overture*, there was let down a great *Pillar of Fire*, which was both *Transparent*, and very agreeable. By the means of this *Pillar*, *Two Holy Souls* embraced one another, ascend- ed to Heaven; a Quire of *Angels* all the while ac- companying them, with so charming a Melody, that the *Franciscan* says, he is not able to think of the Delight of it, without weeping. And after this, there followed an incomparable *Perfume*. His Sleep (or rather the Vision) was no sooner over, but he started up like a Mad-man, and call'd for his Bridge, and his Meadow, without either speaking or thinking of any thing else; and there was no perswading of him to believe that he was any longer in his Cell.

The

The *Seniors* of the *Convent*, when they found the Story to be no Fable (for 'tis clear, that *Reuchlin* dy'd at the very instant of this appearance to the Holy Man) they unanimously gave Thanks to God, that abundantly rewards good Men for their good Deeds.

Po. What have we more to do then, but to enter this Holy Man's Name in the *Kalendar* of our *Saints*?

Br. I should have taken care for that, tho the *Franciscan* had seen nothing of all this: And in *Golden Letters* too, I'll assure ye, next to *St. Jerome* himself.

Po. And let me dye, if I don't put him in my Book so too.

Br. And then I'll set him in Gold, in my little Chappel, among the choicest of my *Saints*.

Po. If I had a Fortune to my Mind, I'd have him in Diamonds.

Br. He shall stand in my Library the very next to *St. Jerome*.

Po. And I'll have him so in mine too.

Br. We live in an ungrateful World, or else all People would do the same thing too, that love Learning and Languages; especially, the Holy Tongues.

Po. Truly it is no more than he deserves. But does it not a little stick in your Stomach, that he's not yet Canoniz'd by the Authority of the Bishop of Rome?

Br. I pray'e who Canoniz'd (for that's the word) who Canoniz'd *St. Jerome*, *Paul*, the *Virgin Mother*? Tell me, whose Memory is more Sacred among all good Men, those that by their eminent Piety, and the Monuments of their Learning, and good Life, have entituled themselves to the Veneration of Posterity; or *Catherina Senensis* (for the purpose) that was Sainted by *Pius 2.* in favour of the Order and City?

Po. You say true; That's the right Worship that's paid voluntarily to the Merits of the Dead; whose benefits will never be forgotten.

Br. And can you then deplore the Death of this Man? If long Life be a Blessing, he enjoy'd it; he left immortal Monuments of his Virtue:



tue; and by his good Works, consecrated himself to Eternity. He's now in Heaven, above the reach of misfortune, and conversing with St. *Jerome*. *Po.* But he suffer'd a great deal, tho' in this Life. *Br.* And yet St. *Jerome* suffer'd more? 'Tis a Blessing to be persecuted by wicked Men, for being Good. *Po.* I confess it; and St. *Jerome* suffered many Indignities from wicked Men for his Virtues. *Br.* That which Satan did formerly, by the *Scribes* and *Pharisees* against our *Saviour*, he continues still to do by *Pharisees* against Good Men, that have deserved well from the World by their Studies. He does now reap the Fruit of the Seed that was Sow'd. In the mean time it will be our part to preserve his memory Sacred, to glorify him, and to address to him in some such manner as follows. *Holy Soul! be Propitious to Languages, and to those that Cultivate and Refine them. Favour Holy Tongues, and destroy Evil Tongues, that are infected with the Poyson of Hell.* *Po.* I'll do't my self, and perswade all my Friends to do't. I make no question, but we shall find those that will employ their interest to get some little Form of Prayer, according to Custom; to perpetuate the Honour and Memory of this blessed *Hero*. *Br.* Do you mean that which they call a *Collect*? *Po.* Yes. *Br.* I have one ready, that I provided before his Death. *Po.* I pray'e let's hear it. *Br.* O God that art the Lover of Mankind, and by thy chosen Servant John Reuchlin, hast renewed to Mankind the Gift of Tongues, by which thy Holy Spirit from above, did formerly enable the Apostles for the Preaching of the Gospel: Grant that all People may in all Tongues, Preach the Glory of thy Son, to the confounding of the Tongues of the false Apostles, who being in Confederacy, to uphold the wicked Tower of Babel, endeavour to obscure thy Glory, by advancing their own; when to thee alone is due all Glory, &c. *Po.* A most

most Elegant and Holy Prayer! And it shall be my daily one. How happy was this Occasion to me, that brought me to the knowledg of so Edifying, and so Delightful a Story? Br. May that Joy last long too; and so Farewel.

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# THE FUNERAL.

COL. XII.

*In the differing Ends of Belearicus and Montius, here is set forth the Vanity, Pomp and Superstition of the Funerals of some Rich and Worldly Men: With the Practices of too many of the Monks upon them in their Extremities. As also, how a Good Christian ought to demean himself when he comes to Dye.*

MARCOLPHUS, PHÆDRUS.

*Ma.* **W**HY, how go Matters, *Phædrus*?  
 Thou look'st methinks, as if thou  
 hadst been eaten, and spew'd up  
 again. *Ph.* Why so, I beseech  
 ye? *Ma.* So sad, so sowre, so  
 ghastly, so forlorn a Wight: Thou hast not one bit  
 of *Phædrus* about thee. *Phæd.* What can you expect  
 better, from one that has been so many days among  
 the Sick, the Dying, and the Dead? You might  
 as well wonder to see a *Black-Smith*, or a *Chimney-  
 Sweeper*.

*Sweeper* with a dirty Face. Well, *Marcolphus* ! Two such Losses are enough to put any Man out of Humour. *Ma.* Have you buri'd any of your Friends then ? *Ph.* You knew *George Balearicus*. *Ma.* Only his Name, but I never saw his Face. *Ph.* He's one, and *Cornelius Montius* the other ; ( my very particular Friend ) but he, I suppose, was wholly a Stranger to you. *Ma.* It was never my Fortune yet to see any Man breathe his last. *Ph.* But it has been mine too often, if I might have had my wish. *Ma.* Pray'e tell me, is Death so Terrible as they make it ? *Ph.* The Way to't, is worse than the Thing it self ; for the *Apprehension* is the greatest part of the Evil. Beside, that our Resignation to the Will of God makes all the Bitterness, as well of Sickness, as of Death, easy to us. There can be no great Sense of any thing in the Instant of the Souls leaving the Body. For before it comes to that point, the Faculty it self is become Dull and Stupid ; and commonly laid asleep. *Ma.* What do we feel when we're Born ? *Ph.* The Mother feels something however, if we do not. *Ma.* Why would not Providence let us go out of the World as smoothly as we came into't ? *Ph.* Our Birth is made painful to the Mother, to make the Child dearer to her ; and Death is made formidable to Mankind, to deter us from laying violent Hands upon our Selves ; for if so many make away themselves as the case stands already, what would they do, if the dread of Death were taken away ? If a Servant, or a Child were but corrected ; a Family-quarrel started, a Sum of Money lost, or any thing else went Cross, Men would presently repair to Halters, Swords, Rivers, Precipices, Poysons, for their Relief. It is the Terror of Death, that makes us set the greater value upon Life ; especially, considering that there's no

Redemption; for the Dead are out of the reach of the Doctor. Now so it is, that we do not all either come into the World, or go out of it alike. Some dye sooner, others later; some one way, some another: A Lethargy takes a Man away without any Sense of Death; as if he were Stung with an Asp, he goes off in's Sleep. Or be it as it will, There is no Death so Tormenting, but that a Man may overcome it with Resolution. *Ma.* Pray'e tell me, which of your two Friends bore his Fate the most like a Christian? *Ph.* Why truly, in my Opinion, *George* dy'd the more like a Man of Honour. *Ma.* Is there any Sense of Ambition then, when we come to that Point? *Ph.* I never saw two People make such different Ends. If you'll give it the Hearing, I'll tell you the Story, and leave you to judge which was likest a Christian. *Ma.* Let's have it, I beseech ye, for I have the greatest mind in the World to hear't. *Ph.* I'll begin with my Friend *George*.

So soon as ever it could be certainly known that his Hour was drawing on; the *Physitians* that had attended him throughout his Sickness, gave to understand the Pains they had taken, and that there was matter of Money in the Case; but not a Word of the Despair they had of his Life. *Ma.* How many *Physitians* might there be? *Ph.* Sometimes *Ten*; sometimes *Twelve*; but never under *Six*. *Ma.* E-now in all Conscience to have done the Business of a Man in perfect Health. *Ph.* Their Money was no sooner paid, but they privately hinted to some of his near Relations, that his Death was at hand, and advis'd them to take the best Care they could for the good of his Soul, for his Body was past hope. This was handsomely intimated by some of his particular Friends to *George* himself, desiring him, that  
he

he would remit the Business of his *Life* to *Providence*, and turn his Thoughts now toward the Comforts of another *World*. Upon this News, George cast many a soure Look at the *Physitians*, taking it very heinously, that they should now leave him in his distress. They told him, that *Physitians* were but *Men*, not *Gods*; and that they had done as much as *Art* could do to save him; but there was no remedy against *Fate*; and so they went into the next Chamber. *Ma*. What did they stay for after they were paid? *Ph*. They were not yet agreed upon the *Disease*. One would have it to be a *Dropsy*; another, an *Apothème* in the *Guts*; Every Man of them would needs have it a several *Disease*; and this dispute they were very hot upon, throughout his whole Sickness. *Ma*. The Patient had a blessed time on't all this while! *Ph*. For the deciding of this Controversy, First, They desir'd by his Wife that the Body might be open'd; which would be for his Honour, a thing usual among Persons of Quality. Secondly, they suggested how beneficial it might be to others, which he would have the Comfort of, by increasing the Bulk of his *Merits*, and then they promis'd him *Thirty Masses* at their own Charge, for the good of his *Soul*. There was much ado to bring him to't; but at last, by *Importunities* and *fair Words*, the thing was obtain'd; and so the whole Consultation was dissolv'd; for *Physitians*, whose Business it is to preserve Life, do not think it convenient to be present, either at their Patients Death, or Funeral. By and by, *Bernardinus* was sent for to take his *Confession*: a Reverend Man, ye know, and *Warden* of the *Franciscans*. His *Confession* was no sooner over, but there was a whole House-full of the four Orders of *Begging Fryers*. *Ma*. What, so many *Vultures* to one *Carkass*? *Ph*. And

now, the *Parish-Priest* was call'd to give him *Extreme Unction*, and the *Sacrament* of the *Eucharist*. *Ma.* Religious People! *Ph.* But there had like to have been a bloody Fray, betwixt the *Priest*, and the *Monks*. *Ma.* What? At the *Patients Bed-side*! *Ph.* Nay, and *Christ* himself *looking on* too. *Ma.* Upon what occasion? *Ph.* The *Parish-Priest*, so soon as ever he found that *George* had *Confessed* to a *Franciscan*, did *Point-blank* refuse to give him, either the *Sacrament* of *Unction*, or the *Eucharist*; or so much as the *Common Rights* of *Burial*; unless he heard his *Confession* with his own *Ears*. He was to be accomptable for his *Flock himself*, he said; And how could he answer for any *Man*, without knowing the *Secrets* of his *Conscience*? *Ma.* And don't you think he was in the right? *Ph.* They did not think so, for they all fell upon him, especially, *Bernardinus*, and *Vincentius* the *Dominican*. *Ma.* What did they urge? *Ph.* They told the *Curate*, he was an *Ast*, and fitter for a *Hogdriver*, than a *Pastor*, and rattled him to some tune. I am a *Batchelor* of *Divinity*, (says *Vincentius*) and shortly to be *Licens'd*, and take my *Degree* of *Doctor*; and shall such a *Dunce* as thou art, that can hardly read a *Letter* in the *Book*, be peeping into the *Secrets* of a *Mans Conscience*? If you have such an *Itch* of *Curiosity*, you had best enquire into the *Privacies* of your *Concubine*, and your *Bastards* at *Home*. I could say more, but I am ashamed of the *Story*. *Ma.* And did he say nothing to all this? *Ph.* Nothing, do ye say? Never was any *Man* so nettled. I'll make a *Better Batchelor* than you are, says he, of a *Bean-Stalk*. I pray, what were your *Masters*, *Dominicus* and *Franciscus*? Where did they ever learn *Aristotle's Philosophy*; the *Arguments* of *Thomas*, or the *Speculations* of *Scotus*? Where did they take their *Degree* of *Bachelors*?



*Bachelors?* Ye crept into a *Believing World*, a Company of poor, humble Wretches of ye, (tho some, I must confess, were Devout and Learned.) Ye nestled at first, in *Fields* and *Villages*, and so by Degrees, transplanted your selves into *Opulent Cities*, and none but the best part of them neither, would content ye. Your business lay then only in Places that could not maintain a *Pastor*; but now, forsooth, none but great Mens Houses will serve your turn. You value your selves much upon the Title of *Priests*, but all your *Priviledges* are not worth a Rush, unless in the *Absence* of the *Bishop*, *Pastor*, or his *Curate*. Not a Man of you shall come into my *Pulpit*, I assure ye, so long as I am *Pastor*. 'Tis true, I am no *Batchelor*; no more was *St. Martin*, and yet he discharg'd the Office of a *Bishop*. If I have not so much Learning as I should, I'll never come a begging to you for't. The World is grown Wiser now adays, than to think that the *Holiness* of *Dominicus* and *Franciscus*, is entail'd upon the *Habit*. You're much concern'd what I do in my own House: 'Tis the common talk of the People what you do in your Cells; and at what rate you behave your selves, with your *Holy Virgins*; and how many *Illustrious Palaces* ye have turn'd into direct *Bawdy-Houses*. *Marcolphus*, you must excuse me for the rest, for it is too foul to be told: But in truth, he handled the Reverend Fathers without *Mittens*: And there would have been no end on't, if *George* had not held up his hand, in token that he had something to say. With much ado, the Storm was laid at last, and they gave the Patient the Hearing. Peace (says he) be among ye: I'll Confess my self over again to my Parish-Priest: and see all the Charge of Ringing, of my Funeral Rites, Burial and Monument, paid ye before ye go out of the House; and take such Order, that

*ye shall have no Cause to Complain.* *Ma.* I hope the *Parish-Priest* was pleased with this. *Ph.* He was pacifi'd in some measure; only something he mutter'd about *Confession*; but he remitted it at last, and told them that there was no need of troubling either the *Priest*, or the *Patient*, with the same things again; but if he had Confess'd to me in time (says he) he would have made his *Will* perhaps upon better Considerations. But now we must e'en take it as it is; and if it be not as it should be, it must be at your door. This *Equity* of the *Sick Man's* gall'd the *Monks* to the very Heart, to think that any part of the *Booty* should go to the *Priest* of the *Parish*. But upon my *Intercession* Matters were Compos'd; and the *Parish-Priest* gave the *Sick Man* the *Unction* and the *Eucharist*, receiv'd his *Money*, and so went his way. *Ma.* And now all was well again, was it not? *Ph.* So far from it, that this *Tempest* was no sooner Laid, but a worse follow'd. *Ma.* Upon what Ground, I pray thee? *Ph.* To the four Orders of *Beggars*, that were gotten into the House, there was now join'd with them a Fifth one, of *Cross-bearers*, which put the other *Mendicants* into a direct Tumult against the Fifth Order, as *Illegitimate* and *Spurious*. Where did you ever see (says one of them) a *Waggon* with Five *Wheels*? Or with what Face will any *Man* pretend to reckon more *Mendicant Orders*, than there were *Evangelists*? At this rate, you may e'en as well call in All the *Beggars* to ye from the *Bridges* and *Cross-ways*. *Ma.* What said the *Cross-bearers* to this? *Ph.* They ask'd how the *Waggon* of the *Church* went, before there was any Order of *Mendicants* at all? And so after that, when there was but One Order; and then again, when there were Three: For the Number of the *Evangelists* (say they) has no more Affinity with our Order,

Order, than with the Dye, for having *four Angles*. Who brought the *Augustines*, or the *Carmelites* into *That Order*? Or when did *Augustine*, or *Elias Beg*? (whom they make to be the *Principals* of their *Order*.) This, and a great deal more, they thunder'd out; but being over-power'd with Numbers, they were forc'd to give way; but not without Threatning a Revenge. *Ma*. I hope all was quiet now. *Ph*. No, no; for *This Confederacy* against the *Fifth Order*, was come almost to *Daggers drawing*; The *Franciscan*, and *Dominican* would not allow the *Augustines* and *Carmelites* to be *True Mendicants*; but only *Bastard*, and *Supposititious*. The Brawl went so High, that every Body expected it would have come to *Blows*. *Ma*. And was the *Sick Man* forc'd to suffer all This? *Ph*. They were not in his *Bed-Chamber*, now, ye must know; but in a Court that join'd to't: Which was all one, for he heard every word that was spoken; there was no whispering, believe me, but they very fairly exercis'd their Lungs: beside, that in a Fit of Sickness, Men are commonly Quicker of Hearing than Ordinary. *Ma*. But what was the End of This Dispute? *Ph*. The Patient sent them word by his Wife, that if they would but be quiet a little, and hold their Tongues, all things should be set right: and therefore desir'd, that for the present, the *Augustines*, and *Carmelites* would Depart, and they should be no Losers by it: for they should have the same Proportion of Meat sent them home, which the rest had that staid. He gav'd direction, to have all the *Five Orders* assist at his *Funeral*; and for an *Equal Dividend* of Money, to every one of them: But to have taken them all to a *Common Table*, would have endanger'd a *Tumult*. *Ma*. The Man understood *Oeconomy*, I perceive, that had the Skill, even at his Death,

Death, to atone so many Differences. *Ph.* Alas! he had been an *Officer* a long time in the *Army*, where he was us'd to *Mutinies*. *Ma.* Had he any *Great Estate*? *Ph.* A very *Great* one. *Ma.* But *Ill gotten*, as commonly, by *Rapine*, *Sacrilege*, and *Extortions*. *Ph.* After the *Soldiers Method*; and I will not swear for Him neither, that he was one jot better than his *Neighbours*. But still, if I do not mistake the *Man*, he made his *Fortune*, rather by his *Wit*, than by *Downright Violence*. *Ma.* How so? *Ph.* He had very great *Skill* in *Arithmetick*. *Ma.* And what of that? *Ph.* Why he would reckon 30000 *Soldiers*, when there were but 7000: and Those not paid neither. *Ma.* Truly a *Compendious way* of *Arithmetick*! *Ph.* And then he was a *Great Master* of his *Trade*; for he had a way of getting *Monthly Contributions* on *Both Sides*: from his *Enemies*, that he might spare them; and from his *Friends*, as an *Allowance* for them to deal with the *Enemy*. *Ma.* Well, well, I know the *Common way* of *Soldiers*; but make an end of your *Story*. *Ph.* *Bernardinus*, and *Vincentius*, with some of their *Fellows*, continu'd with the *Sick Man*; and the *Rest* had their *Provisions* sent them. *Ma.* But how did they agree among *Themselves* that staid upon *Duty*? *Ph.* Not perfectly well: For I heard some *Grumbling* among 'em about the *Prerogative* of their *Bulls*; but they were fain to dissemble the *Matter*, that they might go the better on with their *Work*.

The *Will* is now produc'd; and *Covenants* enter'd into before *Witnesses*, according to what they had agreed upon between *Themselves*. *Ma.* I should be glad to hear what That was. *Ph.* I'll tell ye in short: For the *Whole Business* would be a *Long History*. He leaves a *Widow* of *Thirty Eight Years*  
of

of Age; a Sincere and a Virtuous Woman. He leaves Two Sons, the one of Eighteen, the other of Fifteen; and Two Daughters, both under Age. He provided by his Testament, that since his Wife would not confine her self to a Cloyster, she should put on the Habit of a Beghin, (which is a middle Order, betwixt Layick and Religious.) The Elder Son, because he could not be prevail'd upon to turn Monk — Ma. There's no catching Old Birds with Chaff. Ph. He was immediately after his Father's Funeral, to ride Post to Rome; where being made a Priest, before his time, by the Pope's Dispensation, he should for One Year say Mass every day in the Lateran Church, for his Father's Soul; and every Friday creep upon his Knees, up the Holy Steps there. Ma. And did he take this Task upon himself, willingly? Ph. With as much Submission as an Ass bears his Burthen. His Younger Son was Dedicated to St. Francis; His Elder Daughter to St. Clare; and the Younger to Catharina Senensis. This was all could be obtain'd: For it was George's Purpose (to lay the Greater Obligation upon God Almighty) to dispose of the Five Survivors into the Five Orders of Mendicants; and it was hard press'd too: but his Wife, and his Eldest Son were not to be wrought upon by any Terms, fair or foul. Ma. Why, this is a kind of Disinberiting. Ph. The Whole Estate was so Divided, that the Funeral Charges being First taken out, One Twelfth part of it was to go to his Wife: One Half of That for her Maintenance, and the Other to the Stock of the place where she dispos'd of her self. Another Twelfth Part to go to the Elder Son, with a Viaticum, and as much Money as would purchase him a Dispensation, and Maintain him at Rome: Provided always, that if he should change his Mind, and refuse to be Initiated into Holy Orders;

*Orders* ; his *Portion* to be divided betwixt the *Franciscans* , and *Dominicans*. And That , I fear , will be the End on't : for he had a strange Abhorrence to That Course of Life. *Two Twelfth Parts* are to go to the *Monastery* that receives his *Younger Son* ; and *Two more* , to *Those* that should entertain his *Daughters* ; but upon Condition , that if They refuse to *profess* Themselves , *All the Money* should go *Whole* , to the *Cloyster*. Another *Twelfth Part* , to *Bernardinus* , and as much to *Vincentius*. *Half a Share* to the *Carthusians* ; for the *Good Works* of the *Whole Order* ; One *Remaining Part and Half* , to be divided among such *Poor* as *Bernardinus* , and *Vincentius* should judge worthy of the *Charity*. *Ma.* It would have been more *Lawyer-like* to have said *Quos, vel Quas* , instead of *Quos* only , as I find. *Ph.* The *Testament* was read ; and the *Stipulation* ran in *These Words* : *George Balearicus* ; Now whilst thou art in *Life* , and sound *Sense* , dost thou approve of *This Testament* , which has been made *Long* since by thy *Direction* and *Appointment* ? I approve it. Is this Thy *Last* , and *Unchangeable Will* ? It is. And Dost thou *Constitute Me* , and this *Bachelor Vincentius* , the *Executors* of *This thy Last Will* ? I do so. And then he was *Commanded* to *Subscribe*. *Ma.* How could he *Write* when he was *Dying* ? *Ph.* *Bernardinus* Guided his *Hand*. *Ma.* What did he *Subscribe* ? *Ph.* *Whosoever* shall presume to *Violate This Testament* , may *St. Francis* and *St. Dominick* Confound him. *Ma.* But what if they had brought an *Action* , *Testamenti Inofficiosi* ? *Ph.* That *Action* will not hold , in things *Dedicated* to *God* ; Nor will any *Man* run the hazard of a *Suit* with him. When *This* was *Over* , the *Wife* , and *Children* give the *Sick Man* their *Right Hands* , and swear *Observance* to his *Directions*.

After

After This, they fell to treat about the *Funeral Pomp*; and there was a Squabble There too; but it was carried at last, that there should be present, *Nine*, out of every one of the *Five Orders*, for the Honour of the *Five Volumes* of *Moses*, and the *Nine Quire* of *Angels*; Every Order to carry its proper *Cross*, and sing the *Funeral Songs*. To these, beside the Kindred, there should be *Thirty Torch-bearers*, all in *Mourning*, and in Memory of the *Thirty Pieces* of *Silver* that our *Saviour* was sold for; and for Respect sake, *Twelve Mourners* to accompany Them; as a *Number Sacred* to the *Apostolical Order*. Behind the *Bier* follow'd *George's Horse*, all in *Mourning*; with his *Head* ty'd down to his *Knee*, as if he were Looking upon the *Ground* for his *Master*. The *Pall* being hung round with *Escutcheons*, and so were the *Garments* both of the *Bearers*, and *Mourners*. The *Body* it self was to be laid at the *Right Hand* of the *High Altar*, in a *Marble Tomb*, some *Four Foot* from the *Ground*; and He himself at his *Length*, upon the *Top* on't. His *Image* cut in the *Purest Marble*, and in *Armour* from *Head* to *Foot*: To His *Helmet*, a *Crest*; which was the Neck of an *Onocrotalus*; a *Shield* upon his *Left Arm*, charged with *Three Bores Heads*, Or, in a *Field Argent*; a *Sword* by his side, with a *Golden Hilt*, and a *Belt Embroidered* with *Gold*, and *Pearl*: *Golden Spurs*, and *All*, *Gold*, for he was *Eques Auratus*. He had a *Leopard* at his *Feet*, and an *Inscription* worthy of so great a *Man*. His *Heart* was to be laid in the *Chappel* of *St. Francis*, and his *Bowels* bequeath'd to the *Parish*, to be Honourably *Interr'd* in our *Ladies Chappel*. *Ma.* This was a *Noble Funeral*, but a *Dear one*. Now at *Venice* a *Cobler* should have as much *Honour* done him, and with little or no *charge* at all. The *Company* gives him a handsom *Coffin*; and they have *Six hundred*



dred Monks, all in their *Habits*, many times, to attend *One Body*. *Ph.* I have seen it my self, and cannot but laugh at the *Vanity* of those poor People. The *Fullers* and *Tanners* march in the *Van*, the *Coblers* bring up the *Rear*, and the *Monks* march in the *Body*. This Mixture made it look like a *Chimæra*; and *George* had This Caution too, that the *Franciscans*, and *Dominicans* should draw *Lots*, who should go *First*; and after *Them*, the *Rest*, for fear of a *Tumult*, or *Quarrelling* for *Place*. The *Parish-Priest* and his *Clerks* went *Last*: for the *Monks* would never indure it otherwise. *Ma.* *George* had Skill, I find, in *Marshalling* of a *Ceremony*, as well as of an *Army*. *Ph.* And it was provided, that the *Funeral Service*, which was to be perform'd by the *Parish-Priest*, should proceed in *Musick*, for the Greater Honour of the *Defunct*. While these things were a doing, the *Patient* was seiz'd with a *Convulsion*, which was a Certain Token that his *Dissolution* was at hand: So that they were now come to the *Last Act*. *Ma.* Why, is not all done yet? *Ph.* No; For now the *Popes Bull* is to be read, wherein he is promised a Total *Pardon* of All his *Sins*, and an *Exemption* from the Fear of *Purgatory*; with a *Justification*, over and above, of his *Whole Estate*. *Ma.* What? Of an *Estate* gotten by *Violence*? *Ph.* Gotten by the *Law*, and *Fortune* of the *War*: But it happen'd that a Brother of his Wives, one *Philip*, a *Civilian*, was by at the reading of the *Bull*; and took notice of *One Passage* in it, that was not as it should be, which made him *Jealous* of *Foil Play*. *Ma.* This came very *Unseasonable*; Or if there had been any *Error*, it might have been *dissembled*, and the *Sick Man* never the worse for't. *Ph.* You say very well; and I assure ye it wrought upon *George* so, that it had like to have cast him into an *Absolute Despair*.

Despair. And here, *Vincentius* shew'd himself a Man indeed; *Courage*, *George*, (says he) for I have an Authority to Correct, or to supply all Errors, or Omissions in this Case: so that if this Bull should deceive thee, my Soul shall stand engag'd for thine, that thine shall go to Heaven, or mine be Damn'd. *Ma.* But will God accept of This way now of Changing Souls? Or if he does, is the Pawn of *Vincentius's* Soul a sufficient Security? What if *Vincentius's* Soul should go to the Devil, whether he Changes it, or no? *Ph.* I only tell ye Matter of Fact. *Vincentius* Enter'd formally into This Obligation, and *George* seem'd to be much Comforted with it. By and by the Covenants are read, by which, the Whole Society promise to Transfer to *George* the Benefits of the Works of All the Five Orders. *Ma.* I should be afraid that such a weight should sink me to Hell. *Ph.* I speak of their Good Works only; for they help a Soul in mounting to Heaven, as Feathers help a Bird. *Ma.* But who shall have their Evil Works then? *Ph.* The Dutch Soldiers of Fortune. *Ma.* By what Right? *Ph.* By Gospel-Right; for To him that Has, shall be Given. And then they read over, how many Masses and Psalms were to accompany the Soul of the Deceased; which indeed were Innumerable. His Confession was Repeated, after This; and they gave him their Benediction. *Ma.* And so he Dy'd. *Ph.* Not yet. They laid a Mat upon the Ground, which was Roll'd up at One End into the Form of a Pillow. *Ma.* And what was This to do? *Ph.* They threw Ashes upon it; but thin spread; and There they laid the Sick Man's Body; and then they Consecrated a Franciscans Coat, with Certain Prayers, and Holy Water, and Cast That over him; they laid his Coull under his Head, (for there was no putting of it on) and his Pardon with it. *Ma.* A New way of leaving the World. *Ph.* But

But they affirm, that the *Devil* has no *Power* over Those that Die in This manner; for they do but follow *St. Martin*, *St. Francis*, and *Others*, that have gone This way before. *Ma.* But *Their Lives* were *Religious*, as well as their *Ends*. But go on. *Ph.* They then presented the *Sick Man* with a *Crucifix*, and a *Wax Candle*. Upon holding Out the *Crucifix*; I thought my self safe, says *George*, under the *Protection* of my *Buckler*, in *War*; and now This is the *Buckler* that I shall oppose to my *Enemies*: so he kist it, and laid it to his *Left Side*; and for the *Holy Taper*, I was ever held to be a good *Pike-man* in the *Field*, and now I shall make use of This *Lance* against the *Enemy of Souls*. *Ma.* Spoken like a *Man of War*. *Ph.* These were the last Words he spake: for *Death* presently Ty'd up his *Tongue*, and he fell into an *Agony*. *Bernardinus* kept close to him, in his *Extremity*, upon the *Right Hand*, and *Vincentius* upon the *Left*; and they had both of them their *Pipes* open: the *One* shew'd him the *Image* of *St. Francis*, the *Other* that of *St. Dominick*, while the rest were up and down in the *Bed-Chamber*, mumbling over certain *Psalms* to a most *Lamentable Tune*; *Bernardinus*, Bawling in his *Right Ear*, and *Vincentius*, in his *Left*. *Ma.* What did they say? *Ph.* *Bernardinus* spake to this Purpose: *George Balearicus*, If thou dost now approve of all that is here done, lean thy *Head* toward thy *Right Shoulder*. And so he did. *Vincentius*, on the other side, *Have a good Heart*, *George*, (says he) thou hast *St. Francis* and *St. Dominick* for thy *Defenders*; fear nothing, but think of the *Merits* that are bestow'd upon thee; The *Validity* of thy *Pardon*, and that I have engag'd My *Soul* for Thine, if there should be any *Danger*. If thou Understand'st all This, and approve'st of it, lean thy head toward Thy *Left Shoulder*; and so he did. After this, they cry'd out

out as loud as before, *If thou art sensible of All This, squeeze my Hand*; and he did so: So that betwixt the turning of his Head, and the squeezing of his Hand, there past almost *Three Hours*. When George began to Yawn, *Bernardinus* stood up, and pronounc'd his Absolution; but he could not go through with it, before George's Soul was out of his Body. This was about *Midnight*; and in the Morning, they went about the Anatomy. *Ma.* What did he Die of? *Pb.* Well remembred, for I had like to have forgot it. There was a piece of Lead that stuck to the *Diaphragma*. *Ma.* How came That? *Pb.* With a *Musquet Shot*, as his Wife told me; and the Physicians conjectur'd that some part of the Melted Lead was yet in his Body. By and by, they put the Dissected Corps, as well as they could, into a *Franciscans Habit*; and after Dinner they Bury'd him in Pomp, as it was Order'd. *Ma.* I never heard of more Bustle about a Man's Dying, or of a more Pompous Funeral: But I suppose you would not have This publickly to be known. *Pb.* Why not? *Ma.* 'Tis not good to provoke a Nest of Hornets. *Pb.* There's no danger; for if This be Well done, the more Publick, the Better: But if it be Ill, All good Men will thank me for the discovery of it; and for making the *Impostors Themselves*, perhaps, asham'd of what they have done; and Cautious how they do the same thing again. Beside that it may possibly preserve the Simple from falling any more into the like mistakes. For I have been told by several Learned and Pious Men, that the *Superstition*, and *Wickedness* of some few, brings a Scandal upon the Whole Order. *Ma.* This is well and bravely said.

But I would fain know what became of *Cornelius*. *Pb.* Why Truly he Dy'd, as he Liv'd, without troubling

any Body: He had an *Anniversary Feaver* that took him every Year at such a Certain time; but being Worse now than Ordinary, either by reason of his Age, (for he was above *Threescore*) or some other *Infirmity*, finding that his Fatal Day was drawing on; he went to Church, upon a *Sunday* some four days before his Death, and there *Confess'd* himself to his *Parish-Priest*; heard *Publick Service*, and *Sermon*; receiv'd the *Eucharist*; and so return'd to his *Own House*. Ma. Had he no *Physicians*? Ph. Only One, who was an Excellent Man, both in his *Morals*, and in his *Profession*, (one *James Castrutius*.) Ma. I know the Man; a very worthy Person. Ph. He told him, that he should be ready to serve him in any thing as a Friend; but that his business lay rather with *God*, than with the *Doctors*. *Cornelius* took This Sentence as *Chearfully*, as if he had assur'd him of his Recovery. Wherefore, tho he had always been very *Charitable*, according to his Power, yet he then enlarg'd himself, and bestow'd upon the *Needy* all that he could possibly spare from the *Necessities* of his Wife and Children: And not upon Those that take a *Pride* in a *seeming Poverty*; (those are an *Ambitious* sort of *Beggars*, that are every where to be met withal:) But upon those good Men, that oppose a *Laborious Industry* to an *Innocent Poverty*. I desir'd him, that he would rest himself, and rather take a *Priest* to entertain him, than spend his Wasted Body with more Labour than it would bear. His Answer was, That it had been His Practice, rather to Ease his Friends where he could, by *Doing* good Offices, than make himself *Troublesome* by *Receiving* them; and that he would now *Die* as he had *Liv'd*. He would not lie down till the *Last Day*, and part of the *Last Night* of his Life. In the *Interim*, he was forced to support his Weak Body with  
a Stick;

a Stick ; Or, else he would sit in a Chair, but very rarely came into his Naked Bed : Only he kept himself in his Clothes, with his Head upright. In This time, either he was giving Orders for the Relief of the Poor, and of the Neighbourhood, ( especially such as were known to him ) or else he would be Reading of those Scriptures, that might fortifie him in his Faith toward God ; and shew the Infinite Love of God to Mankind. When he was not able to Read himself, he had some Friend to Read to him ; and he would frequently, and with wonderful Affection encourage his Family to Mutual Love, and Concord, and to the Exercise of True Piety ; comforting his Friends with great Tendernefs, and perswading them not to be over-sollicitous for his Death. He gave it often in Charge to his Family, to see all his Debts paid. *Ma.* Had he made no *Will* ? *Ph.* Yes, long since ; he had dispatch'd That Affair in his best Health : for he was us'd to say, That what a Man does at his *Last Gasp*, is rather a *Dotage*, than a *Testament*. *Ma.* Did he give any thing to *Religious Houses*, or *Poor People* ? *Ph.* No, not a *Cross*. I have given already (says he) in my Life-time what I was able to give ; and now, as I leave the Possession of what I have to my Family, they shall e'en have the Disposing of it too ; and I trust that they will yet employ it better than I my self have done. *Ma.* Did he send for no *Holy Man* about him, as *George* did ? *Ph.* Not a Man of 'em. There was only his own Family, and two Intimate Friends about him. *Ma.* What did he mean by That ? *Ph.* He was not willing, he said, to trouble more People when he went out of the World, than he did when he came in to't. *Ma.* When comes the End of This Story ? *Ph.* You shall hear presently : *Thursday* came ; and finding himself extremely weak, he

kept his Bed. The *Parish-Priest* was then call'd, gave him *Extreme Unction*, and the *Holy Communion*; but he made no *Confession*, for he had no *Scruple*, he said, that stuck upon him. The *Priest* began then to discourse of the *Pomp*, *Place*, and *Manner* of his *Burial*. Bury me (says he) as you would bury the meanest *Christian*: Nor do I concern my self where ye lay my Body; for the *Last Judgment* will find it out in One place, as well as in Another; and for the *Pomp* of my *Funeral*, I heed it not. When he came to mention the *Ring* of *Bells*, the saying of *Masses*, the *Business* of *Pardons*, and *Purchasing* a *Communion* of *Merits*; My good *Pastor* (says he) I shall find my self never the worse, if never a *Bell* be rung; and One *Funeral Office* will abundantly content me: but if there be any thing else, which the *publick Custom* of the *Church* has made necessary, and that cannot well be *Omitted*, without giving a *scandal* to the *Weak*; In that case, I remit my self to your *Pleasure*: Nor am I at all desirous, either to buy any *Man's Prayers*, or to rob any *Man* of his *Merits*; Those of *Christ* I take to be sufficient, and I wish only, that I my self may be the better for the *Prayers*, and *Merits* of the *Whole Church*; if I Live, and Die, but a true *Member* of it. All my hope is in these two *Assurances*. The One is, That my *Sins* are abolished, and nail'd to the *Cross* by my *Blessed Saviour*, who is our *Chief Shepherd*. The Other is, that which *Christ* hath signed, and sealed with his *Holy Blood*; By which we are made sure of *Eternal Salvation*, if we place all our *Trust* in Him. Far be it from me to insist upon *Merits*, and *Pardons*; as if I would provoke my *God* to enter into *Judgment* with his *Servant*, in whose sight no *Flesh* living shall be *Justified*. His *Mercy* is boundless, and unspeakable, and thither it is that I must appeal, from his *Justice*. The *Parish-Priest*, upon these words,



words, Departed; and *Cornelius*, with great Joy and *Chearfulness*, (as one Transported with the hope of a better Life) caused some Texts to be read, to confirm him in the hope of a Resurrection; and set before him the Rewards of Immortality. As That out of the Prophet *Isaiah*, concerning the deferring of the Death of *Hezekias*, together with the Hymn; and then the 1 *Cor.* 15. The Death of *Lazarus*, out of *St. John*; but especially, the History of *Christ's Passion*, out of the *Gospels*. With what affection did he take in all these Scriptures! Sighing at some Passages; Closing his Hands, as in Thankfulness, at Others: One while rapt, and Overjoy'd at some Passages, and at Others, sending up his Soul in short Ejaculations. After Dinner; when he had slept a little, he caused to be read the *Twelfth* of *St. John*, to the End of the Story. And here the Man seem'd to be Transfigur'd, and possess'd with a New-Spirit. Toward Evening, he call'd his Wife and Children; and raising himself as well as he could, he thus bespake them.

*My dearest Wife, the same God that joynd us, doth now part us; but only in our Bodies, and That too, but for a short time. That Care, Kindness, and Piety, that thou hast hitherto divided betwixt my self, and the tender Pledges of our Mutual Love, thou art now to transfer wholly to Them: Nor canst thou do any thing more acceptable to God, or to me, than to Educate, Cherish, and Instruct those whom Providence has bestow'd upon us, as the Fruit of our Conjunction, that they may be found worthy of Christ. Double thy*

N 3

*Piety,*

*Piety towards them, and reckon upon my share too, as translated unto Thee. If thou dost This, (as I am confident thou wilt) thy Children are not to be accounted Orphans.*

*If ever thou shouldst Marry again——  
With that his Wife gush'd out into Tears,  
and as she was about to forswear the thing,  
Cornelius thus interposed: My dearest Sister  
in Christ; If our Lord Jesus shall vouchsafe to  
thee such a Resolution, and Strength of Spirit,  
be not wanting to thy self in the Cherishing of so  
Divine a Grace; for it will be more Commodi-  
ous, as well to thy self, as to thy Children; but  
if thy Infirmary shall move thee another way,  
know, that My Death has freed thee from the  
Bond of Wedlock, but not from That Trust,  
which in both our Names, thou owest in Com-  
mon to the Care of our Children. As to the  
Point of Marriage, make use of the Freedom  
which God has given thee. This only let me  
intreat, and admonish thee, make such a Choice  
of a Husband, and so discharge thy self towards  
him, in the Condition of a Wife, that either by  
his Own Goodness, or for Thy Convenience, he  
may be kind to our Children. Have a Care then  
of Tying up thy self by any Vow: Keep thy self  
free to God, and to our Issue; and bring them  
up in such a frame of Piety and Virtue, and  
take such care of them, that they may not fix  
upon*

*upon any Course of Life, till by Age, and the use of things, they shall come to understand what is fittest for them.*

Turning then to his Children, he exhorted them to the Study of Virtue ; Obedience to their Mother ; and Mutual Friendship and Affection among themselves. He then kist his Wife, pray'd for his Children ; and making the Sign of the Cross, recommended them to the Mercy of Christ. After This, looking upon all that were present ; *Yet before to Morrow-morning, (says he) the Lord that sanctified the Morning, by Reviving upon it, will descend, out of his Infinite Mercy, to call this poor Soul of mine out of the Sepulchre of my Body, and the Darknes of This Mortality, into his Heavenly Light. I will not have ye tire your selves in your Tender Age with Unprofitable Watching ; only let One wake with me, to read to me, and let the rest sleep by Turns.* When he had past the Night ; about Four in the Morning, the whole Family being present, he caused that Psalm to be read, which our Saviour, praying, recited upon the Cross. When That was done, he call'd for a Taper, and a Cross ; and taking the Taper, *The Lord (says he) is my Light, and my Salvation, whom shall I fear ?* And then, kissing the Cross ; *The Lord (says he) is the Defender of my Life, of whom then shall I be afraid ?* By and by, with his hands upon his breast, and the Gesture of One Praying, and with his Eyes lifted up to Heaven, *Lord Jesus (says he) receive my Spirit.* And immediately he closed his Eyes, as if he were only about to sleep ; and so, with a Gentle Breath, he deliver'd up his Spirit, as if he had only slumber'd, and not expir'd. *Ma.* The least painful Death that ever I heard of. *Ph.* His

Life was as Calm as his Death. These two Men were both of 'em My Friends; and perhaps I am not so good a Judge which of them Dy'd the likest a Christian: But you that are Unbias'd, may perhaps make a better Judgment. *Ma.* I'll think of it; and give you my Opinion at Leisure.

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T H E

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THE  
EXORCISM:

OR,  
*The APPARRITION.*

COL. XIII.

*A Dragon in the Air; with the Relation of an  
Artificial and Famous Imposture.*

THOMAS, ANSELMUS.

*Th.* **Y**OU have found a Purchase sure, that  
ye Laugh to your self thus: What's  
the best News? *Ans.* Nay, you are  
not far from the Marque. *Th.* If  
there be any thing that's Good, let  
your Friend take part with ye. *Ans.* And wel-  
come too; for I have been wishing a good while for  
some Body that would be Merry with me for Com-  
pany. *Th.* Let's have it then. *Ans.* I was told e'en  
now the pleasantest Story; and if I did not know  
the Place, the Persons, and every Circumstance, as  
well

well as I know you, I shall Swear 'twere a *Sham*:  
*Th.* You have set me a longing to hear it. *Ans.* Do  
 not you know *Pool*, *Fawn's* Son-in-Law? *Th.* Per-  
 fectly well. *Ans.* He's both the *Contriver* of it, and  
 the Chief *Actor* in the *Play*. *Th.* I am apt enough to  
 believe that; for he's a Man to do any Part to the  
 Life. *Ans.* 'Tis Right: Do you not know a Farm  
 that he has a little way from *London*? *Th.* Oh!  
 Very well. He and I have crackt many a Bottle to-  
 gether there. *Ans.* There's a way, you know, be-  
 twixt two streight Rows of Trees. *Th.* A matter  
 of *Two Flight* shot from the House, upon the left  
 Hand. *Ans.* That's it. One side of the way has a  
 dry Ditch, that's over-grown with Brambles; and  
 then there's a little Bridge, that leads into an open  
 Field. *Th.* I remember it. *Ans.* There went a Re-  
 port among the Country People, of a *Spirit* that  
 walkt there; and of hideous *Howlings* that were  
 heard about that Bridge, which made them con-  
 clude it to be the Soul of some Body that was mi-  
 serably Termented. *Th.* Who was't that rais'd  
 this Report? *Ans.* Who but *Pool*; that made this  
 the *Prologue* to his *Comedy*? *Th.* What put it in  
 his Head, I wonder, to invent such a *Flam*? *Ans.*  
 I know nothing more than the Humour of the Man;  
 for he loves to make himself Sport with silly Peo-  
 ple. I'll tell you a late Whimsy of his, of the same  
 kind. We were a good many of us, Riding to  
*Richmond*, and some in the Company that you would  
 allow to be no Fools. The Day was so Clear, that  
 there was not a Cloud to be seen. *Pool*, looking  
 wishly up into the Air, fell on the sudden to *Crossing*  
 of himself, and with a strange Amazement in his  
 Countenance; *Lord* (says he to himself) *what do I*  
*see!* They that rod next him, asking him what it  
 was that he saw; he *Cross'd* himself, *more and more.*

*In*

*In Mercy* (says he) *deliver us from this Prodigy.* They still pressing him more earnestly, to say what was the matter. Then *Pool* fixing his Eyes, and pointing toward such a Quarter of the Heaven, *That monstrous Dragon* (says he) *with Fiery Horns*; (Don't you see him?) *and look how his Tail is turn'd up into a kind of a Circle.* Upon their denial, that they saw any thing; and his urging them to look steadily just where he pointed; one of them, at last, for the Credit of his Eyes, yielded that he saw it too; and so one after another, they all saw it; for they were asham'd not to see any thing that was so plain to be seen. In short, the Rumour of this *Portentous Apparition* was in three days all over *England*; and it is wonderful, how they had amplifi'd the Story; and some were making *Expositions* upon the meaning of this horrid Portent. But in the mean time, the Inventor of it had the Satisfaction of seeing the Success of his Project. *Th.* I know the humour of the Man to a hair. But to the *Ghost* again. *Ans.* While that Story was a foot, there comes very opportunely to *Pool*, one *Fawn*, a Priest; (one of those which they call in *Latin*, *Regulars*) a *Parish-Priest* of a Village there in the Neighbourhood.) This Man took upon him to understand more than his Fellows in Holy Matters. *Th.* Oh! I guess where abouts ye are. *Pool* has found out one now to bear a part in the Play. *Ans.* They were a Talking at Supper of this Report of the *Spectrum*, at the Table; and when *Pool* found that *Fawn* had not only heard of it, but believed it, he fell to entreating the Man, that as he was a Holy, and a Learned Person, he would do his best toward the Relieving of a poor Soul out of that terrible Affliction. And if you make any doubt of the Truth on't, says he, list out the Matter; and do but walk about



about *Ten a Clock*, towards that little Bridge, and there you shall hear such Cries and Groanings, as would grieve your Heart; but I would advise ye, however, for your own Security, to take some Company that you like, along with you. *Th.* Well, and what then? *Ans.* After Supper, out goes *Pool*, a Hunting, or about his usual Sports; and when it grew Dusky, out went *Fawn*, and was at last, a Witness of those grievous Lamentations. *Pool* had hid himself thereabouts in a *Bramble-Bush*, and perform'd his part incomparably well. His Instrument was an *Earthen Pot*, that through the Hollow of it, gave a most mournful Sound. *Th.* This Story, for ought I see, out-does *Menanders Phasma*. *Ans.* You'll say more when you have heard it out. Away goes *Fawn* home in great Impatience, to tell what he heard; while *Pool*, by a shorter Cut, gets home before him. There does *Fawn* tell *Pool* all that past, with something of his own too, to make the matter more wonderful. *Th.* Well, but could *Pool* hold his Countenance all this while? *Ans.* He bold his Countenance? Why, he carries his Heart in his Hand; and you would have sworn that the whole Action had been in earnest. In the End, *Fawn*, upon the pressing Importunity of *Pool*, resolv'd to venture upon an *Exorcism*; and Slept not one wink that Night, his Thoughts were so taken up with the Consideration of his own Safety; for he was most wretchedly afraid. In the first place, he got together the most powerful *Exorcisms* that he could find; to which, he added some new ones, as by the *Bowels* of such a *Saint*, the *Bones* of *St. Winnifrede*; and after this, he makes choice of a Place in the Field, near the Thicket of Bushes, whence the Noise came. He draws ye a Circle, a very large one, with several *Crosses* in it, and a phantastical Variety  
of

of Characters; and all this was perform'd in a *set Form of Words*. He had there also, a great Vessel, full of *Holy Water*, and the *Holy Stole* (as they call it) about his Neck; upon which hung the beginning of the Gospel of *St. John*. He had in his Pockets, a little Piece of *Wax*, which the Bishop of *Rome* us'd to Consecrate once a Year, commonly call'd an *Agnus Dei*. With these Arms in time past, they defended themselves against *Evil Spirits*, till the *Cowl* of *St. Francis* was found to be more Formidable. All these things were provided, for fear the *Fiend* should fall foul upon the *Exorcist*. And all this was not enough neither to make him trust himself alone in the Circle; but he concluded to take some other Priest along with him, to keep him Company. This gave *Pool* an Apprehension; that by the joyning of some Cunning Fellow with him, the whole Plot might come to be discovered. So that he took a *Parish-Priest* thereabouts, whom he acquainted before-hand with the whole Design; (and it behoved him so to do) Besides, that he was as fit as any Man for such an Adventure. The next day, when every thing was ready, and in order; about *Ten a Clock*, *Fawn* and the *Parish-Priest* enter the Circle. *Pool*, that was gone before, *Yels* and *Howls* in the *Brambles*. *Fawn* gives a *God-speed* to the *Exorcism*. In the mean time, *Pool* steals away in the Dark to the next Village, and from thence, brings another Person to Act his Part; for there went a great many of them to the Play. *Th.* Well, and what are they to do? *Ans.* They mount themselves upon *Black Horses*, and privately carry *Fire* along with them. When they came near, they shew'd the *Fire* to fright *Fawn* out of the Circle. *Th.* *Pool* took a great deal of Pains, I see; to carry on the Work. *Ans.* His Phancy lies that way; but there fell

fell out an accident that had like to have spoil'd the Jest. *Th.* How so? *Ans.* The sudden Flashing of the *Fire*, so startled the *Horses*, that the *Riders* could hardly keep the *Jades* upon their *Legs*, or themselves in the *Saddle*. And here's an end of the first Act.

Upon *Fawns* Return, *Pool* askt him very Innocently what he had done, as knowing nothing at all of the Matter; and then *Fawn* up with his Story, and tells him of two dreadful *Cacodemons* that appear'd to him upon *Black Horses*, their *Eyes* Sparkling with *Fire*, and *Flames* coming out of their *Nostrils*; and what attempts they made to pass the *Circle*, but that by the *Power* and *Efficacy* of his *Words*, they were driven away with a *Vengeance*. This Encounter put *Fawn* into *Courage*; so that the next day, with great *Solemnity*, he returned to his *Circle*. And when he had a long time, with much *Vehe- mence*, provok'd the *Spirit*; *Pool* with his *Com- panion*, shew'd himself again upon their *Black Horses*, and prest on with a most *Outragious Outcry*, as if they were fully determin'd to *Storm* the *Circle*. *Th.* Had they no *Fire*? *Ans.* None at all; for that did not succeed well: But you shall now hear of another *Device*. They had a long *Rope*, which they drew gently over the *Ground*; and then hurrying from one place to another, as if they had been frighted away by *Fawn's Exorcisms*, up went the *Heels* by and by of both the *Priests*, and down come they upon the *Ground*, with a great *Vessel* of *Holy Water*; the *Priests* and their *Holy Water*, both together. *Th.* And this was t'other *Priests Reward*, for playing of his Part. *Ans.* It was so; and yet he would have endur'd a great deal more, rather than quit the *Design*.

After

After this Encounter, *Fawn* upon his Return, makes a mighty Business to *Pool*, of the Danger he had been in, and how valiantly he had defeated *both the Devils* with his *Charms*: And he was by this time, absolutely perswaded, that all the Devils in Hell had not the Power to force his Circle, or the Confidence so much as to attempt it. *Th.* This same *Fawn*, I perceive, is next door to a Fool. *Ans.* Oh! you have heard nothing yet, to speak of. When the *Comedy* was thus far advanc'd, in very good time came *Pool's Son in Law*. He's a pleasant Droll, ye know; the Young-man that married *Pool's Eldest Daughter*. *Th.* I know him very well, and no man fitter for such an Exploit. *Ans.* Fitter faist thou? Why, I will undertake he shall leave his Dinner at any time, for such a Comedy. His Father in Law acquaints him with the whole Business, and who but he to Act a *Ghost*. He undertakes his Part; has every thing provided, and wraps up himself in a Sheet, like a Corps, with a live Coal in a Shell that shew'd through the Linnen, as if something were a burning. About Night he goes to the Place where the Scene of the Story lay. There were heard most doleful *Mones*, and *Fawn* in the mean time, lets fly all his *Exorcisms*. By and by, a good way off in the Bushes appears the *Ghost*, shewing Fire by Fits, and Groaning most ruefully. While *Fawn* was beseeching him to say, who he was, immediately out leaps *Pool*, in his *Devils Habit*, from the Thicket; and Roaring and Raging, *This Soul*, says he, *is mine, and you have no Power over it*; and with that, he runs up presently to the very Edge of the Circle, as if he were about to fall violently upon the *Exorcist*. After which, he loses Ground, and Retreats, as if he had been either beaten off by the Words of the Exorcism, or by the Virtue of the  
Holy

*Holy Water*, which was thrown upon him in great abundance. At last, when the Spirit's Protector was driven away, *Fawn* enters into a Dialogue with the *Ghost*; which, after much Intreaty and Importunity, confess't it self to be the Soul of a Christian; and being askt the Name; my Name (says the *Ghost*) is *Fawn*. Why, then (says *Fawn*) we are both of a Name; and the very Thought of delivering his *Namesake*, made him lay the Matter more to heart. *Fawn* put so many *Questions*, that the *Ghost* began to fear, that a longer Discourse might make some Discovery, and so withdrew himself, upon Pretence that his Hour was come, that he was not permitted to Talk any longer, and that he was now compell'd to go away, whither it pleas'd the Devil to carry him; but yet promis'd to return again the next day, at some lawful Hour. They meet again at *Pool's House*, who was the Master of the Shew; and there the *Exorcist* talks of his Atchievement; and tho' in many things he help'd the Matter, he believ'd himself yet in all he said; so heartily was he affected to the Business in hand. It was now manifest that it was the Soul of a Christian that was saln under the Power of some unmerciful Devil; and in the most cruel Torments; so that their Endeavour is now wholly bent that way. There happen'd one pleasant kind of a Ridiculous Passage in this *Exorcism*. *Th.* I prethee what was that? *Ans.* When *Fawn* had call'd up the *Ghost*; *Pool*, that acted the Devil, leap'd directly at him, as if without any more ado, he would break into the Circle. *Fawn* fought with him a great while with *Exorcisms*, and whole *Tubs* of *Holy Water*; and at last, the Devil cry'd out, *He did not value all that, any more than the Dirt under his Feet; You, Sirrah, (says he) have had to do with a Wench, and you are my own. Many a true Word has been spoken*  
in

*In jeast* : For so it proved, for the *Exorcist* finding himself touch'd with that Word, retir'd presently to the very *Centre* of the *Circle*, and mumbled something, I know not what, in the other Priest's Ear. *Pool* finding that, withdrew, that he might not hear more than did belong to him. *Th.* A very Modest and Religious Devil. *Ans.* Very right. Now the Action, you know, might have been blam'd, if he had not observ'd a *Decorum*. But yet he overheard the Priest appointing him Satisfaction. *Th.* And what was the Satisfaction? *Ans.* That he should say the *Lords Prayer* three times over; from whence he gather'd, that he *had transgress'd thrice that Night*. *Th.* A most Irregular Regular. *Ans.* Alas, they are but Men, and this is but Humane Frailty. *Th.* But what follow'd next? *Ans.* *Fawn* advances now, with more Courage and Fierceness, up to the very Line of the Circle, and provok'd the Devil of his own accord: But the Devil's heart now fail'd him, and he fled Back. *You have deceiv'd me*, says he; *what a Fool was I, for giving you that Caution!* Many are of Opinion, that what you once Confess to a Priest, is immediately struck out of the Devils memory, so that he shall never twit you in the Teeth for't. *Th.* A very Ridiculous Concept! *Ans.* But to draw toward a Conclusion. This way of *Colloquy* with the *Ghost*, continu'd for some days; and it came to this at last, that the *Exorcist* asking if there were any way to deliver the Soul from Torment? The *Ghost* answer'd him, That it might be done, by restoring the Ill-gotten-Money, which he had left behind him. What (says *Fawn*) if it were put into the Hands of your People, to dispose of for *Pious Uses*? His Reply was, That it might do very well that way; which was a great Consolation to the *Exorcist*, and made him very diligently enquire

to what Value it might amount. The *Ghost* told him, that it was a mighty *Sum*, and a thing that might prove very Good and Commodious. He told him the very place too (but a huge way off) where this Treasure was buried under Ground. *Th.* Well, and to what *Uses*? *Ans.* *Three Persons* were to undertake a *Pilgrimage*: One of them to the *Threshold* of *St. Peter*; another, to *James* of *Compostella*; and the *Third*, to Kiss the *Comb* of our *Saviour*, which is at *Tryers*: And then a great number of *Services* and *Masses* were to be perform'd by several *Monasteries*; and for the rest, he should dispose of them as he pleas'd. Now *Fawn's* heart was wholly fixt upon the *Treasure*; which he had in a manner swallow'd already. *Th.* That's a Common Disease, tho perpetually cast in the *Priests Dish*, upon all Occasions. *Ans.* There was nothing omitted, that concern'd the business of Money; and when that was done, the *Exorcist* (being put upon't by *Pool*) fell to question the *Ghost*, about *Curious Arts*, *Chymistry* and *Magick*; But the *Ghost* put him off for the present, with some slight Answer; only giving him the hopes of large Discoveries, so soon as ever he should get clear of the *Devils Clutches*. And here's the end of the *Third Act*.

In the *Fourth*. *Fawn* began every where to talk high, and promise strange things, and to brag at the Table, and in all Companies, what a Glorious Work he had in Hand, for the Good of the *Monasteries*, and he was elevated now into another manner of Stile and Behaviour. He went to the place where the Treasure was hid, and found the Marks, but durst not venture to dig for't; for the *Ghost* had put into his Head, that it would be extreme dangerous to touch the Money, before the *Masses* were said. By this time, there were a great many Cunn-

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ning Snaps that had the Plot in the Wind; but yet he was still making Proclamation every where of his Folly, tho' divers of his Friends, and his *Abbot*, particularly, caution'd him against it: and advis'd him, That having a long time had the Reputation of a Sober Man, he should not take so much Pains now to Convince the World of the contrary. But his Mind was so possess'd with the Phanfy of the thing; that all the Counsel in Nature could not lessen his Belief of it. All his *Discourses*, nay, his very *Dreams*, were of *Spec'tres* and *Devils*: The very Habit of his Soul was got into his Face; so Pale, Shrivled, and Dejected, that he was rather a *Sprite*, than a *Man*. In one Word, he had certainly run stark Mad, if it had not been seasonably prevented. *Th.* Now this is to be the last *Act* of the *Comedy*. *Ans.* It shall be so.

*Pool* and his *Son-in-Law*, hammer'd out this Piece betwixt them. They Counterfeited an *Epistle*, written in a *Strange Antick Character*, and upon such a sort of Paper, as your *Guilders* use for their *Leaf Gold*; a kind of a *Saffron-colour'd Paper* you know. The *Form* of the *Epistle* was This:

**F**Awn, *That has been long a Captive, now Free; To Fawn his Gracious Deliverer; Greeting. It is not needful, (my Dear Fawn) that thou shouldst Macerate thy self any longer upon this Affair; Heaven has regarded the Pious Intentions of thy Mind; and in Reward of thy Merit, I am deliver'd from my Punishment, and live now happily among the Angels. Thou hast a Place provided for thee with St. Augustin, which is the next Range to the Quire of the Apostles. When thou com'st hither, I'll give thee publick Thanks; in the mean time, Live as Merrily as thou canst.*

*From the Emphyreal Heaven, the  
Ides of September, 1498. un-  
der the Seal of my own Ring.*

This Epistle was laid privately under the *Altar*, where *Fawn* was to *Officiate*; and there was one labour'd, upon the Conclusion of the Office, to advertise him of the thing, as found by Chance; And the good Man carries the Letter now about him; shews it, as a Holy Thing, and makes it an Article of his Faith, that it was brought from Heaven by an Angel. *Th.* This is no Freeing the Man of his Madneſs, but only Changing the Sort of it. *Anſ.* Why, truly ſo it is; for it is only a more Agreeable Phrenzy. *Th.* I never was very Credulous in the Common Tales of Apparitions, but I ſhall be leſs hereafter than ever I was; for I am afraid that

that many of those Relations that we hear of, were only *Artifice* and *Imposture*, deliver'd over to the World for *Truths* by *easy Believers*, like our *Fawn*. *An.* And I am very much inclin'd to think as you do, of the greater Part of them.

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# THE HORSE-COURSER,

COL. XIV.

*A Horse-Courser puts a Jade upon a Gentleman;  
and the Gentleman Consens the Horse-Courser  
again with his own Jade.*

AULUS, PHÆDRUS.

*Aul.* **G**oodly, goodly! The Gravity of *Phædrus*! How he stands gaping into the Air? I'll put him out of his Dumps. What's the News with you to day? *Ph.* And why that Question always? *Aul.* Because that fowre Look of yours has more of *Cato* in it, than of *Phædrus*. *Ph.* Never wonder at that, Friend, for I am just now come from *Confession*. *Aul.* My Wonder's over, then. But tell me now upon your Honest Word; have you confess'd *all* your Sins? *Ph.* All that I thought of, but *One*, upon my Honesty. *Aul.* And what made ye reserve that *One*? *Ph.* Because it is a Sin that I am loth to part with. *Aul.* Some pleasant Sin, I suppose.  
*Ph.*

*Pb.* Nay, I am not sure that it is a *Sin* neither. But if you will, I'll tell you what it is. *Aul.* With all my Heart. *Pb.* Our *Horse-Courfers*, you know, are Devilish Cheats. *Aul.* Yes, yes. I know more of them, than I wish I did; for they have fetch'd me over many, and many a time. *Pb.* I had an Occasion lately, that put me upon a long Journey; and I was in great Haste; so I went to one of the Honnestest, as I thought, of the whole Gang; and one for whom I had formerly done some good Offices. I told him, that I was call'd away upon urgent Business, and that I wanted a strong, able Gelding for my Journey. And I desired him, as ever he would do any thing for me, to furnish me with a Horse for my Turn. Depend upon me, says he, and I will use you, as if you were my own Brother. *Aul.* Perhaps he would have Cousen'd him too. *Pb.* He leads me into the Stable, and bids me take my Choice. At last I pitch'd upon one that I lik'd better than the rest. Well, Sir, (says he) I see you understand a Horse; I know not how many People have been at me for this Nag; but I resolv'd to keep him rather for a Particular Friend, than to put him off to a Chance-Customer. All this he Swore too; and so we agreed upon the Price; the Money was paid; and up got I into the Saddle. Upon the first setting out, my Steed falls a Francing, and shews all his Tricks; he was Fat and Fair, and there was no Ground would hold him. But by that time I had been some half an hour upon the way, he tyr'd with me, so downright, that neither Switch nor Spur could get him one Step further. I had heard sufficiently of the Tricks of these Merchants, and how common a thing it was for them to make a Jade look Fair to the Eye, and not be worth one Penny yet, for Service. So soon as I found that I was

caught: *Come* (said I to my self) *if I live to come back again, I may chance to shew this Fellow yet a Trick for his Trick.* *Aul.* But what became of you in the mean time? *A Horse-man Unhors'd?* *Ph.* I consulted with Necessity, and turn'd into the next Village, where I left my Horse privately with an Acquaintance I had there, and hired another in his Stead. I pursu'd my Journey; return'd, deliver'd up my hired Horse, and finding my own Jade in as good Case as I left him, I mounted him again, and so back to my Horse-Courser; desiring that he might stand in his Stable till I call'd for him. He askt me how he perform'd his Journey; and I swore as solemnly to him, as he had done, to me, that I never came upon the Back of a better Nag; and so easy too, that me thought he carry'd me in the Air; beside, that he was not one bit the Leaner for his Journey. The Man was so far perswaded of the Truth of what I said, that he began to think within himself, that this Horse was better than he took him for. Before we parted, he askt me if I would put him off again; which I refus'd at first; for in case of any occasion for such another Journey, I could never expect to get the fellow of him. Not that I would not Sell my very self, or any thing else, for Money, if I could but have enough for't. *Aul.* This was playing with a Man at his own Weapon. *Ph.* Briefly, he would not let me go, till I had set a Price upon him. I rated him at a great deal more than he cost me, and so I went my way. By and by, I gave an Acquaintance of mine some Instructions how to behave himself, and made him a Confident of my Design. Away he goes to the House, calls for the *Horse-Courser*; and tells him he wants a Nag, but it must be a hardy one, for he was upon a long Journey, and earnest Business. The  
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Ostler shews him the Stables, and still commended the Worst, but said nothing at all of the Horse he had sold to me, upon an Opinion that he was as good as I reported him. I had given my Friend a Description of that Horse, and told him his very *Standing*; and so he enquired, if that Horse (pointing to mine) were to be sold. The *Horse-Courser* went on commending Other Nags in the Stable; without any Answer to That Question. But when he found that the Gentleman would have That Horse or none, the *Horse-Courser* fell to reasoning the matter with himself. *I was clearly mistaken (says he) in this Horse; but this Gentleman understands him better than I did:* So that upon the Gentleman's Pressing, whether he would sell him or no; Well, says the Man, he may be sold, but 'tis at a Swingeing Price; and so he made his Demand. *Why this, says the Other, is no great Price, in a Case of Importance;* and so they came at last to an Agreement, the Gentleman giving a *Ducate*, Earnest, to bind the Bargain. (The *Horse-Courser* set his Price much higher than I had rated him, to make sure of a Considerable Profit.) The Purchaser gives the Ostler a Groat, and bids him feed his Horse well, till he came back by and by to fetch him. So soon as ever I heard that the Bargain was struck, away go I immediately, Booted and Spurr'd, to the *Horse-Courser*, and call my self out of Breath for my Horse. Out comes the Master, and asks what I would have? I bade him presently make ready my Horse, for I must be gone immediately upon Extraordinary Business. *But (says he) you bade me take Care of your Horse for some few days.* That's true, said I, but I'm surpriz'd with an Occasion wherein the King is concern'd, and there must be no delay. *You may take your Choice, says the*



the Other, out of my Stables; but your Own is not to be bad. How so, said I? He tells me that he is sold. Heaven forbid, said I; pretending to be in a great Passion; for as the Case stands, I would not part with him to any Man for four times his Price. And so fell to wrangling about him, as if he had undone me; and in the Conclusion, he grew a little Testy too. *There's no need (says he) of Ill Language, you set a price upon your Horse, and I sold him; and if I pay you your Money, you can do nothing to me: We are Govern'd here by Law; and you can't compel me to bring your Horse again.* When I had clamour'd a good while, that he should either produce the Horse, or the Man that bought him, the Man at last, in a rage, throws down the Money: The Horse cost me *Fifteen Crowns*, and I sold him for *Twenty*, he himself valu'd him at *Two and Thirty*; and so computed with himself that he had better make That Profit of him, than restore him. Away go I, like one in sorrow, and not at all pacifi'd with the receipt of the Money; The Man desiring me not to take it Ill, and he would make me an amends some other way. This was the *Cheater Cheated*. His Horse is an Errant Jade; he looks for the Man to fetch the Horse, that gave him the Earnest, but that will never be. *Au.* But in the *Interim*, did he never Expostulate the Matter with you? *Ph.* With whar Face, or Colour, could he do That? I have met him over and over since. He only complain'd that the Buyer never came to take him away: but I have often reason'd the Matter with him, and told him 'twas a Just Judgment upon him for selling away my Horse. This was a Fraud so well plac'd, in my Opinion, that I could not so much as confess it for a Fault. *Au.* If it had been my Case, I should have been so far from

*Confessing* it, as a *Sin*, that I should have challeng'd a Statue for it. *Pb.* Whether you speak as you think, or no, I know not; but it set me *agog* however, to be paying more of these Fellows in their Own Quoyne.

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THE

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# THE ALCHYMIST.

COL. XV.

*A Priest turns Quack, and engages an Eminent Gentleman (who was otherwise a Prudent Man) in the Project of the Philosophers Stone. He drills him on, to the Expence of a great deal of Money: And when he has artificially countenanced the Cheat, through several disappointments; The Gentleman parts fairly with him, and gives him a Sum of Money to keep Counsel.*

PHILECOUS, LALUS.

*Pb.* **L** *Alus* should have some pleasant Crotchet in his head, by his Giggling thus to himself. Bless me, how the Man is Tickled; and what a Stir he makes with the Sign of the Cross! I'll venture to spoil his sport. How is it, my best Friend *Lalus*? Methinks

I read Happiness in thy very Countenance. *La.* But I shall be much happier if I may tell thee what it is that pleases me. *Ph.* Prethee make me Happy too then as soon as thou canst. *La.* Dost thou know *Balbinus*? *Ph.* What? the Honest Learned Old Man? *La.* Nay, he is *all That*; but it is not for any Mortal to be wise at *all times*, and to *all purposes*. And this Excellent Person, after all his Eminent Qualities, has his weak Side, as well as his Neighbours: His *Beauty* is not without a *Mole*; The Man runs raving-mad, upon the Art of *Chymistry*. *Ph.* Believe me that which Thou callst a *Mole*, is a dangerous *Disease*. *La.* Whatever it is, he has been of late strangely wrought upon by Flatteries, and Fair Words, tho' he has been sufficiently bitten formerly, by that sort of people. *Ph.* In what manner? *La.* There was a Certain *Priest* that went to him, saluted him with great respect, and in this fashion accosted him: *You will wonder, perhaps, most learned Balbinus, at the Confidence of a Stranger, to interrupt your thoughts in the middle of your most Holy Studies.* *Balbinus*, according to his Custom, Nods to him, being, you know, a Man of Few Words. *Ph.* An Argument of Prudence. *La.* But the Other, as the wiser of the two, proceeds: *You will forgive this my Importunity, says he, when I tell you what it was that brought me hither. Tell me in short then, says Balbinus. I will, says the Other, be as brief as possible. You know, most Excellent of Men, that the Fates of Mortals are various; and I cannot say whether I should reckon my self among the Happy, or the Miserable; for looking upon my self one way, I account my self most Happy; and if I look Another way, I am of all Men the most Miserable.* *Balbinus* pressing him to contract his Business; *I shall have done immediately, says he, most Learned Balbinus;*  
and

and I may the better shorten my discourse, because no Man knows more of the Affair I am about to speak of, than your self. Ph. You are drawing of an Orator, rather than of a Chymist. La. We'll come to the Alchymist, by and by. I have been so happy, you must know, from a very Child, as always to have had a Passion for this Divine Study, I mean the Chymical Study; which is indeed, the Marrow of all Philosophy. At the Name of Chymistry, Balbinus a little rais'd himself, that is to say, in Gesture; but then fetching a hearty sigh, he bade him go on; and so he did. Miserable Man that I am! (says he) for not falling into the right way. Balbinus demanded of him what way he spake of: You know (says he) Incomparable, as you are, (for what is there, my Learned Sir, that you do not know) You know (I say) that there are two ways in this Art; the One is called Longation, and the Other, Curtation. Now it has been my hard Lot to fall upon Longation. Balbinus asking him about the difference of the ways: Impudent that I am, says he, to speak all this to a person that knows all these things, no Man Better. And therefore it is, that I have with all Humility address'd to you, that you would take pity upon me, and vouchsafe to instruct me in the Blessed Way of Curtation. The more knowing you are, the less will be your trouble of Communicating your Help to me. And therefore do not conceal so great a Gift of God, from your poor Brother, that is ready to Die with Grief. Heaven enrich ye with higher Endowments, as you assist me in this. When Balbinus saw no End of this Solemnity of Obtestations, he told him flat and plain, that he understood nothing at all of the Business of Longation, and Curtation, from one end to the other; and therefore desir'd him to explain the meaning of those Two Words. Well, Sir, says he, tho I know I am now speaking to my Master; Since it is your Pleasure to Command

mand me, it shall be done. They that have spent their whole Life in This Divine Art, turn the Species of things, two ways, the One is shorter, but somewhat more Hazardous; the Other is longer, but safer. I account my self very Unhappy, that have hitherto labour'd in that which does not so well agree with My Genius; and cannot yet find out any Man to teach me the Other, which I am so passionately in Love withal. But at length, Providence has put it into my Mind to apply my self to You, as a Person Conspicuous both for Piety and Learning. Your Knowledg instructs Te to grant what I desire, and Your Piety will dispose You to aid a Christian Brother, whose Life is in Your Hand. To make short with you, when this Juggler, with this Simplicity of Discourse, had clear'd himself from all suspicion of a Design; and gain'd Credit for finding out one way, which was so Certain; Balbinus began to have an Itch to be Medling; and at last, when he could hold no longer, away with you Methods (says he) of Curtation; for so far am I from Understanding, that I never so much as heard the Name of it. But tell me ingenuously, Do you perfectly understand the way of Longation? Phy, phy, says he, the Length of it makes it so Irksome; but for the Knack of it, I have it at my Fingers Ends. Balbinus askt him what time it would take? Too much, says he, little less than a Year: but then 'tis infallible. Never trouble your self for That, says Balbinus; tho it should take up two Years, if you can depend upon your Art. To shorten the Story. They came to an Agreement, and presently fell to work privately, in the House of Balbinus. Upon these Conditions, That the One should do the Work, the Other be at the Charge, and the Profit to be equally divided; tho the Modest Impostor, of his own accord, gave Balbinus the Penient that came of it.

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There was enterchang'd an Oath of Privacy, after the manner of those that are initiated into Mysterious Secrets. And now the Money is immediately laid down for *Pott, Glasses, Coals*, and other Provisions for the furnishing of a *Laboratory*; and there our *Chymist* has his *Wenches*, his *Gamesters*, and his *Bottles*, where he very fairly consumes his Allowance. *Ph.* This is one way however of changing the Species of things. *Ph. Balbinus* pressing him to fall on upon the Main Bus'ness: Do not you understand (says he) that *what's Well begun, is half done?* 'Tis a great Work to get a good Preparation of Materials. After a time, he set himself upon the Building of a *Furnace*; and Here there must be more *Gold* again; which was given, only as a *Bait* for more to come; As One *Fish* is taken with Another, so the *Chymist* must cast *Gold In*, before he gets *Gold Out*. In the mean while, *Balbinus* keeps Close to his *Arithmetick*: If *Four Ounces* (says he) brings *Fifteen*, what will be the *Product* of *Two Thousand*? When This Money was gone, and two Months spent, the *Philosopher* pretended to be wonderfully taken up about the *Bellows*, and the *Coals*. And when *Balbinus* askt him how the Work went forward, he stood directly Mute: But upon Redoubling the Question; Why, says he, as all great Works do, the main difficulty is the Entrance upon them. And then he picks a Quarrel with the *Coal*: Here they have brought *Oak* (says he) instead of *Beech*, or *Hazle*; And there was a *Hundred Crowns* lost, that supply'd him with more *Dicing-Money*. Upon giving him *New Cash*, he provided *New Coals*; and then fell to't again harder than before. As a *Soldier* that has had a Disaster by Mischance, repairs it by his Virtue. When the *Laboratory* had been kept warm for some Months, and that they expected the *Golden*

Fruit;



Fruit; and that there was not so much as one grain of Gold in the Vessels (for the *Chymist* had wasted all that too) there was another obstruction found out. The *Glasses* they made use of were not of the *Right Temper*; for as every *Block* will not make a *Mercury*, so every *Glass* will not make *Gold*. The further he was *In*, the lother he was to give it off. *Ph.* That's the right humour of Gamesters, as if they had not better lose some than all. *La.* 'Tis just so. The *Chymist*, he swears that he was never cheated since he was born before, but now he has found out the mistake, he'll see to the securing of all for the future; and to the making good of this miscarriage with Interest. The *Glasses* are chang'd, and the Shop now a third time new furnish'd. The Philosopher told him, that the Oblation of some Crowns to the *Virgin Mother* might probably draw a Blessing upon the Work; for the Art being sacred, it needed the favour of the Saints, to carry it on with success. This advice exceedingly pleas'd *Balbinus*, being a Man of great *Piety*, and one that never past a day without performing his Devotions. The *Alchymist* undertook the *Religious Office*; but went no further than the next Town, where the *Virgin's* Money went away in *Tipple*. Upon his Return, he seem'd to have great hope that all would be well, for the *Virgin*, he said, was wonderfully Delighted with the *Offering*. After a long time spent upon the Project, and not one Crumb of Gold appearing, *Balbinus* Reasoning the Matter with him, he protested that in all his days he was never thus disappointed. That for his *Method*, it was impossible That should deceive him; and that he could not so much as imagin what should be the reason of this Failing. After they had beat their heads a long time about it, *Balbinus* bethought himself, & askt him if he had never mist *Chappel* some day or other?

since this undertaking; or mist saying of the *Horary Prayers* (as they call them) which might be sufficient, perhaps, to defeat the whole Work. *You have hit the Bird in the Eye* (says the *Quack*) *Wretch that I am: for I do now call to mind that I have once or twice forgotten my self; and that lately, rising from Dinner, I went my way without saying the salutation of the Virgin.* Why then, says *Balbinus*, 'tis no wonder that this great Affair succeeds no better. Whereupon the *Chymist* engages himself to hear *Twelve Services* for the *Two* that he had omitted; and for that *one Salutation*, to become answerable for *Ten*. This lavish *Alchymist* came to want money again; and when he had no pretext left him for the asking of more, he bethought himself of this Project; he went home, like a man distracted; and crying out with a lamentable Voice, *Oh! Balbinus, I am undone, utterly undone; My Life's at stake.* This amazed *Balbinus*; and made him extreamly impatient to know what was the matter. *Oh!* says the *Chymist*, *our design has taken Air, they have gotten an Inkling of it at Court, and I expect every hour to be carried away to Prison.* This put *Balbinus* into a fit too. He turn'd as Pale as ashes (for you know, 'tis Capital with us, for any man to practice *Chymistry* without the Princes License) Not (says he) that I apprehend my being put to death; for I should be glad it were no worse; but there is a greater Cruelty that I fear, which is (says he, upon *Balbinus's* asking him the Question) I shall be carried away into some remote Prison, and be forced there to spend my Life in working for those People I have no mind to serve. Is there any Death now, that a man would not rather chuse, than such a Life? The matter was then debated; and *Balbinus*, that was a man well skill'd in *Rhetorick*, cast his thoughts every way, to see if it were possible

possible to avoid this Mischief. *Cann't ye deny the Crime?* (says he). Not possibly; (says the other) for the thing is known at Court, and they have Infallible Proof on't; and there's no defending of the Fact, for the Law is point blank against it. When they had turn'd it every way, without finding any shift that would hold water, at last; *We apply our selves* (says the *Alchymist* that wanted present money) to *slow Counsels*, *Balbinus*, when the matter requires an immediate remedy. It will not be long, before I am seiz'd, and carried away; and seeing *Balbinus* at a stand; I am as much at a loss (says he) as you, for we have nothing now to Trust to, but to fall like men of Honour: unless we should make Tryal of this one Experiment, which in truth is rather Profitable than Honest; but Necessity is a hard Chapter. Your Pursuivants, you know, and Messengers (says he) are a sort of People greedy of money, and so much the easier to be brib'd to secrecie. 'Tis against the statute, I must confess to give Rascals money to throw away; but yet as the Case stands I see no other retreat. *Balbinus* was of that Opinion too; and laid down Thirty Crowns to be offer'd them for a Gratuity. *Ph.* This let me tell you was a wonderful Liberality in *Balbinus*. *La.* In an Honest Cause you should sooner have gotten so many of his Teeth. This Provision did the *Chymist* some service; for the danger he was in was the want of Money for his *Wench*. *Ph.* 'Tis a wonder, *Balbinus* should smoak nothing all this while. *La.* He's as quick, as any man, in all other Cases, but stark blind in This. The *Furnace* goes up again with *New Money*, and only the promise of a Prayer to the *Virgin Mother* in favour of the Project; a whole year was now run out, and still some Rub or other in the way, so that all the Expence and Labour was lost. In the *Interim* there fell out one

most Ridiculous Chance. *Ph.* What was That ? *La.* The *Chymist* held a private Conversation with a *Courtiers Lady*. The Husband grew jealous, and watch'd him ; and in conclusion having intelligence that the *Priest* was in his *Bedchamber*, he went home unexpected, and knockt at the door. *Ph.* Why what would he do to the man ? *La.* Do ? Why perhaps he would do him the favour to cut his Throat, or Geld him. The Husband threaten'd his Wife to force the door, unless she open'd it. They quak'd within, you may imagin, but considering of some present Resolution, and the Case bearing no better, they pitched upon This. The man put off his Coat, and not without both danger and mischief, Crept out at a narrow Window, and so went his way. Such stories as these, you know, are soon spread ; and it quickly came to *Balbinus* himself, the *Chymist* foreseeing as much. *Ph.* There was no scaping for him, now. *La.* Yes he got better off here, than out at the Window : And observe his Invention now. *Balbinus* made no words on't, but it might be read in his very Countenance that he was no stranger to the talk of the Town. The *Chymist* knew *Balbinus* to be a Man, at least *Pious*, if not *Superstitious* ; and People of that way are easie enough to pardon any thing that submits, let the Crime be never so great. Wherefore when he had done his endeavour, he fell to talk of the success of his business, Complaining that it did not prosper as usual, or according to his wish : Adding withal, that he did infinitely admire what should be the reason of it. Upon this discourse *Balbinus*, who otherwise seem'd bent upon silence, was a little mov'd (as he was easie enough so to be) It is no hard matter (says he) to guess why we succeed no better. Our sins, our sins lie in the way, for pure Works should only pass through

through pure Hands. At this word, the Projector threw himself upon his Knees; and beating his Breast, *It is True, Balbinus, 'tis True* (says he with a dejected Countenance and Tone) *our sins hinder us, but they are my sins, not yours; for I am not ashamed to confess my Uncleanness before you, as I would before my Father Confessor. The frailty of my Flesh overcame me, Satan drew me into the Toil, and (Miserable Creature that I am !)* of a Priest I am become an Adulterer; and yet the Offering that you presented to the Virgin Mother is not wholly lost neither; for I had perished inevitably, if she had not protected me; for the Husband brake open the door upon me, and the Window was too little to get out at. In the Pinch of this danger, I be-  
thought my self of the Blessed Virgin; I fell upon my Knees, and besought her, that in token of her acceptance of the Gift she would now assist me in my distress. So without any delay, I went to the Window again, my Necessity lying hard upon me, and I found it by Miracle, so enlarg'd, that I got through it, and made my escape. *Ph.* Did Balbinus believe all this? *La.* Believe say you? Why he pardon'd it, and most religiously admonished the Impostor not to be Ingrateful to the Blessed Virgin; nay there was more money laid down, upon this Jugglers Promise that he would not profane the Operation, for the time to come, with any further Impurity. *Ph.* But how did all End at last? *La.* 'Tis a long History, but I'll dispatch it now in a word. When he had made sport Enough with these Inventions, and wheedled Balbinus out of a Considerable sum of Money; there came a person in the Conclusion, that had known this Knave from a Child: And he, easily imagining that he was now upon the same lock with Balbinus, as he had been elsewhere, goes privately to Balbinus, shews him what a Snake he had taken into his Bosom, and ad-

vises him to get quit of him as soon as he could ; unless he had rather stay the Rifling of all his Boxes. *Ph.* And did not *Balbinus* presently order the fellow to be laid by the Heels ? *La.* By the Heels ? No, he gave him money to bear his Charges away, and Conjur'd him by all that was Sacred to make no words of what had pass'd betwixt them ; and truly in my Opinion, it was wisely done, rather to suppress the Story, than to make himself a Common Laughing-stock, and Table-talk ; and to run the Risque of a Confiscation besides ; for the *Chymist* had no more skill than an *Ass*, so that he was in no danger, and in such a Case the Law would have favour'd him. If he had been charg'd with Theft, his Character would have sav'd him from Hanging, and no body would have been at the Charge of maintaining him in Prison. *Ph.* I should pity *Balbinus*, but that he took pleasure to be gull'd. *La.* I must now away to the Hall, and keep my other Foolish stories to another time. *Ph.* At your better Leisure I should be glad to hear 'em, and give you one for t'other.

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T H E

## T H E

Abbot, and the Learned  
W O M A N.

## C O L. XVI.

*An Abbot gives a Lady a Visit; and finding Latin and Greek Books in her Chamber, gives his Reasons against womens meddling with Learning. He professes himself to be a greater lover of Pleasure, than Wisdom: and makes the Ignorance of Monks, to be the most powerful reason of their Obedience.*

## ANTRONIUS, MAGDALIA.

*An.*

**T**

His House methinks is strangely Furnisht. *Ma.* Why? Is't not well? *An.* I don't know what you call *Well*; but 'tis not so proper, methinks, for a *Woman*. *Ma.* And why not

I pray ye? *An.* Why what should a *Woman* do with so many *Books*? *Ma.* As if you that are an *Abbot*, and a



*Courtier*, and have liv'd so long in the world, had never seen *Books* in a *Ladies Chamber* before. *An.* Yes, *French* ones I have; but here are *Greek* and *Latin*. *Ma.* Is there no *Wisdom* then, but in *French*? *An.* But they are well enough however for *Court-Ladies*, that have nothing else to do, to pass away their time withall. *Ma.* So that you would have only your *Court-Ladies* to be women of *Understanding*, and of *Pleasure*. *An.* That's your mistake now, to couple *Understanding* with *Pleasure*: for the *One* is not for a *Woman* at all; and the *Other* is only for a *Woman of Quality*. *Ma.* But is it not every *Bodies* business to *Live well*? *An.* Beyond all question. *Ma.* How shall any man live *Comfortably*, that does not live *Well*? *An.* Nay rather how shall any man live *Comfortably* that does? *Ma.* That is to say, you are for a *Life* that's *Easie*, let it be never so *Wicked*. *An.* I am of *Opinion*, I must confess, that a *Pleasant Life* is a *Good Life*. *Ma.* But what is it that makes ones *Life Pleasant*? Is it *Sense*, or *Conscience*? *An.* It is the *Sense* of *Outward Enjoyments*. *Ma.* Spoken like a *Learned Abbot*, tho' but a *Dull Philosopher*. But tell me now, what are those *Enjoyments* you speak of? *An.* *Money*, *Honour*, *Eating*, *Drinking*, *Sleeping*; and the *Liberty* of doing what a man has a mind to do. *Ma.* But what if God should give you *Wisdom*, over and above all the rest? Would your life be ever the *Worse* for't? *An.* Let me know first, what it is that you call *Wisdom*. *Ma.* *Wisdom* is a *Knowledge* that places the *Felicity* of *Reasonable Nature* in the *Goods* of the *Mind*; and tells us that a man is neither the *Happier*, nor the *Better*, for the *External Advantages* of *Blood*, *Honour*, or *Estate*. *An.* If That be it, pray'e make the best of your *Wisdom*. *Ma.* But what if I take more delight in a *Good Book*, then you do in a *Fox-Chase*, a *Fuddling-bout*, or in the shaking of

of your *Elbow*? Will you not allow me then to have a *Pleasant Life* on't? *An.* Every one as they like, but it would not be so to me. *Ma.* The question is not what *Does*, but what *Ought* to Please you. *An.* I should be loth, I do assure you, to have my *Monks* over *Bookish*. *Ma.* And yet my Husband is never better pleas'd than at his Study. Nor do I see any Hurt in't, if your *Monks* would be so too. *An.* Marry hang 'em up as soon; It teaches 'em to Chop *Logique*, and makes 'em *Undutifull*. You shall have them *expostulating* presently, appealing to *Peter*, and *Paul*, and Prating out of the *Canons* and *Decretals*. *Ma.* But I hope you would not have them do any thing that Clashes with *Peter* and *Paul* tho'? *An.* Clash or not Clash; I do not much trouble my head about their *Doctrine*. But I do naturally hate a Fellow that will have the *last Word*, and Reply upon his *Superiour*. And betwixt Friends, I do not much care neither to have any of my People *wiser* than their *Master*. *Ma.* 'Tis but your being wise your self, and then there's no fear on't. *An.* Alas! I have no time for't. *Ma.* How so, I beseech you? *An.* I'm so full of Business. *Ma.* Have you no time, do you say, to apply your self to *Wisdom*? *An.* No, not a single minute. *Ma.* Pray'e, what hinders you; if a body may ask the question. *An.* Why, you must know, we have *devilish long Prayers*; and by that time I have look'd over my *Charge*, my *Horses*, my *Dogs*, and made my *Court*, I have not a Moment left me to spare. *Ma.* Is this the mighty Business then that keeps you from looking after *Wisdom*? *An.* We have got a *Habit* of it; and *Custom* you know, is a great matter? *Ma.* Put the Case now that it were in your power to transform your self, and all your *Monks* into any other *Animals*; and that a body should desire you to turn your Self in-

to

to a *Hunting-Nag*, and your whole *Flock* into a *Herd of Swine*, would you do't? *An.* No, not upon any terms. *Ma.* And yet this would secure you from having any of your *Disciples* wiser than your self. *An.* As for my *People*; I should not much stand upon it what sort of *Brutes* they were, provided that I might still be a Man my self. *Ma.* But can you accompt him for a Man, that neither is Wise, nor has any Inclination so to be? *An.* But so long as I have wit enough for my own Business—*Ma.* Why so have the *Hoggs*. *An.* You talk like a Philosopher in a *Petticoat*, methinks. *Ma.* And you, methinks, like something that's far from it. But what's your quarrel all this while to the *Furniture of this House*? *An.* A Spinning-wheel, or some Instrument for Good Huswifery were more sutable to your Sex. *Ma.* Is it not the Duty then of a House-keeper to keep her Family in Order, and look to the Education of her Children? *An.* 'Tis so. *Ma.* And is this office to be discharg'd without Understanding? *An.* I suppose not. *Ma.* This Understanding do I gather from my Books. *An.* But yet I have above *Threescore Monks* under my Care, and not so much as *one Book* in my *Lodgings*. *Ma.* They are well Tutor'd the mean while. *An.* Not but that I could endure *Books* too, provided they be not *Latin*. *Ma.* And why not *Latin*? 'Tis not a *Tongue* for a *Woman*. *Ma.* Why, what's your Exception to't? *An.* 'Tis not a Language to keep a *Woman* Honest. *Ma.* Your *French Romances*, I must confess, are great Provocatives to Modesty. *An.* Well, but there's something else in't too. *Ma.* Out with it then. *An.* If the *Women* do not understand *Latin*, they are in less danger of the *Priests*. *Ma.* But so long as you take care that the *Priests* themselves shall not understand *Latin*; where's the Danger? *An.* 'Tis the Opinion  
of

of the Common People however, because it is so Rare a thing for a *Woman* to understand *Latine*. *Ma.* Why, what do you talk to me of the *People*? that never did any thing well? Or of *Custom*? that gives *Authority* to all *Wickedness*. We should apply our selves to that which is good, and turn that which was unusual, unpleasant, and perhaps scandalous before, into the Contrary. *An.* I hear you. *Ma.* Is it not a laudible Quality for a *German Lady* to speak *French*? *An.* It is so. *Ma.* And to what end? *An.* That she may be conversation for those that speak *French*. *Ma.* And why may not I as well learn *Latin*? to fit my self for the Company of so many Wise, and Learned Authors; so many Faithful Counsellors and Friends. *An.* But 'tis not so well for Women to spend their Brains upon Books, unless they had more to spare. *Ma.* What you have to spare I know not; but for my small Stock, I had much rather employ it upon honest Studies, than in the Mumbling over of so many Prayers, like a Parrot, by Rote; or the Emptying of so many *Dishes*, and *Beer-Glasses* till Morning. *An.* But much Learning makes a man mad. *Ma.* Your *Topers*, *Drolls*, and *Buffoons* are an Entertainment no doubt to make a body Sober. *An.* They make the time pass merrily away. *Ma.* But why should so pleasant Company as the Authors I converse with make me Mad then? *An.* 'Tis a common saying. *Ma.* But yet the Fact it self tells ye otherwise; and that Intemperate Feasting, Drinking, Whoring, and Inordinate Watching, is the ready way to *Bedlam*. *An.* For the whole World I would not have a *Learned Wife*. *Ma.* Nor I an *Unlearned Husband*. Knowledge is such a Blessing, that we are both of us the Dearer one to another for't. *An.* But then there's so much Trouble in the getting of it; and we must Die at last

too. *Ma.* Tell me now, by your Favour, if you were to march off to morrow, whether had you rather die a *Fool*, or a *Wise Man*? *An.* Ay; if I could be a *Wise Man* without Trouble. *Ma.* Why? there's nothing in this World to be gotten without it; and when we have gotten what we can, (tho with never so much difficulty) we must leave it behind us in the Conclusion: *Wisdom* only, and *Virtue* excepted, which we shall carry the Fruit of into another World. *An.* I have often heard that *One wise Woman is two Fools*. *Ma.* Some Fools are of that Opinion. The Woman that is truly wise does not think her self so; but she that is not so, and yet Thinks her self so, is Twice a Fool. *An.* I know not how it is; but to my Fancy, a *Pack-saddle* does as well upon an *Ox*, as *Learning* upon a *Woman*. *Ma.* And why not as well as a *Mitre* upon an *Ass*? But what do you think of the *Virgin Mary*? *An.* As well as is possible. *Ma.* Do you not think that she read Books? *An.* Yes; but not such Books as yours. *Ma.* What did she read then? *An.* The *Canonical Hours*. *Ma.* To what purpose? *An.* For the service of the *Benedictines*. *Ma.* Well, and do you not find others that spent their time upon Godly Books? *An.* Yes; but That way is quite out of *Fashion*. *Ma.* And so are *Learned Abbots* too. For 'tis as hard a matter now a days to find a *Scholar* amongst them, as it was formerly to find a *Blockhead*: nay, Princes themselves in times past were as Eminent for their Erudition, as for their Authority. But 'tis not yet so rare a thing neither, as you imagine, to find *Learned Women*; for I could give you out of *Spain*, *Italy*, *England*, *Germany*, &c. so many Eminent Instances of our Sex, as if you do not mend your Manners, may come to take Possession of your very *Schools*, your *Pulpits*, and your *Mitres*. *An.* God forbid it should ever  
come

come to That. *Ma.* Nay, do you forbid it? for if you go on at the rate you begin, the People will sooner endure *Preaching Geese*, than *Dumb Pastors*. The World is come about ye see, and you must either take off the Vizour, or expect that every Man shall put in for his part. *An.* How came I to stumble upon this Woman! If you'll find a time to give me a Visit, you may promise your self a better Entertainment. *Ma.* And what shall That be? *An.* Wee'l Dance, Drink, Hunt, Play, Laugh. *Ma.* You have put me upon a laughing Pin already.

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T H E

T H E  
Beggers Dialogue.

C O L. XVII.

*The Practices, and Cheats, and Impostures of  
Crafty Beggers: with the Advantages and  
Priviledges of That Condition of Life.*

I R I D E S, M I S O P O N U S.

*Ir.* **W**hat new thing have we got  
Here? I know the *Face*;  
but the *Clothes* methinks do  
not suit it. I am much mi-  
staken if This be not *Miso-*  
*ponus*. I'll venture to speak to him, as tatter'd as  
I am. Save thee, *Misoponus*. *Mi.* That must be *Iri-*  
*des*. *Ir.* Save thee, *Misoponus* once again. *Mi.* Hold your  
Tongue, I say. *Ir.* Why, what's the matter? May not  
a Man salute ye? *Mi.* Not by that *Name*. *Ir.* Your Rea-  
son for't. You have not chang'd your *Name*, I hope,  
with your *Clothes*. *Mi.* No; but I have taken up  
my *Old Name* again. *Ir.* What's That? *Mi.* *Api-*  
*cins*. *Ir.* Never be aham'd of your Old Acquain-  
tance;



tance; it may be you have mended your Fortune since I saw you, but 'tis not long however, since you and I were Both of an Order. *Mi.* Do but comply with me in This, and I'll tell thee what thou'lt ask me. I am not asham'd of *Your Order*, but of the *Order* that I was first of *my self*. *Ir.* What *Order* do ye mean? That of the *Franciscans*? *Mi.* No, by no means my good Friend; but the *Order* of the *Spendthrifts*. *Ir.* You have a great many Companions sure of that *Order*. *Mi.* I had a good Fortune, and laid it on to some tune as long as it lasted; but when that fail'd, there was no body would know *Apicius*. And then I ran away for shame, and betook my self to *your College*; which I look't upon to be much better than Digging. *Ir.* 'Twas wisely done. But how comes your Carcass to be in so good case of late? Your Change of Clothes, I do not so much wonder at. *Mi.* How so? *Ir.* Because *Laverna*, (the Goddess of *Thieves*) makes many of her Servants Rich of a sudden. *Mi.* You do not think I got an Estate by stealing, I hope. *Ir.* Nay by *Rapine* perhaps, which is worle. *Mi.* No; neither by *Stealing*, nor by *Rapine*. And this I swear by the Goddess you adore; (That's *Penia*, or *Poverty*) But I'll first satisfie ye as to my Constitution of *Body*, that seems to you so wonderful. *Ir.* While you were with us you were perpetually *Scabby*. *Mi.* But I have had the kindest Physician since. *Ir.* Who was That? *Mi.* Even mine own self; and I hope no body loves me Better. *Ir.* The first time that ever I took you for a *Doctor*. *Mi.* Why all that *Dress* was nothing but a *Cheat*; daub'd on with *Frankincense*, *Sulphur*, *Rosin*, *Birdlime*, and *blond-Clouts*; and when I had a mind to't, I could take it off again. *Ir.* Oh! *Impostor*! And I took thee for the very Picture of *Job* upon the *Dunghill*. *Mi.* This was only a Compliance with  
my

my Necessities, tho' Fortune sometimes may change the very skin too. *Ir.* But now you speak on't, tell me a little of your Fortune : Have you found ever a Pot of Money ? *Mi.* No ; but I have found out a Trade that's somewhat better than Yours yet. *Ir.* What Trade could you set up, that had nothing to Begin upon ? *Mi.* An Artist will live any where. *Ir.* I understand ye. Picking of Pockets, I suppose ; the Cutpurse's Trade. *Mi.* A little Patience, I pray'e ; I am turn'd *Chymist*. *Ir.* A very apt *Scholar*, to get That in a *Fortnight*, (for 'tis thereabouts since we parted) that another Man cannot learn in an Age. *Mi.* But I have found out a nearer way to't. *Ir.* What may that be ? *Mi.* When I had gotten up a stock of about *Four Crowns*, by Begging ; by great good luck, I met with an Old Companion of mine, of about my Estate ; we drank together, and (as 'tis usual) he up and told me the History of his Adventures, and of an *Art* he had got. And we came at last to an Agreement, that if I pay'd the *Reckoning*, he should teach me his *Art*, which he very honestly perform'd, and That *Art* now is my *Revenue*. *Ir.* Might not I learn it too ? *Mi.* I'll teach thee it *gratis* ; if it were but for old Acquaintance sake.

The World, ye know, is full of People that run a madding after the *Philosopher's Stone*. *Ir.* I have heard as much, and I believe it. *Mi.* I hunt for all Occasions of Insinuating my self into such Company. I talk Big ; and where-ever I find an Hungry Buz-zard, I throw him out a Bait. *Ir.* And how's that ? *Mi.* I give him Caution, of my own accord, to have a Care how he trusts Men of That Profession ; for they are most of them Cheats, and Impostors ; and very little better than Pickpockets to those that do not understand them. *Ir.* This Prologue, me-thinks,

thinks, should never do your business. *Mi.* Nay I tell him plainly that I would not be trusted my self neither, any further, then a man would Trust his Own Eyes, and Fingers. *Ir.* 'Tis a strange Confidence you have in your Art. *Mi.* Nay, I will have him to look on, while the *Metamorphosis* is a Working, and to be attentive to't: and then to take away all doubt, I bid him do the whole Work himself, While I'm at a distance; and not so much as a little finger in't. When the matter is *dissolv'd*, I bid him *purge* it himself; or set some *Goldsmith* to do it: I tell him the Quantity it will afford; and then let him put it to as many Tests as he pleases. He shall find the *precise weight*; the *Gold*, or the *Silver*, *Pure*; (for *Gold*, or *Silver*, 'tis the same thing to me: Only the Latter Experiment is the less dangerous.) *Ir.* But is there no Couzenage in all this? *Mi.* An Absolute Cheat from one end to the other. *Ir.* I cannot find where it lies. *Mi.* I'll shew ye then. First we agree upon the *Price*, but I touch no Money, till I have given proof of the thing it self. I deliver him a certain *Powder*, as if That did the whole business. I never part with the Receipt of it, but at an Excessive Rate: and then I make him swear most horridly too, that for six Months he shall not impart the Secret to any thing that lives. *Ir.* But where's the Cheat yet? *Mi.* The whole mystery lies in a *Coal* that I have Fitted, and Hollow'd for the purpose; and into That do I put as much *Silver*, as I say shall come out again. After the Infusion of the *Powder* I set the Pot in such a manner, that it shall be, in effect, *cover'd* with *Coals*; as well as *Coals Under*, and *about* it; which I tell them is a Method of Art. Among the *Coals* that lie a *Top* I put in one or more that has the *Gold*, or the *Silver*, in't. When that comes to be *dissolv'd*, it runs to the

rest, whether it be *Tin*, or *Copper*, and upon the *Separation* 'tis found, and taken out. *Ir.* A Ready way. But how will you deceive him that does the whole Business himself? *Mi.* When all things are done according to my Prescription, before we begin the *Operation*, I come and look about to see that every thing be right, and then I find a Coal or two wanting upon the Top; and under pretence of fetching it from the Coal-heap, I privately Convey one of my own; or else I have it ready laid there before hand, which I can take, and no body the Wiser. *Ir.* But what will you do, when the Tryal is made of This without ye? *Mi.* I'm out of danger, when I have the Money in my Pocket: Or I can pretend that the Pot was crackt, the Coals naught, they did not know how to Temper the Fire; and then it is one Mystery in our Profession never to stay long in a place. *Ir.* But will the Profit of This give a Man a Livelihood? *Mi.* Yes, and a very brave one: And if you are wise, you'll leave your wretched Trade of *Begging*, and turn *Quack* too. *Ir.* Now should I rather hope to bring You back again to Us. *Mi.* What, to take up a Trade again, that I was weary of before? And to quit a Good one, that I have found Profitable? *Ir.* But This profession of ours is made pleasant by Custome. How many are there that fall off from *St. Francis*, and *St. Benedikt*? But ours is an *Order of Mendicants*, that never any man forsook, that was acquainted with it. Alas! You were but a few Months with us; and not come yet to Taste the Comforts of This kind of Life. *Mi.* But I tasted enough on't tho' to know the misery of it. *Ir.* How comes it then that our People never leave us? *Mi.* Because they are naturally Wretched. *Ir.* And yet for all this Wretchedness, I had rather be a *Begger*, than

a Prince: and there are many Princes I doubt not, that Envy the Freedom of us Beggers. Whether it be *War*, or *Peace*, we are still *safe*. We are neither *Prest* for *Souldiers*, nor *Taxt*, nor put upon *Parish Duties*. The *Inquisition* never concerns it self with us. There's no scrutiny into our Manners; and if we do any thing that's Unlawful, *who'l sue a Begger*? If we assault any man, 'tis a shame to contend with a *Begger*: whereas neither in *Peace*, nor in *War*, are Kings at Ease. And the Greater they are, the more have they to Fear. Men pay a Reverence to *Beggers*, as if they were Consecrated to *God*: and make a Conscience of it not to abuse us. *Mi*. But then how nasty are ye in your Raggs, and Kennels? *Ir*. Those things are without us, and signifie nothing at all to True Happiness: and for our Raggs 'tis to them we Ow our Felicity. *Mi*. If That be your Happiness, I'm afraid ye will not enjoy it long. *Ir*. Why so? *Mi*. Because they say we shall have a Law for every City to maintain its own Poor; and for the forcing of those to Work, that are Able to do it, without wandring up and down as they did formerly. *Ir*. How comes that? *Mi*. Because they find great *Rogueries* committed under pretence of *Begging*, and great *Inconveniences* to the *Publique* from your *Order*, *Ir*. Oh! they have been talking of This a long time; and when the Devil's Blind, it may be they'l bring it to pass. *Mi*. Too soon perchance for your Quiet.

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# CYCLOPS,

O R,

## The Gospel Carrier.

COL. XVIII.

*An Invektive against Hypocrites; and such as have the Gospel continually in their Hands or Discourses, and do not Practise it in their Lives.*

POLYPHEMUS, CANNIUS.

Ca.



**V**HY how now, *Polyphemus*, what are You Hunting for? *Po.* Do you call Him a *Huntsman*, that has neither *Dogs* nor *Lance*? *Ca.* Upon the Chace perhaps of some Lady of the Wood here. *Po.* Shrewdly guess'd, believe me; and here's the Device I have to catch Her: *Ca.* What's the Meaning of This? *Polyphemus* with a *Book* in's hand? *A Hog in Armour*? They agree as well as *Puffs* and my Lady [Γαλήνη]

κερκωτόν

μεσημέριον a Cat in a Lac'd Petticoat.] Po. Nay I assure ye here's *Vermilion*, and *Azure* upon my Book, as well as (*Crocus*) or *Saffron*. Ca. I do not speak of *Crocus* (which is *Saffron*) but you mistake *Crocothon* ( which is a *Greek* word ) for *Crocus*. Is it a Military Book that same? For by the *Bosses* and *Plates* upon't, it seems to be Arm'd. Po. Look into't. Ca. I see what 'tis; and 'tis very fine, but not so fine as it might be tho. Po. Why, what wants it? Ca. You should do well to put your Arms upon't. Po. What Arms? Ca. An *Asses* head looking out of a *Hogshead*. What's the subject of it, the *Art of Drinking*? Po. You'l speak *Blasphemy* before you're aware. Ca. Why so? Is there any thing in't that's *Sacred*? Po. If the *Holy Gospel* be not *sacred*, I pray'e what is? Ca. The Lord deliver us; what has *Polyphemus* to do with the *Gospel*? Po. And pray'e let me ask you, what a *Christian* has to do with *Christ*? Ca. Truly methinks a *Halbert* would become you a great deal better: For if any Man that did not know ye, should meet ye at *Sea*, he would certainly take ye for a *Pirate*; Or in a *Wood*, for a *Highwayman*. Po. But the *Gospel* teaches us not to judge of men by *Outward Appearances*. For tho' 'tis true, that many a *Knave's Head* lies under a *Cowl*, yet it falls out sometime, that a *Modish Wigg*, a *Pair of Spanish Whiskers*, a *Stern Brow*, a *Buff-Coat* and a *Feather* in the *Cap*, accompany an *Evangelical Mind*. Ca. And why not; as well as a *Sheep* sometimes in the *Skin* of a *Wolf*? And if we believe *Emblems*, many an *Ass* lurks under the *Coat* of a *Lion*. Po. Nay I know a man my self that looks as Innocent as a *sheep*, and yet's a *Fox* in's *Heart*. I could wish he had as *Candid Friends* as he has *black Eyes*; and that he had as well the *Value* of *Gold*, as he has the *Colour* of it. Ca. If he that wears a *Wool-*



*len Hat*, must consequently wear a *Sheeps Head*; what a Burthen do You march under, that carry an *Estrich* in your *Cap*, over and above? But he is more Monstrous yet, that's a *Bird* in his *Head*, and an *Ass* in his *Breast*. *Po.* That's too sharp. *Ca.* But it were well if you were as much the better for your *Book*, as That's the *Gayer* for *You*: And that in exchange for *Colours*, it might furnish you with *Good Manners*. *Po.* I'll make it my *Care*. *Ca.* After the Old way. *Po.* But Bitterness aside, Is it a Crime, do you think, for a man to carry the *Gospel* about with him? *Ca.* Not in the least (*minime Gentium*) *Po.* Will you say that I am the least in the World, that am by an *Asses head* Taller than your self. *Ca.* That's a little too much, even tho' the *Ass* should prick up his Ears. *Po.* By an *Ox-head* I dare say. *Ca.* That Comparison does well enough: But I said *minime* the *Adverb*, not *minime* the *Vocative Case* of the *Adjective*. *Po.* Pray'e what's the Difference betwixt an Egg, and an Egg? *Ca.* And what's the Difference (say you) betwixt the *Middle-Finger* and the *Little-Finger*? *Po.* the *Middle* is the *Longer*. *Ca.* Most acute. And what's the Difference betwixt the *Ears* of an *Ass*, and those of a *Wolf*? *Po.* A *Wolf's Ears* are *shorter*. *Ca.* Why, there's the point. *Po.* But I am us'd to measure *Long*, and *short* by the *Span*, and by the *Yard*, not by the *Ears*. *Ca.* Well said. He that carry'd *Christ* was called *Christopher*: so that instead of *Polyphemus*, I shall call you the *Gospel-Bearer*. *Po.* Do not you account it a *Holy thing* then to carry the *Gospel*? *Ca.* No, not at all; unless you'll allow me that *Asses* are the greatest *Saints*. *Po.* What do you mean by That? *Ca.* Because one *Ass* will carry at least *Three thousand such Books*: and I am persuaded if you were but well hamper'd, that you would be able to carry as many your self. *Po.* In That

That sense I think there's no Absurdity to say an *Ass* may be *Holy*. *Ca.* And I shall never envy you That Holiness. If ye have a mind to't, I'll give ye some of the *Reliques* to Kiss, of the very *Ass* that our Saviour rode upon. *Po.* You cannot oblige me More; For *That Ass* could not but be Consecrated by the very *Contact*. *Ca.* But there was *Contact* too in those that smote our Saviour. *Po.* But tell me seriously, is it not a Pious thing for a Man to carry the *New Testament* about him? *Ca.* If it be done out of *Affection*, and without *Hypocrisie*, it is Piously done. *Po.* Tell the *Monks* of your *Hypocrisie*, what has a *Souldier* to do with it? *Ca.* But tell me First, what is the meaning of *Hypocrisie*? *Po.* When a man seems to be One thing, and is really Another. *Ca.* But what signifies the carrying of the *Gospel* about you? Does it not intimate a *Holy Life*? *Po.* I suppose it does. *Ca.* Now where a man's *Life* is not sutable to his *Books*, is not That *Hypocrisie*? *Po.* It may be so. But what is that you will allow to be carrying the *Gospel* as we ought? *Ca.* Some carry it about in their *Hands*, as the *Franciscans* do the *Rule* of *St. Francis*; and at That Rate, a *Porter*, an *Ass*, or a *Gelding* may carry it as well as a *Christian*. There are Others that carry it in their *Mouths*; and only *Talk* of *Christ* and the *Gospel*; and those are *Pharisees*. And there are Others that carry it in their *Hearts*: But those are the *True Gospel-Bearers*, that have it in all *Three*; their *Hands*, their *Mouth*, and their *Hearts*. *Po.* But where are those? *Ca.* What do you think of those that Minister in the Churches; that both Carry the Book, Read it to the People, and Meditate upon it? *Po.* As if any Man could carry the *Gospel* in his *Heart*, and not be a *Holy Man*. *Ca.* Let us have no *Sophistry*. No Man carries the *Gospel* in his *Heart*, that does not love it with all

his Soul ; and no Man loves it as he ought to do, that does not Conform to it in his Life. *Po.* These are subtilties out of my Reach. *Ca.* I'll be plainer then : For a Man to carry a Flaggon of Wine upon his shoulders, it's a Burden. *Po.* No doubt of it. *Ca.* What if a Man swills a soup of Wine in his Mouth, and throws it out again ? *Po.* He's never the better for't : Tho' that's none of my way. *Ca.* But to come to your way then : what if he Gulps it down ? *Po.* There's nothing more Divine. *Ca.* It warms his Body, brings his Blood into his Cheeks, and gives him a merry Countenance. *Po.* Most Certain. *Ca.* And so it is with the Gospel. He that takes it affectionately into his Soul, finds himself presently a New Man after it. *Po.* And you think perhaps, that I do not lead my Life according to my Book. *Ca.* That's a Question only to be Resolv'd by your self. *Po.* I understand none but Military Divisions. *Ca.* Suppose any Man should give ye the Lie to your Face, or call you *Buffle-Head*; what would you do ? *Po.* What would I do ? Why I'd give him a Box o'th' Ear. *Ca.* And what if he should give You another ? *Po.* Why then I'd cut his Throat for't. *Ca.* And yet your Book teaches you another Lesson, and bids you Return Good for Evil : and that if any body strikes you on the Right Cheek, you should offer him the Left also. *Po.* I have read some such thing, but I had forgot it. *Ca.* I suppose you *Pray* often. *Po.* That's too *Pharisaical*. *Ca.* Long *Prayers* are *Pharisaical* indeed, if they be accompanied with *Ostentation*. Now your Book tells you that you should *Pray* always, but with *Intention*. *Po.* Well, but for all this I do *Pray* sometimes. *Ca.* At what times ? *Po.* Sometimes when I think on't : It may be once or twice a Week. *Ca.* And what's your Prayer ? *Po.* The *Lord's Prayer*.  
*Ca.* How

Ca. How often? Po. Only once: For the Gospel forbids *Repetitions*. Ca. Can you go through the *Lord's Prayer* without thinking of any thing else? Po. I never try'd That: Is it not enough that I pronounce it? Ca. I cannot tell that God takes Notice of any thing in Prayer, but the Voice of the Heart. Do ye *Fast* often? Po. No, never. Ca. And yet your *Book* recommends *Fasting*, and *Prayer*. Po. And I should approve on't too, but my *Stomach* will not bear it. Ca. But St. *Paul* tells us that he's no *Servant of Jesus Christ*, that serves his *Belly*. Do you *Eat Flesh* every day? Po. Yes, when I have it. Ca. And yet you have a *Robust Constitution* that would live upon Hay with a Horse, or the Barks of Trees. Po. But the Gospel says that *those things that go into a man, do not defile him*. Ca. Neither do they, if they be taken Moderately, and without giving *Scandal*. But St. *Paul* that was a Disciple of our Saviours, would rather starve than offend a Weak Brother: and he exhorts us to follow his Example of becoming all things to all men. Po. *Paul* is *Paul*, and *Polyphemus* is *Polyphemus*. Ca. But it is *Egon's Duty* to Feed Goats. Po. But I had rather *Eat* them (*malim esse*.) Ca. Had you rather *BE* a Goat, say ye? That's a Pleasant Wish. Po. But I meant *Esse, pro Edere*. Ca. Very pretty. Do you give Liberally to the Poor? Po. I have nothing to give. Ca. But if you'd live soberly, and take pains, you might have something to give. Po. It's a pleasant thing for a Man to take his Ease. Ca. Do ye keep the *Commandments*? Po. That's a hard Task. Ca. Do you *repent* your self of your *Sins*? Po. Christ has made Satisfaction for us. Ca. How can you say now that you love the Gospel? Po. I'le tell ye, we had a certain *Franciscan* that was perpetually thundering out of the Pulpit, against *Erasmus's New Testament*: I caught the Fellow once by himself,

himself took him by the hair with my left hand, and with my right I buffeted him so well favouredly that ye could see no Eyes he had: and was not this done now like a man that loves the Gospel? After this, I gave him Absolution, and knocking him over the Coxcomb three times with this Book, I made three Bunches upon his Crown, and so absolv'd him in Form. *Ca.* This was *Evangelically* done, without Question; and a way of Defending *one Gospel* with *another*. *Po.* I met with another of his Fellows that was still raging too against *Erasmus*, without either end, or Measure. My *Gospel-Zeal* mov'd me once again, I brought him on his Knees, to this *Confession*, that *what he said, was by the Instigation of the Devil*: I look'd upon him, like the Picture of *Mars*, in a *Battle*, with my *Partizan* over him, to cut off his head if he had not done it in point; and this was acted in the Presence of a great many Witnesses. *Ca.* I wonder the man was not frighted out of his wits. But to proceed; Do ye keep your *Body Chast*? *Po.* When I come to be Old, it may be I shall. But shall I tell ye the Truth, *Cannius*? *Ca.* I'm no *Priest*: And if you have a mind to *Confess* your self, you may seek some body else. *Po.* I use to *Confess* to *God*, but for once, I'll do't to *You*. I am as yet (no perfect but) a very *Ordinary Christian*. We have *four Gospels*, and we, *military-Gospellers*, propound chiefly to our selves these four Things. *First*, to take Care for our *Bellies*; *Secondly*, that nothing be wanting *Below*; *Thirdly*, to put money in our *Pockets*; and *Lastly*, to do what we *list*. When we have gain'd these four Points, we drink and sing as if the Town were our own: And this is to us the Reign of *Christ*, and the life of the Gospel. *Ca.* This is the Life of an *Epicure*, not of a *Christian*. *Po.* I cannot much deny it; but the Lord is Almighty ye know, and  
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can make us Other men in an Instant, if he pleases. *Ca.* Yes, and he may make us *Swine* too ; with more likelihood perhaps than Good men. *Po.* I would there were no worse things in the World than *Hogs, Oxen, Affes, and Camels.* You shall find a great many People that are *Fiercer* than *Lions*, more *Ravenous* than *Wolves*, more *Lustful* than *Sparrows*, that will bite worse than *Dogs*, and sting worse than *Vipers.* *Ca.* But it is time for you now to turn from a *Brute-animal* to a *Man.* *Po.* Ye say well ; for I find in the Prophecies of these times, that the World's near an end. *Ca.* There's so much the more reason to Repent betimes. *Po.* I hope Christ will give me his Helping hand. *Ca.* But it is your part to make your self fit matter to work upon. But how does it appear that the world is so near an end ? *Po.* Because People, they say, are now doing just as they did in the days before the Flood ; they are Eating and Drinking, Marrying and giving in Marriage ; they Whore, they Buy, they Sell, they take to use, they put to use, they Build ; Kings make War ; Priests study to encrease their Revenues ; Schoolmen make *Syllogisms* ; Munks run up and down the World, the Rabble Tumult, *Erasmus* writes Colloquies : In fine, all's naught ; Hunger and Thirst, Robberies, Hostilities, Plagues, Seditions, and a scarcity of all things that are Good. And does not all this argue now that the world is near an End ? *Ca.* Now of all this Mass of Mischief, which is your greatest Trouble ? *Po.* Guess. *Ca.* That the Spiders perhaps make Cobwebs in your empty Baggs. *Po.* The very Point, or let me Perish ! I have been drinking hard to day, but some other time when I'm sober, we'll have another Touch at the Gospel. *Ca.* And when shall I see ye sober ? *Po.* When I am so. *Ca.* And when will

will ye be so? *Po.* when you see me so: In the *Interim*, my dear *Cannikin*, be Happy. *Ca.* In requital, may'st thou long be what thou'rt call'd. *Po.* And that I may not be outdone in Courtesie; may the *Can* never fail *Cannius*, whence he has borow'd his Name.

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THE



# THE FALSE KNIGHT.

COL. XIX.

*The Insolencies of men in Power ; And the Impostures that are put upon the World, by Ignorance, and Impudence, instead of Wisdom and Honour.*

HARPALUS, NESTORIUS.

*Ha.* **I**F you could help me Out now, I am not a man to forget a Courtesie. *Ne.* It shall be your Own Fault if I do not make ye what you would be. *Ha.* But it is not in our Power to be *born Noble.* *Ne.*

What you want in *Blood*, you must supply with Virtue, and lay the Foundation of your own Nobility.

*Ha.* That's such a Devilish way about. *Ne.* Away, away, you may have it at Court for a Trifle. *Ha.* But the People are so apt to laugh at a man that buyes his Honour. *Ne.* Well ! And if it be so Ridiculous, why would you so fain be a Knight ? *Ha.* Oh ! I could shew ye Twenty reasons for That ; if you could  
but

but put me in a way to make my self Honourable in the Opinion of the World. *Ne.* What would the *Name* signifie, without the *Thing*? *Ha.* But still if a Man has not the *Thing* it self, 'tis something however to have the *Reputation* of it. But give me your Advice at a Venture; and when ye know my Reasons, you'll say it was worth my while. *Ne.* Why then I'll tell ye. You must, First, remove your self to some place where you are not known. *Ha.* Right. *Ne.* And then get your self into the Company of Men of Quality. *Ha.* I understand ye. *Ne.* People will be apt to judge of you by the Company ye keep. *Ha.* They will so. *Ne.* But then you must be sure to have nothing about ye that's Vulgar. *Ha.* As how? *Ne.* I speak of your Cloaths, If they were *Silk* 'twere better; but if ye cannot go to the price of *Silk*, I would rather have them *Canvases*, than *Cloth*. *Ha.* Y'are in the Right. *Ne.* And rather than wear any thing that is whole, you shall cut your very *Hat* too, your *Doublet*, *Breeches*, *Shoes*; and rather than fail, if it could be handsomly done, you very *Fingers Ends*. If you meet with any Traveller that comes from *Vienna*, ask him what he thinks of the Peace with *France*? How your *Consen* of *Furstenberg* had his Health there? And you must enquire after all the jolly Officers of your Old Acquaintance. *Ha.* It shall be done. *Ne.* And you must be sure to have a *Scal King* upon your Finger. *Ha.* Good; if my Purse would reach to't. *Ne.* You may have a *Brass Ring*, *Gilt*, with a *Doublet*, for a small matter. But then you must Charge a *Scocheon* with your *Coat of Arms*. *Ha.* And what *Bearing*? *Ne.* Two *Milking Pails*, and a *Pot of Ale*. *Ha.* Come leave your Fooling. *Ne.* Were ye ever in a *Battle*? *Ha.* Alas! I never saw a *Naked Sword* in my whole Life. *Ne.* Did you ever cut off the Head of a  
Goose,

Goose, or a Capon? *Ha.* Many a time, and with the Resolution of a man of Honour too. *Ne.* Why what do ye think then of *Three Goose-caps, Or, and a Whin-yard, Argent?* *Ha.* And what would you have the Field? *Ne.* What should it be but *Gates?* in token of the Bloodshed. *Ha.* 'Tis not amiss, for the Blood of a Goose is as Red as that of a man: But go forward. *Ne.* Wherever ye pass, let your Coat be hung up over the Gate of the Inn. *Ha.* And how the Helmet? *Ne.* That's well thought of; A month gaping from Ear to Ear. *Ha.* Your reason for That? *Ne.* First to give you Air; and then 'tis more suitable to your Dress. But what Crest? *Ha.* What say you to That? *Ne.* A Dogs head with a pair of banging Ears. *Ha.* That's Common. *Ne.* Why then let him have two Horns; and That's Extraordinary. *Ha.* That will do well: But what Supporters? *Ne.* Why, for Stags, Talbots, Dragons, Griffins, they are all taken up already by Kings and Princes: what do ye think of Two Harpies? *Ha.* Nothing can mend it. *Ne.* But now for your Title; you must have a Care, that you do not call your self *Harpalus Comensis*; but *Harpalus à Como*; not *Norfolk-Booby* (for the Purpose) but *Booby of Norfolk*. The One's Noble, the Other Pedantique. *Ha.* 'Tis so. *Ne.* Is there any thing now that you can call your self the Lord of? *Ha.* No; not so much as a *Pig-sty*. *Ne.* Were ye born in any Eminent City? *Ha.* To make ye my Confessor, I was born in a Pitiful obscure Village: There must be no lying in the Case, when a man asks Counsel. *Ne.* Come, all's well enough. But is there ever a famous mountain near ye? *Ha.* Yes, there is. *Ne.* And is there ever a Rock near That? *Ha.* A very steep one. *Ne.* Why then you shall be *Harpalus of the Golden Rock*. *Ha.* But most great men I observe have their peculiar Motto.

As

As *Maximilian*, Keep within *Compass*; Philip; He that will; Charles, Further yet, &c. *Ne*. Why then Yours shall be *Turn every Stone*. *Ha*. Nothing more Pertinent. *Ne*. Now to confirm the World in their Esteem of you, you must have Counterfeit Letters from such and such Illustrious Persons, and there you must be treated in a Stile of *Honour*, and with busyness of *Estates*, *Castles*, *Huge Revenues*, *Commands*, *Rich Matches*, &c. These Letters you must either leave behind ye, or drop them some where by chance, that they may be found, and taken notice of. *Ha*. I can do that as Easily as Drink; for I'll Imitate any mans hand alive so exactly, that he shall not know it from his Own. *Ne*. Or you may leave them in your Pockets, when you send your Breeches to the Tailors, and when he finds them, you may be sure 'twill be no secret. But then you must be extreamly troubled that you should be so Careless. *Ha*. Let me alone for Ordering my Countenance without a Visor. *Ne*. The great Skill is, to have the Matter published so, that no body smell it out. *Ha*. For that matter, I'll warrant ye. *Ne*. You must then furnish your self with *Companions*, (Or 'twil do as well, if they be Servants) that shall stand Cap in hand to ye, and make Legs to your *Worship* at every Turn. And never be Discourag'd at the Charge, for you'll find young Fellows enow that will bear This part in the Comedy, if it were but for the Humours sake, and for God a' mercy. And then you must know that there are a great many Scribbling Blades here, that are strangely infected with the *Itch*, (I had like to have said the *Scab*) of *Writing*; And a Company of Hungry *Printers*, that will Venture upon Any thing for Money. You must engage these People to make Honourable Mention of your *Quality*, and *Fortune* in your Own Country, in  
their

their Pamphlets; and your Name to be still set in *CAPITALS*. This is a Course that will give ye Honour, even if the Scene were laid in *Japan*; and One Book spreads more than a hundred Talkative Tongues. *Ha*. I am not against this way, but there must be *Servants* yet maintained. *Ne*. *Servants* must be had, but there's no need of your Feeding 'em. They have fingers, and when they are sent up and down, something or other will be found. There are divers Opportunities, ye know, in such Cases. *Ha*. A word to the Wife; I understand ye. *Ne*. And then there are Other Inventions. *Ha*. Pray'e let's hear 'um. *Ne*. If you do not understand *Cards*, and *Dice*, *Whoring*, *Drinking*, and *Squandering*, the Art of *Borrowing* and *Bubbling*, and the *French Pox* to boot, there's no body will take ye for a Person of Condition. *Ha*. These are Exercises I have been train'd up to: but where's the Money that must carry me through? *Ne*. Hold a little, I was just coming to That Point. Have ye any Estate? *Ha*. Truly a very small one. *Ne*. Well but when ye are once settled in the Reputation of a great man, you can never fail of finding Fools to Trust ye. Some will be afraid, and others will be ashamed to deny you: And there are Tricks for a man to delude his Creditors. *Ha*. I know something of that too. But they are apt to be Troublesome yet, when they find that there comes nothing but Words. *Ne*. Nay on the Contrary, no man has his Creditors more at Command, than he that owes Money to a great many. *Ha*. How so? *Ne*. Your Creditor pays ye that Observance, as if he himself were the Person Obliged; for fear ye should take any thing ill, and Cousen him of his Money. No man has his *Servants* in such awe, as a Debtor has his Creditors: And if you pay 'um never so little, 'tis as kindly taken as if you Gave it. *Ha*. I have found it so. *Ne*. But then you

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must have a care how you engage your self to *Little people*: For they care not what Tragedies they raise, for Peddling Summs; whereas men of Competent Fortunes are more Tractable: They are either restrain'd by Good nature, led on by Hope, or kept in order by Fear, for they know the danger of meddling with men of Power: Or in conclusion, When ye are no longer able to stand the shock, 'tis but changing of your Quarter, and still upon earnest bus'ness removing from one place to Another: And where's the shame of all this? for a *Knight* to be in the *same Estate* with his *Imperial Majesty*. If you find your self prest by a Fellow of mean Condition, you are to blest your self at his Confidence: And yet 'tis good to be paying of something; but neither the whole Sum, nor to all your Creditors. But whatever ye do, set a good Face on't, as if ye had Money in your Pocket still, tho' the Devil a Crofs. *Ha.* But what shall a man brag of that has Nothing? *Ne.* If you have laid up any thing for a Friend, let it pass for your own. But it must be taken notice of only as by Chance. And in this Case, 'tis good to borrow Money, and shew it, tho' ye pay it again the next hour. You may put *Counters* in your Pocket; and 'tis but taking a *Right Crown* or two out, and making the rest Chink: You may imagin—*Ha.* I understand ye. But yet at last I must necessarily sink under my Debt. *Ne.* But Knights ye know, will handle us as they please. *Ha.* 'Tis very true; and there's no Remedy. *Ne.* I would advise you to have diligent Servants about ye; or no matter if it were some of your poor Kindred: such as must be Kept however. They'l stumble now and then upon some Merchant upon the way; or find something perhaps in the Inn, in the House, or in the Boat, that wants a Keeper. Do ye conceive me? Let 'em Consider

sider that men have not Fingers for Nothing. *Ha.* If this could be done with safety. *Ne.* You must be sure to keep them in *handsome Liveries*, and be still sending of 'em with *Counterfeit Letters* to *This Prince*, or *That Count*. Who shall dare to suspect Them, if any thing be missing ; or if they should suspect them, who shall dare to own it, for fear of the Knight their Master ? If they chance to take a Booty by force, 'tis as good as a Prize in War ; for This Exercise is but a Prelude to war it self. *Ha.* A Blessed Counsellor ! *Ne.* Now this *Statute of Knighthood* must be ever observ'd, that it is Lawful for a Knight upon the Road to ease a Common Traveller of his Money. For what can be more Dishonourable than for a Pitiful Fellow of *Commerce* to have *Money at Will*, and a *Knight* want it to supply him with Necessaries for *Whores*, and *Dice* ? Be seen as much as possible in the Company of Great men, though you pin your self upon them. You must put on a *Brazen face* ; and especially to your *Host* ; and let nothing put ye out of Countenance. And therefore ye should do well to pass your time in some Publick Place, as at the *Baths*, or *Waters*, and in the *most frequented Inns*. *Ha.* I was thinking of That. *Ne.* In such places you will meet with many fair Opportunities. *Ha.* As how I beseech ye ? *Ne.* You'll find now and then a Purse dropt, or the Key left in the door, or so ; you Comprehend me. *Ha.* But--- *Ne.* What are ye afraid of ? A Person that lives and Talks at your rate ; *The Knight of the Golden Rock*, who shall presume to suspect Him, or however to open his Mouth against him, at the worst ? They'll rather cast it upon some Body that went away the day before. You'll find the Family in disorder about it, but do You behave your self as a person wholly unconcern'd. If This Accident befalls a man



that has either Modesty, or Brains, he'll even pass it over without making any words on't; and not cast away his Credit after his Money, for looking no better to't. *Ha.* 'Tis very well said; For I suppose you know *the Count of the White Vulture.* *Ne.* Yes, yes; why not? *Ha.* I have heard of a certain *Spaniard*, a Handsom Gentile Fellow that lodg'd at his house; he carry'd away a matter of *threescore Pounds Sterling*, and the *Count* had such a Reverence for his Person, that he did not so much as open his Mouth for the matter. *Ne.* So that there's a Precedent. You may send out a Servant now and then for a *Souldier*, as ye see Occasion, and he falls in upon the Rising of a *Church*, or a *Monastery*; and there's a *Fortune* made by the *Law of Arms.* *Ha.* This is the safest expedient we have had yet. *Ne.* Well, and there's another way now of raising Money. *Ha.* And let's have that too, I pre'ther. *Ne.* When ye find People that have Money in their Pockets, 'tis but picking a quarrel with 'em, especially if they be *Churchmen*, for they are strangely *Hated*, now a-days: One broke a jest upon ye; another fell foul upon your Family; this man spake, or t'other man wrote something to your Dishonour; and here's a ground for the denouncing of a War without Quarter, but then you must breath nothing but destruction, fire, and Sword; and That Naturally brings the Matter to a Composition. Be sure then that ye do not sink below your Dignity, and you must ask out of Reason, to bring them up to't. If you demand *Three thousand Crowns*, the Devil's in 'em if they offer ye less than *Two hundred.* *Ha.* I, and I can threaten Others with the *Law.* *Ne.* That is not so *Generous* tho'; but yet it may help in some degree. But hark ye, *Harpalus*, we have forgotten the Main point; Some *Young Wench* or Other, with a  
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Good Fortune, might be handsomly drawn, methinks, into the Noose of Matrimony ; and you carry a *Philtre* about with ye ; a *Young, Spruce, Drol-ling, Grinning Rascal* ! Let it be given out that you're call'd away to some great Office in the *Emperors Court* ; the *Girls are mad upon Coupling with the Nobility*. *Ha*. I know some that have made their Fortunes this way : But what if all this Roguery should come out now ; my Creditors fall upon the Back of me ; and your Imaginary Knight come to have Rotten Eggs thrown at him ? For a man had better be taken Robbing of a Church, than in the Course of such a Cheat. *Ne*. In this Case, you must put on the Brazen face I told ye of. And I'll tell ye This for your Comfort, that *Impudence* never past so current for *Wisdom*, since the Creation of the World, as it does at *This Day*. You must betake your self to your Invention, and tell your Tale as well as ye can ; ye shall find some Fools or other that will favour it : Nay and some, that out of pure Candor, and Civility, tho' they understand the Abuse, will yet make the best on't : But for your Last Refuge, shew a Fair Pair of Heels for't ; thrust your self into a *Battle*, or a *Tumult* ; for as *the Sea covers all Mischiefs, so War covers all Sins* : And the Truth of it is, he that has not been train'd up in This School, is not fit to be a Commander. Here's your Sanctuary when all fails ; and yet let me advise ye to turn every Stone before you come to't. Many a Man is Undone by *Security*. Wherefore have a Care of *Little damn'd Towns*, that a man cannot let a *Fart* in, but the people presently take the *Alarm*. In *Great and Populous Cities* a body is more at Liberty, unless it be in such a place as *Marseilles*. Make it your bus'ness to know what the People say of ye. If ye hear that they come to talk at This rate ; *what*

does *This man Here* so long ? *Why* does not he go *Home* again ; and look after his *Castles*, with a *Pox* ? What does he talk to us of his *Pedigree* ? I wonder how the *Devil* he *Lives* ? These are *Bugg-words* ; and if you find this humour once to grow upon the *People*, up with your *Baggage* and be jogging, before it be too late. But you must make your *Retreat*, like a *Lion*, not like a *Hare*. You are call'd away by the *Emperor* to take Possession of a great *Charge*, and it will not be long perhaps before they see you again at the *Head of an Army*. Those that have any thing to lose will be quiet enough, when y<sup>r</sup> are gone ; but of all *People* have a care of your *Peevish*, *Malitious Poets* : They throw their *Venom* upon their *Paper*, and what they write is as *Publick* as the *Air*. *Ha*. Let me dye if I be not strangely pleas'd with thy *Counsel* : and you shall never Repent ye, either of your *Scholar*, or of your *Obligation*. The first good *Horse* that I take up upon my *Patent of Knighthood*, shall be yours : *Ne*. Be as good as your word now : But what is the Reason that you should so strangely dote upon a false Opinion of *Nobility* ? *Ha*. Only because they are in a manner *Lawless*, and do what they please ; And is not This a Considerable Inducement ? *Ne*. When all comes to all, you owe a *Death* to *Nature*, tho' you liv'd a *Carthusian* ; and he that dies of the *Stone*, the *Gout*, or the *Palsie* had better have been broken upon the *Wheel*. 'Tis an *Article* of a *Souldiers Faith*, that after *Death* there remains *Nothing* of a *Man*, but his *Carcass*. *Ha*. And That's my Opinion.

T H E  
Seraphique Funeral.

C O L. XX.

*A Bitter Discourse upon the Habit, Life, Opinions, and Practices of the Franciscans: Their Institution, and the Blasphemous Fundamentals of Their Order.*

THEOTIMUS, PHILEGOUS.

*Ph.* **W**Hy, where have you been, *Theotimus*, that ye look so wonderfully *Grave* and *Devout*? *Th.* How so? *Ph.* You look so severe, methinks, with your Eyes upon the Ground, your Head upon your left shoulder, and your Beads in your hand. *Th.* My Friend, if you have a mind to know a thing that does not belong to ye; I have been at a *Shew*. *Ph.* *Jacob Hall* perhaps, or the *Jugler*; Or some such business, it may be. *Th.* 'Tis somewhat thereabouts. *Ph.* Y're the first Man sure that ever brought such an Humour back from a *Publique Spectacle*. *Th.* But This was such a *Spectacle*, let me tell ye, that if you your self had been a *Spectator*, you would have been more out of Order perchance than I am. *Ph.* But why so extreemly Religious, I pre'thee,

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on a sudden? *Th.* I have been at the *Funeral* of a *Seraphim*. *Ph.* Nay, Pray'e tell me, do the *Angels* die? *Th.* No, but *Angels Fellows* do. But to put ye out of your pain, you know *Eusebius*, I suppose; a famous, and a Learned Man. *Ph.* What do you mean? *Eusebius*, the *Pelusian*; he that was First degraded from his *Authority*, to the state of a *Private man*, and of a *Private man* made an *Exile*, and of an *Exile*, within a little of a *Begger*? (I had like to have said worse.) *Th.* That's the Man. *Ph.* But what's come to him? *Th.* He's This day *Bury'd*, and I am just now come from his *Funeral*. *Ph.* It must needs be a doleful Business sure, to put you into this dismal mood. *Th.* I shall never be able to tell ye the *Story* without weeping. *Th.* Nor I to hear it without *Laughing*. But let's have it however. *Th.* You know that *Eusebius* hath been a long time *Infirm*. *Ph.* Yes, yes, he has not been a *Man* this many a year. *Th.* In these Slow, and Consumptive Diseases, 'tis a Common thing for a Physician to foretell a man how long he shall live, to a precise day. *Ph.* It is so. *Th.* They told their Patient that all that the Art of man could do, towards his preservation, had been done already; and that God might preserve him, by a *Miracle*; but that he was absolutely past all Relief of Physick; and according to humane Conjecture, he had not above three days to Live. *Ph.* And what follow'd. *Th.* The *Wasted Body* of the Excellent *Eusebius*, was presently drest up in a *Franciscans Habit*, his Head Shaven, his *Ash-colour'd Gowl*, and *Gown*, his *Knotted Hempen Girdle*, and his *Franciscan Shoes*; all put on. *Ph.* As departing this Life? *Th.* Even so: and with a Dying Voice, declaring, that if it should please God to restore him to the Health that his Physicians despair'd of, he would serve under Christ, according to the *Rule* of *St. Francis*; and there were several

veral Holy Men call'd in, to bear witness to his Profession. In this *Habit* dy'd this *Famous Man*; at the very point of time that had been foretold by his Physicians. There came abundance of the *Fraternity*, to assist at his Funeral Solemnity. *Ph.* I would I had been one of the Number my self. *Th.* It would have gone to the Heart of ye, to see with what Tenderness the *Seraphique Sodality* wash'd the *Body*, fitted the *Holy Habit* to him, laid his *Arms* one over another, in the form of a *Cross*, uncover'd, and kiss'd his *Naked Feet*; and according to the Precept of the Gospel, cheer'd up his *Countenance* with *Oyntment*. *Ph.* What a Prodigious Humility was this, for the *Seraphique Brethren* to take upon them the *Parish Offices* of *Bearers* and *Washers*? *Th.* After this, they laid the *Body* upon the *Biere*; and according to the direction of *St. Paul* (*bear ye one anothers Burthen*) *Gal. 6.* The Brethren took their Brother upon their Shoulders, and carry'd him along the Highway to the *Monastery*, where they Interr'd him with the Usual Songs and Ceremonies. As this Venerable Pomp was passing upon the way, I Observ'd a great many People that could not forbear Weeping; to see a Man that us'd to go in his *Silk*, and *Scarlet*, wrapt now in a *Franciscan's Habit*, girt with a *Ropes End*, and the whole *Body* dispos'd in such a posture, as could not chuse but move Devotion. For his *Head*, as I said, was laid upon his *Shoulder*, his *Arms*, a *Cross*; and every thing else too carry'd a wonderful appearance of Holiness. But then the *March* of the *Seraphique Troop* it self, Hanging down their *Heads*, with their *Eyes* fixt upon the *Earth*, and their mournful *Dirges*: (so mournful; that in *Hell* it self there can be nothing beyond it.) All this, I say, drew Sighs, and Tears in abundance from the Beholders. *Ph.* But had he the five wounds too  
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of *St. Francis*? *Th.* I dare not affirm that for a Certain; but I saw some *Blewish Scars* on his *Hands*, and *Feet*; and he had a *hole* in his *left side* of his *Gown*; but I durst not look too narrowly, for many People have been undone, they say, by being too curious into these Matters. *Ph.* But did ye not take notice of some that laught too? *Th.* Yes, I did observe it; But they were *Heretiques*, I suppose; there are e'en too many of them in the World. *Ph.* To Deal honestly with thee, in my Conscience, if I had been there my self, I should have laught too for Company. *Th.* I pray God thou hast not a *spice* of the same Leaven. *Ph.* There's no danger of That, Good *Theotimus*! For I have had a Veneration for *St. Francis*, even from a Child; He was one that was much more acceptable both to God and Man, for the strict Mortification of his Affections, than for any Worldly Learning, or Wisdom; and those are His True Disciples, that so *live* in the *Flesh*, as if they were *Dead* to it, and *Liv'd* only in *Christ*: But for the *Habit* it self, I value it not; and I would fain know what is a *Dead Man* the Better for a *Garment*? *Ph.* It is the Lord's Precept, ye know, *not to give Holythings to Dogs, or to cast Pearls before Swine*: And beside, if ye ask *Questions* to make your self Merry with them, I'll tell ye nothing at all. But if ye have an honest desire to be inform'd, I am content to tell ye as much as I know. *Ph.* My *Bus'ness* is to learn, and you shall find me a diligent, a Docile, and a Thankful Disciple. *Th.* You know, first, that some People are so possess'd with Pride and Vanity, that their Ambition accompanies them to the very Grave; and they are not content, unless they be *Bury'd* with as much *Pomp* as they *Liv'd*. It is not that the *Dead* feel any thing; but yet by the force of *Imagination* they take some *Pleasure* in their *Lives*,  
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to think of the Solemnity, and Magnificence of their Funerals. Now ye will not deny it, I suppose, to be some degree of Piety to renounce this weakness. Ph. I'll confess it, if there be no other way to avoid the Vanity of This Expence. But I should think it much more Humane, and Modest, even for a Prince to recommend his Body to a Course Winding Sheet, and to be laid in the Common Burying-place by the Ordinary Bearers. For to be carry'd to the Grave, as *Ensebius* was, is rather the Change of a Vanity, than the Avoidance of it. Th. It is the Intention that God accepts, and it is God alone that can judge of the Heart. But This that I have told ye is a small matter, there are greater things behind. Ph. What are They? Th. They profess themselves of the Order of *St. Francis*, upon the point of Death. Ph. And he is to be their Protector in the *Elysian Fields*. Th. No, but in This world, if they happen to recover: and it pleases God many times, that when the Physicians have given a man for Lost, so soon as ever he has put on This Holy Robe he Recovers. Th. And so he would have done, whether he had put it on or no. Th. We should walk with Simplicity in the Faith, but if there were not somewhat Extraordinary in the Case, why should so many Eminent and Learned men, especially among the *Italians*, make such a bus'ness to be bury'd in This holy habit? But these you'll say are Strangers to ye. What do you think then of the famous *Rodolphus Agricola*; (one that I'm sure you have an Esteem for) and then of *Christopher Longolius*, who were Both bury'd so? Ph. I give no heed to what men do when they are under the Amusements of Death. Pray'e tell me now, what does it signifie to a man, the Professing, or the Clothing of him, when he comes to be assaulted with the Terrors, and distractions of his approaching Fate? Vows should

should be made in *sound sense*, and *sobriety*; they are frivolous else; there should be *mature Deliberation*, without either *Force*, *Fear*, or *Guile*: Nay they are *Void*, even without all this, before the Year of *Probation* be out: at which time, and not before, they are commanded to wear the *Coat* and *Hood*; (for so say the *Seraphiques*) so that if they recover, they are at Liberty in two respects. For neither does That Vow bind, that is made by a man under an *Astonishment*, betwixt the *Hope* of *Life* and the *Fear* of *Death*, nor does the *Profession* oblige any man, before the *wearing of the Hood*. *Th.* Whether it be an *Obligation*, or not, 'tis enough, that They think it one; and God Almighty accepts of the Good will; and This is the Reason that the *Good works* of *Monks* (*ceteris Paribus*) are more acceptable to God, than those of *Other People*; because they spring from that Root. *Ph.* We shall not make it a question in This place, the Merit of a mans Dedicating himself wholly to God, when he is no longer in his own Power. Every Christian, as I take it, delivers himself up wholly to God in his *Baptism*; when he Renounces the *Devil* and all his Works, the *Pomps* and *Vanities* of the *Wicked World*, and all the *Sinful Lusts* of the *Flesh*, and lists himself a *Souldier* to fight under *Christ's Banner*, to his *Lives End*. And *St. Paul* speaking of those that *Die with Christ*, that they may live no longer to *Themselves*, but to *Him* that is *Dead for them*, does not mean This of *Monks* only, but of all *Christians*. *Th.* You have minded me seasonably of our *Baptism*, but in times past, if they were but *Sprinkled* at the last *Gasp*, there was hope yet promis'd them of *Salvation*. *Ph.* 'Tis no great matter what the *Bishops* promise, but it is a matter of great uncertainty, what God will vouchsafe to Do: For if there went no more to *Salvation*, than the *Sprinkling*

ling of a little *Water*, what a Gap were there open'd to all sorts of Carnal Appetites, and License? When men had spent their lives, and their strength in Wickedness, till they could sin no longer, two or three drops of *Water* would set all Right again. Now if the *same Rule* holds in your *Profession*, and *This Baptism*, it would make well for the Security of the Wicked, if they might *Live to Satan* and *Die to Christ*. *Th.* Nay, if a man may speak what he hears, of the *Seraphique Mystery*, the professing of a *Franciscan* is more *Efficacious* than his *Baptism*. *Ph.* What is't ye say? *Th.* Only our *Sins* are wash'd away in *Baptism*; but the *Soul*, tho' it be purg'd, is left naked: But he that is invested with *This Profession*, is presently endow'd with the *Merits* and *Sanctimony* of the whole *Order*, as being *Grafted* into the *Body* of the most *Holy Sodality*. *Ph.* And what do ye think of him that is by *Baptism* ingrafted into the *Body* of *Christ*? Is he never the better; neither for the *Head*, nor for the *Body*? *Th.* He's nothing at all the better for this *Seraphique Body*; unless he entitle himself to it by some *special Bounty*, or *Favour*. *Ph.* From what *Angel*, I beseech ye, had they this *Revelation*? *Th.* From what *Angel*, do ye say? Why *St. Francis* had *This*, and a great deal more, *Face to Face*, from *Christ* himself. *Ph.* Now as thou hast any kindness for me in the *World*, tell me, for the *Love of God*, what were those *Discourses*? *Th.* Alas! those *Holy* and *Profound Secrets* are not for *Profane Ears*. *Ph.* Why *Profane*, I pre'thee? For I have ever been a *Friend* to this *Seraphique Order*, as much as to any other. *Th.* But for all That, you give 'em shrewd *Wipes* sometimes. *Ph.* That's a sign of *Love Theotimus*; The great *Enemies* of the *Order* are the *Professors* of it *Themselves*, that by *Ill Lives* bring a *scandal* upon the *Habit*. And That man does not love it,

it, that is not offended with the Corruptors of it. *Th.* But I'm afraid *St Francis* will take it ill, if I should blab any of his Secrets. *Ph.* And why should ye fear That from so Innocent a Person? *Th.* Well, well! But what if I should lose my *Eyes*, or run *Mad* up-  
 ont? As I am told *many* have done, only for denying the *Print of the Five Wounds*. *Ph.* Why then the *Saints* are worse natur'd in *Heaven*, than they were upon *Earth*. We are told that *St. Francis* was of so meek a Disposition, that when the Boys in the streets would be playing the Rogues with his *Cowl*, as it hung down at his Back, and throwing *Milk*, *Cheese*, *Dirt*, *Stones* at it, the Saint walkt on *Cheerfull*, and *Pleasant* without any Concern at all. And shall we believe him *Now* then to be *Chollerique*, and *Revengefull*? One of his Companions once call'd him *Thief*, *Sacrilegious*, a *Murtherer*, an *Incestuous Sot*, and all the Villains in the world. His Reply was only, that he gave him thanks, and confess'd himself Guilty. But one of the Company wondering at such an Acknowledgment; I had done worse than all this, says *St. Francis*, if God's Grace had not Restrained me. How comes *St Francis* now then to be *Vindictive*? *Th.* So it is, for tho' the *Saints* will bear any thing upon *Earth*, they'll take no *Affronts* in *Heaven*. Was ever any man Gentler than *Cornelius*, Milder than *Anthony*, or more Patient than *John the Baptist*, when they liv'd upon *Earth*? but now they are in *Heaven*, if we do not worship them as we ought, what *Diseases* do they send among us? *Ph.* For my own Part, I am of Opinion, that they rather Cure our *Diseases* than Cause them. But however, assure your self that what ye say to me is spoken to a man that's neither *Profane*, nor a *Blab*. *Th.* Go to then. I will tell ye in Confidence, what I have heard as to this Matter: Be it spoken without offence to *St. Francis*, or the Society.

Society. *St. Paul*, ye know, was endu'd with a *Profound* and *Hidden Wisdom*, which he never publish'd; but only whisper'd it in *Private* to those *Christians* that were perfected. So have these *Seraphiques* certain *Mysteries* also that they do not make *Common*; but only communicate them in *private* to *Rich Widows*, and other *Choice* and *Godly People*, that are *well-willers* to the *Society*. *Ph.* How do I long for the *Opening* of this *Holy Revelation*! *Ph.* It was at first, foretold by the *Lord* to the *Seraphique Patriarch*, that the more the *Society* increased, the more *Provision* he would make for them. *Ph.* So that at first dash Here's that *Complaint* answer'd, that their *Growing* so *Numerous*, is a *Grievance* of the *People*. *Th.* And then he revealed this further too; that upon his *Anniversary Festival*, all the *Souls* of *That Fraternity*, and not only Those that were of the *Clothing*, but the *Souls* of their *Friends* also should be deliver'd from the *Fire* of *Purgatory*. *Ph.* But was *Christ* so familiar with *St. Francis*? *Th.* He was as *Free* with him as one *Friend* or *Companion* is with another. As *God the Father* in former times, *Communed* with *Moses*. *Moses* receiv'd the *Law* first, from *God himself*, and then deliver'd it to the *People*. Our *Saviour* published the *Gospel*, and *St. Francis* had two *Copies* of his *Peculiar Law* under the *Hands* of an *Angel*; which he deliver'd to *That Seraphique Fraternity*. *Ph.* Now do I look for a *Third Revelation*. *Th.* That famous *Patriarch*, fearing now, that when the *Good Seed* was sown, the *Enemy* should come, while men slept, and sowing *Tares* among the *Wheat*, they should both be pluck'd up together. *St. Francis* was eas'd of *This Scruple*, by a *Promise* from the *Lord*, that he would take *Care* that this *Tribe* of *Half-shodd* and *Rope-girt* *People* should never fail, so long as the *World* endur'd. *Ph.* Why, what a *Merciful Providence* was *This* now?  
for

for God would have had no Church else. But proceed. *Th.* It was *Reveal'd*, in the *Fourth* place; that no Lewd Liver could long persevere in that Order. *Ph.* But is it not taken for a Defection from the Order, if a Man live Wickedly? *Th.* No; no more than it is for Renouncing of *Christ*; tho' in some Respect, it may be so taken, when a Man denies in his *Actions*, what he professes in his *Words*. But who-soever casts off this Holy Habit, that Man is irrecoverably lost to the *Society*. *Ph.* What shall we say then of so many Convents that hoard up Money, Drink, Play, Whore, keep their Concubines publick, and more than I'll speak of? *Th.* Those People neither wear *St. Francis's Gown*, nor his *Girdle*. And when they come to knock at the Door, the Answer will be, *I know ye not; for ye have not on the Wedding-Garment*. *Ph.* Is there any more? *Th.* Why, ye have heard Nothing yet. The *Fifth Revelation* was This: That the Enemies of this *Seraphique Order* (as they have but too many, the more's the Pity) should never arrive at half the Age that God had otherwise appointed them, without making away themselves; but that they should all die miserable, before their Times. *Ph.* Oh! we have seen many Instances of This; as in the *Cardinal Matthaus*, who had a very *Ill Opinion* of this *Society*, and spake as hardly of them; he was taken away, as I remember, before he was *Fifty years of Age*. *Th.* 'Tis very true; but then he was an Enemy to the *Cherubique Order*, as well as to the *Seraphique*; for he was the Cause, they say, of burning the *four Dominicans* at *Berne*; when the matter might otherwise have been Compounded with the *Pope*, for a Summ of Money. *Ph.* But these *Dominicans*, they say, had set up most Horrible Opinions, which they labour'd to support by *False Visions*, and *Miracles*; as that the *Blessed Virgin* was tainted with

with *Original Sin*; nay that *St. Francis's Prints* of the *Five Wounds* were *Counterfeited*: They gave out that *St. Catharin's* were more *Authentique*. But the *Perfected* of all, they promised to a *Layick Profesite* they had got, whom they made use of for this Action; abusing the *Lords Body* in the Government of this *Imposture*, even with *Clubs*, and with *Poyson*. And they say further, that this was not the Contrivance of one *Monastery* alone, but of the *Principals* of the *Whole Order*. *Th.* Let it be which way it will, that divine Caution holds good However, *Touch not mine Anointed*. *Ph.* Is there any thing more to Come? *Th.* Yes, you shall have the *Sixth Apocalyps*; wherein the Lord bound himself by an *Oath* to *St. Francis*, that all the *Favourers* of This *Seraphique Order*, let them live never so wickedly, should find *Mercy* in the *Conclusion*, and end their days in peace. *Ph.* Why what if they should be taken away in the act of *Adultery*? *Th.* That which the Lord hath promised, he will Certainly make good. *Ph.* But what must a man do, to entitle himself to a Right of being call'd Their Friend? *Th.* What? Do ye question That? He that presents them, he that clothes them, He that makes the *Porboyl*, That man gives Evidences of his Love. *Ph.* But does not he love, that Teaches, or Admonishes them? *Th.* That's water into the Sea; they have a great deal of This at home: And it is their Profession to bestow it upon Others, not to receive it from them. *Ph.* Our Saviour promised more, I perceive, to *St. Francis's Disciples*, than ever he did to his Own. He takes That as done unto himself, which for his sake one Christian does to Another; But I do not find where he promises *Eternal Salvation* to *Unrepenting Sinners*. *Th.* That's no wonder, my Friend, for the *Transcendent Power* of the Gospel is reserv'd to This Order. But ye shall now hear the *Seventh*, and *Last Revelation*. *Ph.* Let's



have it then. *Th.* Our Saviour sware further, to *St. Francis*, that no man should ever make an *Ill end*, that dy'd in a *Franciscan's habit*. *Ph.* But what is it that you call an *Ill end*? *Th.* When the *Soul* goes directly out of the *Body*, into *Hell*; from whence there is no *Redemption*. *Ph.* So that the *Habit* does not free a Man from *Purgatory*. *Th.* No, not unless he dies upon *St. Francis's day*. But is it not a great matter, do ye think, to be secur'd from *Hell*? *Ph.* The greatest of all, no doubt. But what becomes of Those that are put into the *Habit* when they are *Dead already*? for They cannot be said to *die in't*. *Th.* If they desire it in their *Life-time*, the *Will* is taken for the *Deed*. *Ph.* But I remember once in *Antwerp*, I was in the Chamber with some Relations of a Woman that was just giving up the Ghost. There was a *Franciscan* by, (a very Reverend man) who observing the Woman to Yawn, and just upon her last Stretch, he put one of her Arms into his sleeve, and so recover'd that Arm, and part of the shoulder. There was a dispute rais'd upon't, whether the whole *Body* should be safe for't, or only *That part* which he had touch'd. *Th.* There is no doubt, but the whole Woman was secur'd; as the *Water* upon the *Forehead* of a *Child* makes the whole *Child* a *Christian*. *Ph.* 'Tis a strange thing, the dread that the *Devils* have of *This Habit*. *Th.* Oh! they dread it more than the sign of the *Cross*. When the *Body* of *Eusebius* was carry'd to the *Grave*, there were *Swarms* of *Black Devils* in the *Air*, as thick as *Flies*; that would be *buzzing* about the *Body*, and *striking* at it, but yet durst not *touch* it: I saw *This* my self, and so did many others. *Ph.* But methinks his *face*, his *hands*, and his *Feet* should have been in *Danger*, because (ye know) They were *Naked*. *Th.* A *Snake* will not come near the *shadow* of an *Ass*, let it spread never so far: Nor the *Devil*, within *smell* of *That*

That *Holy Garment*; 'tis a kind of *Poison* to them. *Ph.* But do not these Bodies putrifie? For if they do, the *Worms* have more Courage than the *Devils*. *Th.* What you say, is not improbable. *Ph.* How happy is the very *Lowse* that takes up his abode in that *Holy Garment*! But while the *Robe* is going to the *Grave*, what is it that protects the *Soul*? *Th.* The *Soul* carries away with it the Influence of the *Garment*, which preserves it to such a degree, that many People will not allow any of that Order to go so much as into *Purgatory*. *Ph.* If this be true, I would not give this part of the *Revelation*, for the *Apocalyps* of *St. John*: For here's an easie, and a ready way cut out, without *Labour*, *Trouble*, or *Repentance*; to live *Merrily* in *This world*, and secure our selves of *Heaven Hereafter*. *Th.* And so it is. *Ph.* So that My wonder is over, at the great Esteem that is paid by the *World* to this *Seraphique Order*. But I am in great *Admiration* on the Other side, that any *Man* should dare to open his Mouth against them. *Th.* You may observe where-ever ye see them, that they are *Men* given over to a *Reprobate sense*, and blinded in their *Wickedness*. *Ph.* I shall be *Wiser* for the future than I have been, and take Care to die in a *Franciscan Habit*. But there are some in this Age that will have *Mankind* to be justify'd only by *Faith*, without the help of *Good Works*: But what a *Priviledge* is it to be sav'd by a *Garment*, without *Faith*? *Th.* Nay, not too fast, *Philecons*. It is not said, *Simply without Faith*; but it is sufficient for us to *Believe*, that the things I have now told ye were promised by our *Saviour* to the *Patriarch* of the Order. *Ph.* But will this *Garment* save a *Tunk* too? *Th.* It would save *Lucifer himself*; if he had the *Patience* to put it on, and could but believe this *Revelation*. *Ph.* Well, thou hast won me for ever. But there's a *Scruple* or two yet, that I would fain have

clear'd. *Th.* Say then. *Ph.* I have been told that *St. Francis's Order* is of *Evangelical Institution*. *Th.* True. *Ph.* Now I had thought that all *Christians* had profess'd the Rule of the Gospel. But if the *Franciscans* be a Gospel Order, it looks as if all *Christians* were bound to be *Franciscans*; and *Christ* with his *Apostles*, and the *Virgin Mother*, at the Head of them. *Th.* It would be so indeed; but that *St. Francis* (ye must know) has added several things to the Gospel. *Ph.* What are those? *Th.* An *Ash-colour'd Garment*, a *Hempen Girdle*, naked Feet. *Ph.* And by those *Marques* we may know an *Evangelical Christian* from a *Franciscan*. *Th.* But they differ too upon the Point of *Touching money*. *Ph.* But I am told that *St. Francis* forbids the *Receiving* of it, not the *Touching* of it. But the *Owner*, the *Proctor*, *Creditor*, the *Heir*, or a *Proxy*, does commonly *Receive* it; and tho' he draws it over, in his *Glove*, so that he does not *Touch* it, he does yet *Receive* it. Now I would fain know whence this *Interpretation* came, that not *Receiving* should be expounded to be not *touching*? *Th.* This was the *Interpretation* of *Pope Benedict*. *Ph.* Not, as a *Pope*; but only as a *Franciscan*. And again, the strictest of the Order, do they not take *Money* in a *Clout*, when it is given them, in all their *Pilgrimages*? *Th.* In a case of *Necessity*, they do. *Ph.* But a man would rather dye, than violate so *super-Evangelical* a Rule: And then do they not receive money every where by their *Officers*? *Th.* Yes, that they do; *Thousands* and *Thousands* many times; and why not? *Ph.* But the Rule says, that they must not *Receive Money*, either by *Themselves* or by *Others*. *Th.* Well, but they don't touch it. *Ph.* Ridiculous. If the *Touch* it self be *Impious*, they *Touch* it by *Others*. *Th.* But That's the *Act* and *Deed* of their *Proctors*, not their own. *Ph.* Is it not so? Let him try it that has a mind to't. *Th.* Do we ever read, that

*Christ*

*Christ touch'd Money?* Ph. Suppose it. It is yet probable, that when he was a Youth, he might buy Oil and Vineger, and Sallads for his Father: But *Peter and Paul*, beyond all Controversie, Touch'd Money. The Virtue consists in the Contempt of Money, and not in the Not Touching of it; There is much more danger, I'll assure ye, in touching of Wine, than of Money. And why are ye not as scrupulous, in This Case, as in the Other? Th. Because *St. Francis* did not forbid it. Ph. They can frankly enough offer their hands, (which they keep fair, and soft, with Care, and Idleness) to a pretty Wench; But if there be any Touching of Money in the Case, bless me! how they start, and Cross themselves as if they had seen the Devil? And is not this an Evangelical Nicety? I cannot believe that *St. Francis* (tho never so Illiterate) could be so silly, as absolutely to interdict all Touching of Money whatsoever: Or if that were his Opinion, to how great a Danger did he expose all his Followers, in commanding them to go Bare-foot? For money might lie upon the Ground, and They Tread upon it at Unawares. Th. But they do not Touch it with their Fingers. Ph. As if the Sense of Touching were not Common to the whole Body. Th. But in case any such thing should fall out, they dare not Officiate after it, till they have been at Confession. Ph. 'Tis Conscientiously done. Th. But Cavilling apart; I'll tell ye plainly how it is. Money ever was, and ever will be, an Occasion to the World of Great Evils. Ph. 'Tis confessed. But then it is an Enablement of as much good to some as Ill to Others. The Inordinate Love of Money I find to be condemn'd, but not the Money it self. Th. You say well. But to keep us the further from an Avaricious Desire of Money, we are forbidden the very Touching of it: As the Gospel forbids Swearing at all, to keep us from Perjury. Ph. Are we forbidden the sight of

of

of Money? *Th.* No, we are not; for it is easier to Govern our *Hands*, than our *Eyes*. *Ph.* And yet *Death* it self enter'd into the World, at *Those Windows*. *Th.* And therefore your true *Franciscan* draws his *Cowl* over his *Eye-Brows*, and walks with his *Eyes* cover'd, and so intent upon the *Ground*, that he sees nothing but his way: As we do our *Waggon-horses*, that have a *Leather* on Each side of their *Heads* to keep them from seeing any thing but what's at their *Feet*. *Ph.* But tell me now; are they forbidden by their *Order*, to receive any *Indulgences* from the *Pope*? *Th.* They are so. *Ph.* And yet I am inform'd that no men living have more; inasmuch that they are allow'd either to *Poyson*, or to *Bury alive*, such as they themselves have *Condemn'd*, without any danger of being call'd to account for't. *Th.* There is something I must confess in the story; for I was told once by a *Polander*, (and a man of Credit too) that he was got drunk, and fast asleep in the *Franciscans Church*, in the Corner where the *Women* sit to make their *Confessions*; Upon the singing of their usual *Nocturns* he awak'd, but durst not discover himself. And when the *Office* was over, the whole *Fraternity* went down into a place, where there was a large deep *Grave* ready made; and there stood two young men, with their hands ty'd behind them: They had a *Sermon* there, in praise of *Obedience*; and a promise of *Gods Pardon* for all their sins; and not without some hope of *Mercy* from the *Brotherhood*, upon condition, that they should voluntarily go down into the *Pit*, and lay themselves upon their *Backs* there. So soon as they were down, the *Ladders* were drawn up, and the *Earth* presently thrown upon them by the *Brethren*, where they bury'd them alive. *Ph.* But did the *Polander* say nothing all this while? *Th.* Not one syllable; for fear he himself should have made the *Third*. *Ph.* But can they justify  
This?

This ? *Th.* Yes, they may ; when the *Honour* of the *Order* is in question : For see what came on't. This Man, when he had made his Escape, told what he had seen, in all Companies where he came ; which brought a great *Odium* upon the *Seraphique Order* : And had it not been better now, that this man had been Bury'd alive ? *Ph.* It may be it had. But these Niceties apart ; How comes it that when their *Principal* has order'd them to go barefoot, they go now commonly half-shod ? *Th.* This Injunction was moderated, for two Reasons. The One for fear they should tread upon Money at Unawares : The Other, for fear they should catch cold, or take any harm by Thorns, Snakes, sharp Stones, and the like : For these people are fain to beat it upon the Hoof, all the world over. But however, for the Dignity of the Injunction, the Rule is sav'd by a *Synecdoche* : For ye may see Part of the Foot naked through the Shoe, which, by That figure stands for the Whole. *Ph.* They value themselves much upon their Profession of *Evangelical Perfection*, which (they say) consists in *Gospel Precepts* : But about those *Precepts*, the Learned themselves are in a manner at Daggers-drawing. Now among those *Gospel Precepts*, which do you reckon to be the most *Perfect* ? *Th.* That of the *Fifth* of *St. Matthew*, where ye have This Passage. Love your Enemies, Do good to them that Hate, and Pray for them that Persecute and Revile ye, that ye may be the Children of your Father which is in Heaven, who maketh his Sun to shine upon the Good, and upon the Evil, and sendeth Rain upon the Just, and upon the Unjust. Therefore be ye *Perfect*, as your Heavenly Father is *Perfect*. *Ph.* That's well said. But then our Heavenly Father is Rich, and Munificent to all People ; Asking nothing of Any man. *Th.* And These, our Earthly Fathers, are Bountiful too ; but it is of *Spiritual Things*, as of Prayers, and Good Works, of which they have enough for themselves, and to spare. *Ph.* I would we had more Examples among them, of That *Evangelical Charity*, that returns Blessings for Cursings, and Good for Evil. What is the meaning of That Celebrated saying of *Pope Alexander*. There's less danger in affronting the most powerful Prince or Emperor, than a single *Franciscan* or *Dominican*. *Th.* It is Lawful to vindicate the *Honour* of the *Order* ; and what's done to the least of them, is done to the whole *Order*. *Ph.* And

And why not t'other way rather? The Good that is done to One, Extends to all. And why shall not an Injury to One Christian, as well engage all Christendom in a Revenge? Why did not St. Paul, when he was beaten, and stoned, call for succour against the Enemies of his Apostolical Character? Now if, according to the saying of our Saviour, it be better to Give, than to Receive; certainly he that lives and teaches well, and gives out of his Own to those that want, is much Perfeſter, than he that is only upon the Receiving hand. Or else St. Pauls Boasts of Preaching the Gospel Gratis, is Vain, and Idle. It seems to me, to be the best Proof of an Evangelical Disposition, for a man not to be mov'd with malicious Reproaches, and to preserve a Christian Charity, even for those that least deserve it. What does it signify, for a man to Relinquish something of his Own, and then to live better upon another bodies; if when he has laid down his Avarice, he still reserves to himself a Desire of Revenge? The world is full every where of this Half-shod sort of People, with their Hempen Girdles; but there's not one of a Thousand of them, that lives according to the Precepts of our Saviour, and the Practice of his Apostles. Th. I am no stranger to the Tales that pass in the world for Current, among the Wicked, concerning That sort of People; But for my own part, wherever I see the Sacred Habit, I reckon my self in the presence of the Angels of God; and That to be the Happiest House, where the Threshold is most worn by the Feet of These men. Ph. And I am of Opinion too, that women are in no place so Fruitful, as where These Holy men have most to do. St. Francis forgive me, Theotimus, for my great Mistakes, but really I took Their Garment to be no more than my Own; not one jot the Better, than the Habit of a Skipper, or a Shoemaker; setting aside the Holiness of the Person that wears it: As the Touch of our Saviours Garment, we see cur'd the Woman of her Bloody Issue: And then I could not satisfy my self, supposing such Virtue in a Garment, whether I was to thank the Weaver, or the Taylor for it. Th. Beyond doubt, he that gives the Form, gives the Virtue. Ph. Well, so it is, I'll make my Life Easier hereafter, than it has been; and never trouble my self any more with the Fear of Hell, the Wearisom Tediouſness of Confession, or the Torments of Repentance.

HELL



# HELL BROKE LOOSE.

## COL XXI.

*The Divisions of Christian Princes are the Scandal of their Profession. The Furies Strike the Fire, and the Monks blow the Cole.*

## CHARON, ALASTOR.

Ch. **W** Hy so Brisk *Alastor*, and whither so fast, I prethee? *Al.* Why now I have met with *You, Charon*, I'm at my Journeys end. Ch.

Well! And what News d'ye bring? *Al.* That which you and your Mistress *Proserpina* will be glad to hear.

Ch. Be Quick then, and out with it. *Al.* In short the *Furies* have bestir'd themselves, and gain'd their Point. That is to say; what with *Seditions, Wars, Robberies*, and all manner of *Plagues*, there's not one spot left upon the Face of the Earth, that does not look like *Hell Above-Ground*. They have spent their *Snakes* and their *Poyson*, till they are fain to Hunt for more. Their Skulls are as Bald as so many Eggs: Not a Hair upon their Heads; not one drop of

T

Venom

Venom more in their Bodies. Wherefore be ready with your Boat, and your *Oars*, for you'll have more work e're long than you can turn your Hand to. *Ch.* I could have told you as much as this comes to my self. *Al.* Well, and how came you by't? *Ch.* I had it from *Fame*, some two days ago now. *Al.* Nay *Fame*'s a Nimble Gossip. But what make you here without your Boat? *Ch.* Why I can neither Will nor Chuse: For mine is so Rotten a Leaky Old Piece, that 'tis impossible, if *Fame* speak Truth, it should ever hold out for such a Jobb: And I am now looking out for a Titer Vessel. But true or false, I must get me another Barque however; for I have suffer'd a Wrack already. *Al.* Y' are all Dropping Wet, I perceive; but I thought you might have been new come out of a Bath. *Ch.* Neither better nor worse, *Alastor*, then from Swimming out of the *Stygian Lake*. *Al.* And where did you leave your Fare? *Ch.* E'en Paddling among the *Froggs*. *Al.* But what says *Fame*, upon the whole matter? *Ch.* She speaks of Three great Potentates, that are Mortally bent upon the Ruine of One Another, inso-much, that they have possess'd every Part of Christendom, with this Fury of *Rage*, and *Ambition*. These Three are sufficient to Engage all the Lesser Princes and States in their Quarrel; and so *Wilful*, that they'l rather Perish then Yield. The *Dane*, the *Pole*, the *Scot*, nay, and the *Turk Himself*, are Dipt in the Broyl, and the Design. The Contagion is got into *Spain*, *Britany*, *Italy*, and *France*: Nay, besides these Feuds of Hostility, and Arms, there's a worse matter yet behind: That is to say; there is a Malignity that takes it's Rise from a Diversity of *Opinions*; which has Debauch'd Mens minds, and manners, to so Un-natural, and Infociable a Degree, that it has left neither Faith, nor Friendship in the World. It has  
broken

broken all Confidence betwixt Brother and Brother ; Husband and Wife : And it is to be hop'd that this Distraction will one day produce a glorious Confusion, to the very Desolation of Mankind : For these Controversies of the *Tongue*, and of the *Pen*, will come at last to be tried by the *Swords Point*. *Al.* And *Fame* has said no more in All this, than what these very Ears and Eyes have heard and seen. For I have been a constant Companion, and Assistant to These *Furies*; and can speak upon Knowledge, that they have approv'd themselves worthy of their Name, and Office. *Ch.* Right, but Mens minds are Variable ; and what if some Devil should start up now to Negotiate a peace ? There goes a Rumour, I can assure ye, of a certain Scribbling Fellow, (one *Erasmus* they say) that has enter'd upon that Province. *Al.* Ay, Ay : But He talks to the Deaf. There's no Body heeds Him, now a days. He Writ a kind of a *Hue and Cry* after *Peace*, that he Phanfy'd to be either *Fled* or *Banish'd* : And after that an *Epitaph* upon *Peace Defunct*, and all to no purpose. But then we have those on the other hand, that advance our cause as heartily as the very *Furies Themselves*. *Ch.* And what are they, I prethee ? *Al.* You may observe, up and down, in the Courts of Princes, certain Animals ; some of them Trick'd up with Feathers : Others, in *White*, *Russet*, *Ash Colour'd Frocks*, *Gowns*, *Habits* : Or call 'em what you will, These are the Instruments, you must know, that are still Irritating *Kings* to the Thirst of *War*, and *Blood*, under the splendid Notion of *Empire*, and *Glory* : And with the same Art, and Industry, they enflame the Spirits of the *Nobility* likewise, and of the *Common-People*. Their *Sermons* are only *Harangues*, in honour of the out-rages of *Fire* and *Sword*, under the Character of a *Just*, a *Religious*, or a *Holy War*. And,

which is yet more Wonderful ; they make it to be *Gods Cause*, on *Both sides*. *God Fights for us*, is the cry of the *French Pulpits* : And ( *what have they to fear, what have the Lord of Hosts for their Protector ?* ) Acquaint your selves like Men say the *Englisk*, and the *Spaniard*, and the *Victory* is certain : For ( *This is Gods Cause, not Cæsars.* ) As for those that fall in the *Battle*, their Souls mount as directly to *Heaven*, as if they had *Wings* to carry 'em thither. ( *Arms and all.* )

*Ch.* But do their *Disciples* believe all this ? *Al.* You cannot imagine the *Power* of a *Well dissembled Religion* ; where there's *Youth, Ignorance, Ambition*, and a *natural Animosity*, to work upon. 'Tis an easie matter to *Impose*, where there is a *Previous Propension* to be *Deceiv'd* !

*Ch.* Oh, that it did but lie in my *Power* to do these *People* a good *Office* !

*Al.* Give 'em a *Magnificent Treat* then ; there's nothing they'l take better.

*Ch.* It must be of *Mallows, Lupines*, and *Leeks*, then, for we have nothing else you know.

*Al.* Pray let it be *Partridge, Capons, Pheasant* ; they'l never think they'r welcome else.

*Ch.* But to the point, what should set these *People* so much a *Gog* upon *Sedition*, and *Broyles* ? What can they get by't ?

*Al.* Do not you know then, that they get more by the *Dead*, then by the *Living* ? Why, there are *Testaments, Funerals, Bulls*, and *Twenty other pretty Perquisites* that are worth the looking after : Besides that a *Camp-Life* agrees much better with their *Humour*, then to lie droneing in their *Cells*. *War* breeds *Bishops*, and a very *Block-Head*, in a *Time of Peace*, comes many times to make an *Excellent Military Prelate*.

*Ch.* Well ! They understand their business.

*Al.* Stay : But to the matter of a *Boat* ; what necessity of having another ?

*Ch.* Nay, 'tis but *Swimming* once again, instead of *Rowing*.

*Al.* Well, but now I think on't ; how came the *Boat*

to sink? *Cb.* Under the weight of the Passengers.  
*Al.* I thought you had carry'd *Shadows* only, not  
*Bodies*. What may be the Weight, I prethee, of  
a Cargo of *Ghosts*? *Cb.* Why, let 'em be as Light as  
*Water-Spiders*, there may be enow of them to do a  
bodies Work. But then my *Vessel* is a kind of a  
*Phantome* too. *Al.* I have seen the time, when you  
had as many *Ghosts* as you could Stow a-Bord;  
and Three or Four Thousand more hanging at the  
Stern, and your Barque me thought never so much as  
felt on't. *Cb.* That is all according as the *Ghosts*  
are: For your *Hectical, phetisical Souls*, that go-off in  
a *Consumption*, weigh little or nothing. But those  
that are Torn out of *Bodies*, in a Habit of Foul  
Humours; as in *Apoplexyes, Quinzies, Fevers*, and the  
like: But most of all, in the Chance of *War*: These,  
I must tell ye, carry a great deal of Corpulent, and  
gross matter, along with them. *Al.* As for the *Spaniards*,  
and the *French*, methinks they should not be very  
*Heavy*. *Cb.* No not comparatively with Others:  
And yet I do not find them altogether so Light as  
Feathers, neither. But for the *Brittains*, and the *Ger-*  
*mans*, that are rank Feeders, I had only Ten of 'em a-  
Bord once, and if I had not Lighten'd my Boat  
of part of my Lading, we had all gone to the Bot-  
tom. *Al.* You were hard put to't I find. *Cb.* Ay,  
but what do ye think, when we are Pester'd with  
*Great Lords, Hectors and Bullies*? *Al.* You were speaking  
of a *Just War*, e'en now. You have nothing to do,  
I presume with those that fall in such a War: These  
go to rights, all to Heaven, they say. *Cb.* Whither  
they go, I know not; but this I'm sure of; Let the  
War be what it will, it sends us such sholes of Crip-  
ples, that a body would think there were not one Soul  
more left above ground; and they come over-charg'd,

not only with *Gut*, and *Surfeits*, but with *Patents*, *Pardons*, *Commissions*, and I know not how much *Lumber* besides. *Al.* Do they not come *Naked* to the Ferry then? *Ch.* Yes, yes; but at their first coming they are strangely haunted with the *Dreams* of all these things. *Al.* Are *Dreams* so Heavy then? *Ch.* Heavy, d'ye say? Why they have Drown'd my Boat already: And then there's the Weight of so many *Halfe-pence*, over and above. *Al.* That's somewhat I must confess, if they be *Brass*. *Ch.* Well, well! It behoves me at a venture to get a stout Vessel. *Al.* Without many Words; upon the main, thou'rt a happy Man. *Ch.* Wherein, as thou lov'st me? *Al.* Thou't get thee an Aldermans Estate, in the turning of a Hand. *Ch.* There must be a World of Fares, at a *Half-penny* a *Ghost*, for a man to thrive upon't. *Al.* You'l have enough I warrant ye, to do your business. *Ch.* Ay, ay, 'Twould mount to somewhat indeed, if they'd bring their Wealth along with them. But they come to me, Weeping and Wailing, for the *Kingdoms*, the *Dignities*, the *Abbies*, and the *Treasure* that they have left behind 'em; pay their bare Passage and that's all. So that what I have been these three Thousand years a scraping together, must go all away at a swoop, upon one Boat. *Al.* He that would Get Mony, must Venture Mony. *Ch.* Ay; but the People in the World have better Trading they say: Where a Man in three Years time shall make himself a Fortune. *Al.* Yes, yes, and Squander't away again, perhaps in half the time. Your gain 'tis true, is less, but then 'tis steady and surer. *Ch.* Not so steady neither, perchance. For what if some Providence should dispose the Hearts of Princes to a General Peace: My Work's at an end. *Al.* My life for  
yours,

yours, there's no fear of that, for One-half-Score Year. The *Pope* is Labouring it, I know: But he had as good keep his *Breath* to Cool his *Porridg*. Not but that there is Notable Muttering and Grumbling every where? 'Tis an unreasonable thing they cry, that Christendom should be Torn to pieces thus, to gratifie a particular Picque, or the Ambition of two or three Swaggering pretenders. People, in fine, are grown Sick of these *Hurly-Burlies*: But when Men are bewitch'd once, there's no place left for better Counsels. Now to the business of the Boat. We have Workmen among our selves, without need to look any further. As *Vulcan*, for the purpose. *Ch.* Right: If it were for an Iron, or a Brazen Vessel. *Al.* Or 'twill Cost but a small matter, to send for a Carpenter. *Ch.* Well! And where shall we have Materials? *Al.* Why, certainly you have Timber enough. *Ch.* The woods that were in *Elyzium*, are all destroy'd: Not so much as a stick left. *Al.* How so, I beseech ye! *Ch.* With burning *Hereticks Ghosts*. And now, for want of other Fewel, we are fain to Dig for Cole. *Al.* But these Ghosts methinks might have been punish'd cheaper. *Ch.* *Rhadamanthus* (the Judge) would have it so. *Al.* And what will you do now, for your Wherry and Oars? *Ch.* I'll look to the Helm my self, and if the Ghosts will not row, let 'em e'en stay behind. *Al.* And what shall They do, that ne're serv'd to the Trade? *Ch.* Serve or not serve: 'Tis all a case to me; For I make *Monarchs Row*, and *Cardinals Row*, as well as *Porters*, and *Carmen*. They all take their Turns, without any Priviledg or Exception. *Al.* Well! I wish you a Boat to your mind, and so I'll away to Hell with my good News, and leave ye. But Hark ye first. *Ch.* Speak then. *Al.* Make wha-



hast you can, or you'll be Smother'd in the Crow'd.  
*Ch.* Nay, you will find at least two Hundred  
Thousand upon the Bank already, besides those  
that are Plung'd into the Lake. I'll make all  
the dispatch I can, and pray'e let them know  
I'm coming.

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T H E

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T H E  
O L D M A N S D I A L O G U E .

C O L . X X I I .

*A Short View of Humane Life; in a Colloquie betwixt Four Old Men of several Humours. The first a Man of Sobriety, and Government. The second a Debauchèe. The third, a Rambling Bigott. The fourth, a Man truly Religious.*

EUSEBIUS , PAMPYRUS , POLYGAMUS ,  
GLYCION ; HUGONITIO, HENRICUS,  
WAGONERS.

Eu. **W**Hat new Faces have we here?  
Stay a little. Either my Memory, and my Spectacles abuse me, or that must be *Pampyrus*; To'ther *Polygamus*; and the third, *Glycion*; my Old acquaintances and Companions. They are certainly,

certainly the very same. *Pa.* Friend, what dost thou stand staring at with thy *Glass-Eyes*, as if thou would'st bewitch People : Pray come nearer a little. *Po.* In good time, honest *Eusebius* ; how glad am I to see thee ! *Gl.* All Health and Happiness be to the best of Men. *Eu.* One blessing upon you altogether, my dear Friends. What providence ; or at least what providential chance has brought us together now ! 'Tis *Forty Year*, I believe, since we Four saw one another. Why 'tis as if some *Mercurial Rod* had brought us into a Circle with a Charn. But what are ye doing here ? *Pa.* We are sitting. *Eu.* I know you are. But what for, I beseech ye ? *Po.* We wait for the *Antwerp-Wagon*. *Eu.* You are going to the *Feyre*, perhaps. *Po.* We are so : But rather upon Curiosity, then business. Though some go for one, some for t'other. *Eu.* Well ! and I am going thither my self too : But what do ye stay for ? *Po.* Only to Bargain for our Passage. *Eu.* These *Waggeners* are a Dogged sort of People. But what if we should put a *Sham* upon 'em ? *Po.* With all my Heart, if it might be fairly done. *Eu.* If they will not come to reasonable Terms, I'm for telling them, that wee'l e'en Trudge it away a Foot ? *Po.* You may as well tell 'em that you'l flie thither, as that you'l walk it ; and they'l believe it as soon. *Gl.* Shall I advise you for the best now ? *Po.* Ay, by all means. *Gl.* You may be sure they are at their *Brandy* ; and the longer they Fuddle, the more danger of Over-turning. *Po.* You must rise sometimes to find a *Fore-man* Sober. *Gl.* I phantasie it would be worth the while, for us Four to take a Wagon to our selves, 'tis but a little more charge, and we shall get the sooner thither : We shall have the more Room, and the greater Freedom of Conversation. *Po.* *Glycien* is much in the Right on't. For good

good Company upon the way does the Office of a Coach, and makes the Journey both Easie and Pleasant, besides the liberty of Discourse. *Gl.* Come good People, I have taken the *Wagon*; Let's up and be Jogging. So. And now I begin to live methinks, in the sight of so many of my Antient Friends, and Camarades; and after so long a separation. *Eu.* And I, to grow young again. *Po.* How long may't be, since we Four were in Pension together at *Paris*? *Eu.* I take it to be a matter of *Two and Forty Years*. *Pa.* And were not we Four much of an Age? Then. *Eu.* Very near the matter. *Pa.* And what a difference does there seem to be at present! Here's *Glycion*, has nothing of an Old Man about him: And for *Polygamus*, there; a Body would take him for his *Grand-Father*. *Eu.* The thing is manifestly true. But what should be the reason on't? *Pa.* Why either the One stopt in his Course, or the Other made *more haste then Good speed*. *Eu.* No, no. Men may Slacken their Pace, but Time Rowles on without respect. *Po.* Come *Glycion*, deal frankly with us, and say; How many *Years* hast thou upon thy *Back*? *Gl.* More then *Ducats* in my *Pocket*. *Pa.* But the *Number*, I prethee. *Gl.* Just *Sixty Six*. *Eu.* Why thou't never be Old. *Po.* Well; But by what Secret Arts hast thou preserv'd thy self in Health and Youth, so long; without either Gray Hairs, or Wrinkles? There's Fire and Spirit in your Eyes: Your Teeth are White and Even, a fresh Colour, and a smooth Plump Habit of Body. *Gl.* Upon condition that you tell me, how you came to be *Old* so soon, I'll tell you how I kept my self *Young* so long. *Po.* I'll do't with all my Heart; and therefore begin the History, at your leaving of *Paris*.

*GLYCION.* I went directly into my own Country; and by that time I had been there about a year,

I began to bethink my self, what Course of Life to chuse, as a matter of great importance toward my future Peace. And so I cast my thoughts upon several Examples, good and bad; some that succeeded, others that miscarry'd. *Po.* This was a point of Prudence more then I expected; for you had none of these sober Considerations about ye, when I knew you at *Paris*. *Gl.* That was before I had sow'd my wild Oats, as we say. But you must know, my good Friend, that I did not do all this neither, purely by my own Mother Will. *Po.* I was indeed a little surpriz'd at it. *Gl.* The Course I took, was, in short this. The first thing I did was to find out a Person of the most general Reputation, for Gravity, Wisdom, and long Experience in the whole Neighbourhood: and one that in my own Opinion was the happiest of Men. *Eu.* Very discreetly done. *Gl.* This Man I made my Friend and my Councillor; and by his Advice, I Marry'd a Wife. *Po.* With a fair Portion, I hope. *Gl.* So so: But in a competent Proportion to my own Fortune; and just enough to do my business. *Po.* What was your Age then? *Gl.* Toward Two and Twenty. *Po.* A happy Creature! *Gl.* You must not take this yet to be wholly the Work of Fortune. *Po.* How so? *Gl.* I'll shew ye now. 'Tis the Practice of the World, to Love before they Judge, but I Judg'd before I Lov'd. Not but that I took this Woman more for Posterity sake, then for any Carnal satisfaction: And never a happier Couple under the Sun, for the eight years, that we lived together, but then I lost her. *Po.* Had you no Children by her? *Gl.* Yes, Four; that, God be prais'd for't, are yet alive: two Boys, and two Girls. *Po.* And what's your Condition at present? Private, or Publick? *Gl.* Why I have a publick Commission. It might have been better,

ter, but there's Credit enough in't to secure me from Contempt, and then 'tis free from vexatious Attendances: which is as much as I ask; so long as I have sufficient for my self, and somewhat upon occasion, to spare for my Friend; which is the very height of my Ambition. And then I have taken care to give more Reputation to my Office, then I have received from it. I hope I have done well in't. *Pa.* Without all Controversie. *Gl.* At this rate of Government my Life has been long and easie to me, and I am grown old in the Arms and good esteem of all my Companions, and Friends. *Eu.* But there's a hard saying methinks, though very much to the Purpose: *He that has no Enemies, has no Friends. Envy never says to tread upon the Heel of Happiness.* *Gl.* Right, if it be a splendid, pompous Felicity: But in a state of Mediocrity, a Man's quiet and safe. I have made it my perpetual Care and study, never to raise any advantage to my self, from the Miseries, or misfortunes of other people. I have kept as much as possible, from the cumber of business, especially from invidious Employments, that could not be discharg'd without making many Enemies. Nay, as near as I can, I would not disoblige one man to help another. In case of any misunderstanding, I do what I can, either to excuse and soften it, or to let it fall, without taking notice of it; or else, with good Offices to set all Right again. I never lov'd Squabbling and Contention; but where there's no avoiding it, I chuse rather to lose my Money then my Friend, upon the whole, I am for *Mitio's* Character in the Comedy. I affront no man; I carry a chearful Countenance to all. I salute, or resalute, with Heart and Good-will: I cross no mans Inclination: I censure no mans purposes or doings; I am not so Self-conceited, as to despise  
other

other people, and it never moves me, when I see men over-value themselves. That which I would have kept secret, I tell to no Mortal. I never was curious into the Privacies of other Men; and if any thing of that Nature came to my knowledge, I never blab'd it. 'Tis my constant Practice, either to say nothing at all of the Absent, or to speak of them with kindness and respect: For half the Quarrels in the World take their Rise from the intemperance of the Tongue. I have made it my Rule, never to provoke Differences, or to heed them: but on the contrary, so much as in me lay, either to moderate, or to extinguish them. By these means I have kept clear of Envy, and secur'd my self of the Affection and Esteem of my Country-men. *Pa.* Did not you find a *single Life* Irksome to you? *Gl.* The sharpest Affliction that ever beset me, was the death of my Wife, I could not but passionately wish that we might have grown Old together, and have continued happy in the enjoyment of the common Blessing of our Children: but since Providence had otherwise determin'd, Duty and Religion told me, that Gods way was best for both, and that it would be both foolish, and wicked to torment my self in vain, without any advantage either to the Dead, or to the Living. *Pa.* You were so happy in one Wife, methinks it should have tempted you to venture upon another. *Gl.* I had some thoughts that way: but as I Married one for the hopes of Children, so for these Childrens sakes, I resolv'd never to Marry again. *Pa.* But were not the Nights tedious to ye without a Bed-fellow? *Gl.* *Nothing is hard to a willing mind.* And then do but consider the benefits of a single Life. There are a sort of people in the World, that will be still making the worst of every thing, and taking it by the *wrong Handle.* As Crates, (or some



some body else, in an Epigram under his Name) has summ'd up the Evils or *Inconveniences* of humane Life. And the Resolution is this: That it is best not to be born. Now that Humour of *Metrodorus* pleases me a great deal better, in his Abstract of the *Blessings* of Life. 'Tis a more comfortable Prospect, and it sweetens the Disgusts, and weakneses of Flesh and Blood. For my own part, I have brought my self to such a Temper of indifference, as never to be transported with any violent *Inclinations* or *Aversions*: and this secures me, whether my Fortune be good or bad, from either Insolence in one Case, or Abjection or despondence in the other. *Pa.* Make this good, and you are a greater Philosopher then either *Thales*, or *Metrodorus* themselves. *Gl.* So soon as ever I find but the first Motion of any disorder in my mind, (as these Touches are not to be avoided) whether it be from the sense of an Indignity or Affront, I cast it immediately out of my thoughts. *Po.* Well! but there are some *Family-Provocations*, and *Offences* for the purpose, that would anger a Saint. *Gl.* They never stay long enough with me, to make an Impression. If I can quiet things, I do't: If I cannot, I say thus to my self: Why should I gall my self, to no manner of purpose? In a word, my Reason does that for me at first, which after a little while, time it self would do: briefly, If any thing troubles me, I never carry the thought on't to Bed with me. *Eu.* 'Tis no wonder to see so vigorous a Body, under the Government of so virtuous a mind. *Gl.* Come, come Gentlemen; in the Freedom of Friendship. I have kept this Guard upon my self: not to do any thing that might reflect upon my own Honour, or my Families. There's no Misery like that of a *Guilty Conscience*: and I never lay my Head upon my Pillow at night, till I have by Repentance reconcil'd

concil'd my self to God, for the Transgressions of  
 the day past. He that's well with his *Maker*, can  
 never be uneasie within himself: for the Love and  
 Protection of the Almighty supports him against  
 all the Malice of wicked Men, *Eu.* Have you never  
 any anxious thoughts upon the apprehension of  
 Death? *Gl.* No more then I have for looking  
 back upon the Day of my Birth. I know I must  
 dye, and to live in fear on't, may possibly shorten  
 my Life, it can never lengthen it, so that my only  
 Care is to live honestly and comfortably, and leave  
 the rest to Providence. No man can live *Happily*,  
 that does not live *Well*. *Pa.* But to live so long in  
 the same Place, though 'twere in *Rome* it self: I  
 should grow Grey, I Phancy, with so much of the  
 same thing over again. *Gl.* There's Pleasure no  
 doubt on't, in Variety; but then for long Travels,  
 though experience and observation may make men  
 Wise, they run the Risk of a thousand Dangers,  
 to ballance that Prudence. Now I am for the safer  
 way of Compassing the World in a Map, and I can  
 find out more in *Printed Travels*, then ever *Ulysses*,  
 saw in all his *twenty years Ramble*. I have my self a  
*Villa*, some two miles out of Town: when I'm There,  
 I'm a *Country-man*; and when I come back again, I am  
 welcom'd, as if I had been upon the discovery of  
 the *North-West passage*. *Eu.* You keep your Body  
 in order, I presume with *Physick*. *Gl.* No, no, I have no-  
 thing to do with the *Doctors*, I was never *Let-blood* in  
 my Life yet: and never medled with either *Pill* or  
*Potion*. When I feel my self any way indisposed;  
 change of *Air*, or a *spare Diet*, sets me right again.  
*Eu.* Don't you *Study* sometime? *Gl.* Oh by all means,  
 'Tis the most agreeable Entertainment of my Life.  
 But not so, as to *make a Toyl of a Pleasure*. And I do it  
 not for Ostentation, but for the Love and Delight of  
 it,

it, or for the informing of my Life and Manners. After Dinner I have a Collation of edifying Discourse or Stories, or else some-body to Read to me; and I never Plod at my Book above an hour at a time. When that's over, I take my Lute perhaps, and a walk in my Chamber, either Groping it or Singing to't; or ruminating it may be, upon what I have heard or read. If I have a good Companion with me, I give him part on't: and after a while, to my Book again. *Eu.* But tell me now, upon the word of an honest Man; do you find none of those infirmities about ye, that are so common to *Old Age*? *Gl.* Why truly, my *Sleeps* are not so Sound, neither is my *Memory* so firm as it has been. I have now acquitted my self of my Promise, to a Syl-  
lable; and told you the whole secret that has kept me *Young* so long. And pray'e let *Polygamus* deal as faithfully with us in the Relation of what has made him *Old*, so much Sooner. *Po.* You are so much my Friends, that you shall have it without any Disguise or Reserve. *Eu.* Pray'e let it be so then, and it shall never go further.

*POLYGAMUS*, I need not tell you, how much I indulg'd my Appetite, when I was at *Paris*. *Eu.* We remember it very well: but hop'd, that upon quitting the place, you had left your *Hot blood*, and your loose Manners behind ye. *Po.* I had Variety of Mistresses there; and one of them that was *Bagg'd*, I took home with me. *Eu.* What to your Fathers house? *Po.* Directly thither: But she past for the Wife of a certain Friend of mine, that in a short time was to fol-

low her. *Gl.* And did your Father swallow this?  
*Po.* Yes at first, but in a matter of four days he  
 smelt out the Cheat: and then there was heavy  
 work made on't. In this *interim* however I spent  
 my time, and my Money in *Taverns, Treating*  
*Idiots, Gaming Ordinaries,* and other extravagant  
 Diversions of the like kind. In short; my Fathers  
 Rage was so implacable, *He'd have no such Cack-*  
*ling Gossips be said under his Roof: He'd not own*  
*such a Rebellious wretch any longer for his Son, &c.)*  
 that in Conclusion, I was e'en fain to march off with  
 my Pullet, and so Nestle in another place: Where  
 she brought me a brood by the way. *Pa.* But  
 where had you Money all this while? *Po.* Why,  
 my Mother helpt me now and then by stealth:  
 besides considerable Sums that I borrow'd. *Eu.* And  
 were there any such Fools as would give you  
 Credit? *Po.* Why, there are those that will trust a  
 Spend-thrift sooner than an honest Man. *Pa.* Well:  
 and what next? *Po.* When my Friends saw my  
 Father at last, upon the very point of Dis-in-  
 heriting me, they brought him to this Composi-  
 tion, that I should renounce the *French Woman,*  
 and Marry one of our own Countrey. *Eu.* Was  
 she not your Wife? *Po.* There had past some  
 words in the *Future Tense* (as *I will Marry ye,*  
 for the purpose) but then, to say the Truth,  
 there follow'd *Carnal Copulation,* in the *Present*  
*Tense,* or so. *Eu.* And how could you dissolve  
 that Contract then? *Po.* Why, it came out af-  
 terwards, that my *French Woman* had a *French*  
*Husband,* only she was gone away from him.  
*Eu.* So that you have a Wife, it seems. *Po.* Yes, yes,  
 I am now Marri'd to my *Eighth Wife.* *Eu.* The  
*Eighth,* do ye say? Why then he that gave you  
 the

the Name of *Polygamus*, was a Prophet. But they were all Barren perhaps. *Po.* No, no, I have a *Litter* at Home, by every one of them. *Eu.* So many *Hens with Eggs*, in the stead of them, would be a happy Change. But you have enough of *Wiving* sure by this time. *Po.* So much, that if my *Eighth Wife* should die to day, I'd take a *ninth* to morrow. Nay, 'tis hard, in my opinion, that a *Man* may not be allow'd as many *Wives*, as a *Cock* has *Hens*. *Eu.* 'Tis no wonder, at your rate of *Whoreing* and *Drinking*, to see you brought to a *Skeleton*, and an Old man before your Time. But who maintains your Family all this while? *Po.* Why, betwixt a small Estate that my Father left me, and my own hard Labour, I make a shift to keep Life and Soul together. *Eu.* You have given over your Study then. *Po.* I have e'en brought a *Noble to Nine-pence*; and all I have to trust to, is to make the best of a bad Game. *Eu.* I wonder how thou hast been able to bear so many Mournings, and the loss of so many Wives. *Po.* I never lived a Widower above ten days, and the next Wife still blotted out the Memory of the last. I have given you here a very honest, and a true Abstract of my Life. I wish *Pampirus* here would but tell his Story as frankly as I have done mine. He bears his Age well enough, I perceive, and yet I take him to be two or three years my *Senior*. *Po.* I shall make no difficulty of that, if you can have Patience for so wild and Phantastical a *Romance*. *Eu.* Never talk of *Patience* to hear, what we have a *Mind* to hear.

*PAMPIRUS*, I was no sooner return'd from *Paris*, but the good Old man my Father press'd me  
V 2 earnestly

earnestly to enter into some Course of Life, that might probably advance my Fortune; and upon a full Consideration of the matter, it was concluded, I should betake my self to the business of a *Merchant*. *Po.* I cannot but wonder, Why,

that choice rather than any other. *Pa.* Why, I was naturally curious to know New things; to see several Countries, and famous Cities; to learn Languages, and to inform my self in the Customs, and Manners of Men. Now thought I, this is no way better to be compassed, than by Negotiation, and Commerce: besides a general understanding of things, that goes along with it. *Po.* Well! But *Gold* it self may be bought too

dear. *Pa.* It may so, but to be short. My Father put a good Sum of Money into my hand to begin the World withal: Wish'd me good Luck with it, and gave me his Blessing. At the same time, he laid out for a Rich Wife for me, and pitch'd upon so Virtuous, and so Amiable a Creature; that she would have been a Fortune in her very Smock to any honest Man. *Eu.* Well! But

was it a Match at last? *Pa.* No, for before ever I could get back again, *Use and Principal* was all lost. *Eu.* Wrack'd, I suppose. *Pa.* Yes, yes,

Wrack'd, we struck upon the *what d'ye call the Rock*? *Eu.* The *Malta* perchance; for that's a

desperate Passage. *Pa.* No, no; this is forty times worse. But it is somewhat like it however. *Eu.*

Do ye remember the Name of the Sea? *Pa.*

No, but it is a place infamous for a thousand Miscarriages. Pray, by your Leave: Is there a dangerous Rock they call *AL EA*? I don't know your *Greek* name fort'r. *Eu.* Mad Fool that thou

wert! *Pa.* So, and what was my Father I prethee;

prethee ; to trust a young Fop with such a gobb  
of Money ! But it was in fine, the Rock *A L E A*  
*Anglicæ, The Devils Bones*, that I was split upon.  
*Gl.* And what did you do next ? *Pa.* Why, I  
began Providently to consider of a convenient  
Beam and Halter to hang my self. *Gl.* Was your  
Father so implacable then ? For such a loss might  
be made up again : and the first fault must be ve-  
ry foul, not to be Pardonable. *Pa.* Why you have  
Reason, perhaps. But in the mean while, the  
poor Man lost his pretty Mistress ; for so soon  
as ever her Relations came to understand what  
they were to trust to, they resolv'd to have  
nothing more to do with me. Now I was in  
Love, you must know, over Head and Ears.  
*Gl.* Introth, I Pitty thee with all my heart. But  
what did you propose to your self after  
this ? *Pa.* Only to do as other people do in  
desperate Cases. My Father had cast me off ;  
my Fortune was irrecoverably lost, and conse-  
quently my Wife : and the best Treatment I  
could get in the World, was to be pointed at,  
for a *Debauche, squandering Sor.* Without more  
words, it was e'en come to Crosse or Pile, whe-  
ther I should take up in a Cloyster or hang my  
self. *Eu.* You were cruelly put to't. But I pre-  
sume you had the Wit to pitch upon the easier  
Death of the two. *Pa.* Or rather, the more  
painful ; so Sick was I, even of Life it self. *Gl.*  
And yet many people cast themselves into *Mo-  
nasteries*, as the most comfortable State of living.  
*Pa.* Well ! The first thing I did, was to put a  
little Money in my Pocket, and fly my Coun-  
trety. *Gl.* Whether went ye ? *Pa.* Into *Ireland*,  
and there was I made a *Regular* of that Order,  
that



that wears *Linnen* above, and *Woollen* to the *Skin* inward. *Gl.* Did you spend your Winter there? *Pa.* No, no, two Months only, and then for *Scotland*. *Gl.* How came it you staid no longer? Did you take Check at any thing? *Pa.* The Discipline was not severe enough methought, for a Wretch that hanging it self would have been too good for. *Eu.* And how went Matters with you in *Scotland*? *Pa.* I e'en chang'd my *Linnen* Habit for a *Leathern* one, among the *Carthusians*. *Eu.* These are the Men that are in strictness of Profession, dead to the World. *Pa.* So methought, by their Singing. *Gl.* Are the dead so merry then? But how many Months were you there? *Pa.* Betwixt five and six. *Gl.* A strange Constancy, to hold so long in a mind! *Eu.* You took no offence at any thing among the *Carthusians*, did ye? *Pa.* I could not like so Lazy, a forward sort of Life. And then, what with Fumes, and Solitude, I phancy'd several of'em to be *Hot-headed*: and for my part; having but little Sense already, I durst not stay, for fear of loosing the rest. *Pa.* Whither did you take your next flight? *Pa.* Into *France*: among those that give to understand by the Colour of their Habits, that they are *Mourners* in this World. I speak of the *Benedictines*: and of those particularly, that wear a kind of a *Netted Hair-Cloth* for their upper Garment. *Gl.* A terrible Mortification of the Flesh, I must Confess. *Pa.* I was among them, *eleven Months*. *Eu.* And how came you to leave'em at last? *Pa.* Why, I found they layd more stress upon *Ceremonies*, then *True Piety*. And then I was told that the *Bernardines* were a much more conscientious Order, and under a severer

verer Discipline : Those I mean that are Habited in *White*, instead of *Black*. I went and liv'd a matter of *Ten Months* among *These* too. *Eu.* And what Disgusted you here now ? *Pa.* I dislik'd nothing at all : For I found them very good Company. But I had an Old saying in my head : That *such a Thing must either be done, or it must not be done* : So that I was e'en Resolv'd, either to be a *Monk* in *Perfection*, or *no Monk at all*. I was told after this, that the Holiest Men upon the Face of the Earth, were those of the Order of *St. Bridget*. And these were the People that I thought to live and dye withal. *Eu.* And how many Months were you with them, I beseech ye ? *Pa.* Neither *Months* nor *Weeks* ; but in Truth *almost Two Days*. *Gl.* You were mightily fond sure of this kind of Life, to stay so long in't. *Pa.* They take no body in, you must know, but those that are presently *profess*, and I was not so mad yet, as to put my Neck into such a Noose, that it could never be got out again. And then the Singing of the *Nuns*, put me out of my Wits almost, with reminding me of my last Mistress. *Gl.* Well ! And what after this ? *Pa.* My Heart was wholly set upon Religion, but yet upon this Ramble from one thing to another, I could not meet with any thing to my mind. But walking up and down afterwards, I fell into a Troop of *Cross-Bearers*. Some carry'd *White Crosses* ; Others *Red, Green, Party Colour'd*, some *Single*, some *Double*, some *Quadruple* ; and some again, several *Sorts*, and *Forms* of *Crosses*. I had a Reverence for the *Christianity* of the *Memorial*, but I was confound-

ed, which *Form*, or *Colour*, to make choice of, before another. So that for fear of the worst, I carry'd some of every sort. But upon the whole matter, I found there was a great difference betwixt the *Figure* of a *Cross* upon a *Garment*, and a *Cross* in the *Heart*. When I had Hunted my self weary, and never the nearer my Journies end; it came into my Head that a Pilgrimage to the *Holy Land*, would do my Work. For let a Man go to *Jerusalem* a very Devil he comes back a *Saint*. *Pa.* And thither you went then. *Pa.* Yes. *Pa.* Upon whose charge I prethee? *Pa.* That should have been your first Question. But you know the Old Proverb. *A Man of Art will Live any where.* *Gl.* And, what's your *Art*, I beseech you? *Pa.* *Palmistry.* *Gl.* Where did you serve your time to't? *Pa.* What's that to the business? *Gl.* Under what *Master*? *Pa.* The great Master of *all Sciences*; the *Belly*. In little; I set-up for a *Fortune-Teller*: And there did I lay about me, upon the *Topique* of things *Past*, *Present*, and to *Come*. *Gl.* Upon good grounds, I hope. *Pa.* The Devil a bit that I knew of the matter: But I set a good Face on't, and ran no *Risque* neither: For I was paid still before hand. *Pa.* That ever so senseless an Imposture, should find a Man Bread. *Pa.* And yet so it is, that I maintain'd my self, and a Brace of *Lacques*, very decently upon the Credit of it. Why, how should *Knaves* live, without a World of *Fools* of both *Sexes* to work upon? So soon as I got to *Jerusalem*, I put my self into the Train of a Rich Noble-Man, of about *Seventy Years of Age*, that could never

ver have Dy'd in Peace, he said, if he had not blest his Eyes with the sight of that Holy Place. *Eu.* He had no Wife, I hope to leave behind him. *Pa.* Yes, and six Children into the bargain. *Eu.* A most Impious, Religious Old Man! But you came back I suppose, a Man of another World. *Pa.* No, but to deal plainly with you, somewhat worse then I went. *Eu.* So that your Zeal for Religion was cool'd, I perceive. *Pa.* Nay, on the contrary, hotter then e're it was. And therefore, I return'd into *Italy*, and apply'd my self to a *Military* Life. *Eu.* You sought for Religion in the *Camp* it seems: the most unlikely place under the Heavens, to find it in. *Pa.* Ay, but it was a *Holy War*. *Eu.* Against the *Turks*, perchance. *Pa.* Nay, a *Holier War* then that; or the Doctors were *besides the Cushion*. *Eu.* How so? *Pa.* It was the War betwixt *Julius the Second*, and the *French*. And then I had a phansie to a *Souldiers Life*, for the knowledge it gives a Man of the World. *Eu.* It brings a man to the *knowledge* of many things, that he had better be *Ignorant* of. *Pa.* I found it so afterwards, And yet I suffer'd more hardship in the *Field*, then in the *Cloyster*. *Eu.* Well and where were you next now? *Pa.* Why, I was thinking with my self, whether I should back again to the business of a *Merchant*, that I had laid aside; or press forward in the pursuit of *Religion*, that fled before me. While my thoughts were in this Ballance, it came into my mind, that I might do both under one. *Eu.* What? And set up for a *Merchant*, and a *Monk*, both together? *Pa.* Well! And why not; What are your

your *Mendicants*, but a kind of *Religious Traders*? They sive over Sea and Land. They see, they hear every thing that passes: They enter into all Privacies; and the Doors of *Kings*, *Noble-men*, and *Commoners*, are all open to them. *Eu.* Ay, but they do not deal for gain. *Pa.* Yes, and with better success many times then we do. *Eu.* Which of these *Orders* did you make choice of? *Pa.* I try'd 'em all. *Eu.* And did none of 'em please you? *Pa.* I lik'd them all well enough if I might but presently have enter'd upon Practice, and Commerce. But when I found, that I was to be slav'd a long time to my Offices in the Quire, before I could be qualified for the trust; I began then to cast about, how I might get to be made an *Abbot*. But said I to my self, *Kissing goes by favour*, and 'twill be a tedious Work; and so I quitted that thought too. After some *Eight Years* trifled away, in shifting from one thing to another thus, comes the News of my Fathers Death: So home I went; took my Mothers advice, Marry'd a Wife, and so to my first course of *Traffique* again. *Gl.* Well! And how did you behave your self, in your several shapes; for every *New Habis*, made you look like a *New Creature*. *Pa.* Why 'twas all no more to me, then the *same Players Acting several parts* in the *same Comedy*. *Eu.* But be so Honest now, as to tell me, only which is the condition, in this Variety of Adventures, that is most to your liking? *Pa.* So many Men, so many minds. But to be free with you, that of a Merchant is most agreeable to my inclination. *Eu.* But yet there are great Hazzards and Inconveniencies

niencies that attend it. *Pa.* There are so; and 'tis the same Case in any other State of Life. But since this is my Lot, I'll make the best on't. *Eusebius* his turn is yet to come, and I hope he will not think much of obliging his Friends, in requital with some part of his History. *Eu.* Nay, if you please, the whole Course of it is at your service. *Gl.* We shall most gladly hear it.

*EUSEBIUS.* When I left *Paris*, It took me a Years time at Home to consider, what course of Life to settle in: And not without a strict Examination of my self, to what Study or Profession I stood most inclin'd. I was offer'd a good handsom *Prebendary*, as they call it: And I accepted it. *Gl.* That sort of Life has no great Reputation among the People. *Eu.* But, as the World went, it was to me very welcome. It was no small Providence, to have so many advantages fall into a Mans Mouth upon the suddain, as if they had been dropt from Heaven; as Dignity, Handsome Houses well furnish'd, a competent Revenue, a Worthy, and a Learned Society: And a Church at hand, to serve God in, when he pleases. *Pa.* I was Scandaliz'd at the *Luxury* of the Place; the Infamy of their *Concubines*; and the strange Aversion those People had for Letters. *Eu.* 'Tis nothing to me, what others do, but what I do my self: And if I cannot mend the Bad, I chuse the best Company however, that I can get. *Pa.* And is this the condition that you have spent your whole time in? *Eu.* All but some Four Years, a long while ago, at *Padua*. *Po.* And what did you there?

there? *Eu.* I Studied *Physick*, a Year and half; and *Divinity* the rest. *Po.* Why so? *Eu.* For the sake both of my Soul and Body; and that in both Cases I might be helpful to my Friends. I Preach't upon occasion too, *according to my Talent.* Under these circumstances, I have led a Life, easie and quiet enough: So well satisfied with one Benefice, that I did not so much as wish for any thing beyond it; and if another were offer'd me, I should refuse it. *Pa.* I wonder what's become of the rest of our Old Acquaintance, & Fellow Pensioners. *Eu.* I could say somewhat of *Them* too, but we are just at the *Town's End* here: And if you please, we may be together in the same Inn, and talk o're the rest at leisure.

(*Hugh* a Wagoner,) How now *Blinky.* Where did you take up this Rubbish? (*Harry* a Wagoner.) And whither are you going with that *Harlottry* there? *Hugh:* You would do well to tumble the Old Fornicators into a *Nettle-Bush*, to bring 'em to an Itch again. *Harry.* And your Cattle want Cooling, *Hugh.* What do ye think of a Fair Toss into that Pool there, to lay their Concupiscence. *Hugh:* I'm not us'd to those Gamboles. *Harry.* But 'tis not so long Sirrah, since I saw you throw *half a Dozen Cartbusians* in the Dirt tho': And you like a *Schellam*, stood Grinning, and making sport at it when you had done, to see them Rise *Black Caribusians*, instead of *White Ones.* *Hugh.* And they were well enough serv'd too: For they lay Snorting all the way like a Dead weight upon the Wagon. *Harry.* Well, and my People have been so good Company, that my Horses went the better for their Carriage. I would never desire a better Fare. *Hugh.* And yet these are a sort of Men, that



that you do not Naturally care for. *Harry.* They are the best Old Men that ever I met withal. *Hugh.* How do you know that ? *Harry :* Because they made me Drink Lustily upon the way. *Hugh.* An Excellent Recommendation to a *Dutch Fore-Man.*

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**F I N I S.**

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